

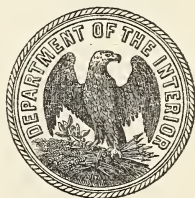
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*"All of Life and Literature lie buried within
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Superintendent of Schools, Terre Haute, Indiana. Formerly Field Secretary of the National Education Association. Author of "Moral Education in School and Home."

LAWRENCE McTURNAN, A.M.

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Indiana, Author of "Personal Equation."*

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"I ALWAYS SKIP THE PREFACE"

WHEN a child discovers for himself the joy of reading, that moment his real education begins. Up to that moment he has been learning to use the vocabulary and other tools of reading. Like Columbus of old he has been sailing an unknown sea, when suddenly he discovers land—a beautiful Land of Imagination, full of lovely pictures, heroic deeds and great adventures.

If the child has not made this joyous discovery before reaching this book he surely will make it within its pages. The sole aim and purpose of the book is to discover to boys and girls the joy of reading, and guide them a little way into the happy Land of Books.

From early in the Primer of this series of Readers the child has encountered the printed page fully equipped with the necessary tools—a knowledge of each word on the page—its pronunciation, meaning and use. From the first grade the child has read knowing that he was expected to get *thought* from the “funny tracks” on the paper. Children trained for six years by such an organized and definite process will have at least achieved the first objective—an ability to secure thought from the printed page. They will know what they have read.

In Book Seven the emphasis is laid on the second objective—enjoyment. It has been widely recognized that the education of the last one hundred years has developed the head at the expense of the heart. This fact is strikingly illustrated by the marvelous development in Science and Industry, and the “moral slump” in which the whole world finds itself at the present moment. Unless moral education keeps pace with material advancement our boasted civilization will go the way of that of Babylon and Rome. In order to call attention to the danger, and contribute ever so little to the “national defense” we have included a

considerable number of selections of a distinctly ethical and moral quality. The titles of the section headings, themselves, hold a challenge to higher ideals and right emotional reactions. This is illustrated by such suggestive titles as "Heroes of Peace," "The Common Good," "Getting on in the World," and "Literature of Home Life."

To secure the right emphasis, and hold the pupil's attention, the book has been arranged in Five Parts, each Part being prefaced by a one page Introduction, presenting the general theme, as indicated below.

Part I	Citizenship and Service
Part II	History in the Making
Part III	The Great-Out-Doors
Part IV	Literature of the Imagination
Part V	Literature that Never Grows Old

Another device that has been used to stimulate thought is concealed within the "Aids to Understanding." These are not dry biographical sketches of authors—but real "aids" to the understanding of the selection to be read.

Perhaps the most unique feature, however, is found in the "Test and Study Activities" which are not so fearsome as they sound. Assuming that the pupil has completed his "word study," and read the selection silently and understandingly, he comes face to face at the close with a challenge that compels thought. It is easy to ask, and easier to answer, the conventional yes-and-no questions found in most school readers. These "Test and Study Activities," on the other hand, stimulate thinking and thought getting. Try them yourself and see!

The beautiful typography, the colored illustrations and the decorative headings, which give the book such a pleasing personality are part of the contribution of the publishers—but we appreciate them—and we know you will.

If you, and your pupils, get as much joy from using the book as has gone into its making—you will be fortunate indeed.

J. O. Engleman

Lawrence McTurnan



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PART ONE

CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

An American

TO be an American is the highest honor in citizenship that can come to any man. One may become a citizen of America by birth or naturalization and yet not be a true American in spirit. To be a real American one must believe in and be loyal to those ideals which have dominated America from the beginning and made her what she is.

He must believe in the spirit of freedom, as did the pioneers of colonial days—who not only demanded freedom for themselves, but were willing to grant it to others.

He must believe in the common good of the common people and be willing to forego if necessary certain things for himself if they injure other people or the common welfare.

He must believe in education as the privilege and duty of all. He must know the history and hero stories of America, and the sacrifices that have been made so that he may enjoy the blessings of freedom.

To be a real American he must love America above any other country in the world and be willing to vote whenever opportunity offers, to accept public office as a public trust, and to serve the common cause in every way possible. He must honor the American flag as the symbol of his country and protect it from harm or discredit.

To be a real American, he must live in the Spirit of America, for the honor of America, and in helpful cooperation with all other Americans.



*Men who "A thoroughfare for Freedom beat
Across the Wilderness!"*



THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

The Central Thought

The spirit of freedom does not mean freedom to do as we please. If every boy and every girl did as he or she pleased on the playground, in the school or in the home, there could be no playing or working or living together. It is necessary to make rules and to obey rules to preserve order, and protect the rights and opportunities of all.

The spirit of freedom really means freedom to play and work and grow just as long as we do not injure others. Keep this central thought in mind as you read the following selections.

PAUL REVERE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

To fully appreciate this biographical sketch of Paul Revere you must be familiar with each word used in it. Some of the more difficult words are listed here. You will find their meaning and pronunciation in *Words to Learn* page 468.

artistic
divers
enrich
Huguenot

evacuation
genius
munitions
Guernsey

privateer
sufficed
romantic
caricatures

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This is the story of the life of Paul Revere, one of our early American patriots. Long before he made his midnight ride which Longfellow commemorated in his stirring poem, Revere was known as a substantial and patriotic citizen.

Paul Revere was one of the leaders of the Boston Tea Party, and gladly served his country whenever opportunity offered. He was forty years old and recognized as an expert horseman, when he was chosen by General Warren to warn the farmers between Boston and Lexington of the approach of the English troops. Paul Revere crossed the Charles River in a boat to Charlestown, where he waited for the signal that was to start him on his wild seventeen mile ride to Lexington. At the same time William Dawes rode by way of Roxbury to warn the farmers along the southern route. When Revere reached the house where John Hancock and Samuel Adams were sleeping the guard at the door called out: "Don't make so much noise!"

"Noise!" shouted Paul Revere, "You'll soon hear noise enough. The regulars are coming!"

A bronze tablet beside the road now marks the point at which Paul Revere was forced to turn back to escape capture by the English troops.

PAUL REVERE

PAUL REVERE really lived, and his "midnight ride" actually took place. Longfellow obtained the facts, which furnished the inspiration for his famous poem, from a letter which Paul Revere wrote about twenty-two years after the events it describes. This letter was based on a deposition which Revere made shortly after the ride.

Paul Revere was, in fact, one of the most versatile men of his generation: patriot, politician and soldier, goldsmith and silversmith, artist and engraver, mechanic and inventor, bell founder, industrial pioneer, and contributor to the efficiency of the American navy and merchant marine. Like most American patriots of 1776, he could do many things besides talk and fight.

Paul Revere was the son of a French Huguenot, Apollos Rivoire, who emigrated from Guernsey to Boston early in the eighteenth century. Born in Boston on December 21, 1734, Paul learned his father's trade of goldsmith and silversmith, and eventually inherited his business. As a

designer and maker of silverware, Paul Revere became one of our greatest colonial craftsmen. Teapots, sugar bowls, cream pitchers, spoons, and other articles with the magic name "Revere" stamped upon them, are now valued as much for their artistic merit as for their historic associations.

Paul had several profitable side lines as well; among them, dentistry. After the Battle of Bunker Hill he identified the body of Joseph Warren by a false tooth he had inserted in the patriot leader's jaw.

In the French and Indian War, Paul served as second lieutenant of artillery. Shortly after, he married, and in 1770 purchased the house on North Square, Boston, which, carefully restored by the Paul Revere Memorial Association, is now the oldest existing dwelling, and one of the most interesting relics, of historic Boston.

At the time of the Stamp Act, Paul became an ardent patriot, and a member of the Sons of Liberty. His particular contribution to the cause was the engraving on copper of political caricatures, portraits of patriots, and the like. The most famous of his engravings is that of the Boston Massacre of 1770. He was a leader among the mechanics of Boston, who were the bone and sinew of the patriot party.

Paul Revere was accustomed to pack his finished work in saddle-bags, and deliver it himself, on horseback, to his country customers. Thus he became a skillful rider, and a good judge of horseflesh. So, when the Boston patriot committee began sending secret letters to its friends in other patriotic centers, Paul Revere was employed as a messenger. After the Boston Tea Party, he was chosen to convey the news to the New York Sons of Liberty. In May, 1774, he carried the news of the Boston Port Act to Philadelphia, arriving in the fast time of six days. On the way, he scattered printed copies of the hated act,

and it was this news that produced the first Continental Congress.

In the meantime, the Massachusetts patriots had set up a government of their own, and were collecting, at Concord, arms and munitions for the defense of colonial liberty.

Revere's next public service was to engrave and print the first paper money issued by the revolutionary government of Massachusetts. In November, 1775, the Provincial Congress sent him to Philadelphia to study powder-making. A single inspection of one factory sufficed him to build a state powder mill at Canton, Massachusetts, and direct how the work should be done.

After the evacuation of Boston, he was commissioned lieutenant colonel of a regiment of militia artillery, which was stationed at the Castle, for the defense of Boston Harbor. He took part in the fruitless campaigns against Newport, 1778, and Penobscot, 1779. He also owned shares in at least one privateer, the *Speedwell*.

At the close of the war, Revere resumed his trade of silversmith, which he carried on in connection with a general hardware business. In 1792, he opened a bell and cannon foundry, in the north end of Boston. He was one of the earliest bell casters in America, and one of the most successful in the difficult art of producing a sweet tone. Over seventy-five of the bells made by him and his son are still in use today, in New England churches and town halls.

At his new foundry, Revere spent much time and energy in finding out how to refine copper for industrial purposes. Succeeding, as usual, he obtained the government contract for the brass and copper work on the frigate *Constitution*, and cast her ship's bell, which was shot away in the fight with the *Guerrière*.

In 1801, Paul Revere was a dignified, white-haired gentleman of sixty-six years. But instead of retiring, he

purchased the old powder-mill at Canton, fifteen miles out of Boston, and made it into a copper-rolling mill. At that time, all the sheet copper for protecting ships' bottoms from worms and barnacles was imported from England. Obtaining a loan from the Navy Department for the purchase of machinery and materials, Revere was able to supplant the imported article. He coppered the State House dome in 1802, and recoppered the bottom of the *Constitution* in 1803, just before the war with Tripoli. He furnished the copper-sheets for some of Fulton's first steamboat boilers. The copper works at Canton remained in the possession of his descendants until 1900.

On divers occasions, Revere was elected to town offices. He was chairman of the first Boston Board of Health, in 1801. He died at his home in Boston on May 10, 1818, aged eighty-three.

Paul Revere was a noble patriot and a useful citizen. Let us remember him, not merely as the hero of a romantic incident, but as the inventor and organizer who placed his ability at the service of his country; the genius who was never too busy to take part in civic affairs, and the artist who permanently enriched his community with beautiful and melodious objects of common use.

From the "Old South Leaflet"

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

After one reading see if you can answer these questions without referring to the book.

1. Would you call Paul Revere a "war hero" or a "peace hero"? Why?
2. Make a list of the important incidents of his life under the following heads:
 - (a) The important activities of his private life.
 - (b) His principal services to his country in time of peace.
 - (c) His distinguished services in time of war.
3. Explain in what way Paul Revere was an industrial pioneer.
4. Give six reasons why we should remember him today.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Before you read the poem look up the following words in **Words to Learn** page 468.

alders
emerge
impetuous
tranquil

grenadier
phantom
muster

Mystic
sombre
spectral

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

In early colonial days the only means of communication between the widely separated colonies was by messengers riding on horseback. It was not until 1754 that Benjamin Franklin established the first mail route between the colonies by which mail was delivered by messenger three times a week.

In the following poem Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who is America's most widely read story-teller in verse, gives an account of how Paul Revere carried an important message from Charlestown to Lexington.

Read the poem twice, once for the story and again to catch the many beautiful word pictures. Try to discover why the poem has been so popular for so long a time.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April in Seventy-five—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be

Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said "Good night," and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war—
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still,

That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side;
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

The hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet—
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of the steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town. .
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane;
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. How would such an important message as Paul Revere carried be delivered today? How long would it take?
2. Trace on a map in your geography or history, or sketch on the board the course of Paul Revere's ride.
3. Explain: "the fate of a nation was riding that night."
4. Describe in a paragraph the dark climb of the sexton up the church tower to hang out the lanterns for Paul Revere.
5. For whom was Paul Revere's warning "a cry of defiance, and not of fear"?
6. Read outside the class "Sheridan's Ride", by Thomas Buchanan Read. Which of these two poems do you like the better? Why?

IN FREEDOM'S NAME

WORDS TO LEARN

To be able to understand this poem and the spirit in which it is written, you must be familiar with the vocabulary it uses. Are there any other words in the poem besides those listed which are new to you? Make them a part of your vocabulary before you leave this poem.

ardor
guise
reverberating

defiance
jubilant
tyrant

esteemed
loitering
eloquence

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

As you read this selection, picture to yourself the Reverend John Peter Gabriel Muhlenberg, a Revolutionary patriot, as he stood before a Virginia congregation in which there were many English sympathizers.

In the quaint colonial pulpit he preached a fiery sermon of patriotism and then throwing aside his clerical robes, stood before his congregation in the uniform of a colonel, and called on them to join the cause of the colonies. Almost the entire congregation immediately enlisted.

As you read this poem see if you can understand why the congregation were so eager to enlist?

IN FREEDOM'S NAME

WITHIN its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;

And calmly as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.

The pastor rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"
The others shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause:

His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe:
In this the dawn of Freedom's day
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—

The warrior-priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before:
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! War! War!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered "I!"

—*Thomas Buchanan Read*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without rereading the poem answer the first three questions.

1. List the steps by which the preacher prepared his congregation for what was coming.

2. Why did the owner of Berkeley Manor cry "Cease, Traitor! Cease!"?

3. Imagine yourself at this meeting and write or tell in your own words exactly what happened, bringing out all of the important details in their correct order.

4. Reread the poem and see what corrections, if any, you need to make in your answer to question number 1.

5. From some reference book write a short sketch of the life of the author.

THE ATHENIAN BOYS' OATH

WE WILL never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty.

Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater than it was transmitted to us.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN.

Are there other words in this selection besides those listed below which you do not know? If so look them up in your dictionary.

facsimiles

eminence

document

devised

engrossed

reconciled

apostasy

tuition

degradation

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

A committee was appointed by the Continental Congress to draft the Declaration of Independence. The members of the committee were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert L. R. Livingston. Jefferson and Franklin were appointed as a subcommittee to prepare the Declaration of Independence but it fell to Jefferson to do the actual writing of the document. Only a few changes were made in this draft either by the committee or by the Continental Congress.

Benjamin Franklin made a few verbal suggestions but Jefferson asked him if he would listen while he read it through and Franklin said he would gladly do so. When the Declaration had been read Franklin said:

"That's good, Thomas! That's right to the point. That will make King George wince. I wish I had done it myself."

When submitted to vote it was adopted by the narrow margin of only one vote.

The Declaration went forth signed by one man, John Hancock the president of the Continental Congress. This explains the expression one often hears: "Put your John Hancock here." Hancock wrote his name in large, clear letters. He said while writing it: "There, John Bull can read that without spectacles, and may now double his reward of five hundred pounds for my head," then turning, he added, "Gentlemen, we must all hang together."

"Yes," replied Benjamin Franklin, "or we shall all hang separately."

Later the other fifty-five members of the Continental Congress signed the document.

SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION

ONE of the most treasured documents in the world is our Declaration of Independence. This priceless possession is kept under lock and key in the Library of Congress. That it may be safe from harm it is kept in a box and sealed. It is hoped that some way may be devised by which the original copy may again be placed on exhibition without danger to this valuable relic. For long years it was exposed to view in the State Department Library, in the State, War and Navy Building, at Washington. When it was discovered that the signatures were fading and the document becoming tattered, it was reverently laid away for its proper protection.

Meantime, all who choose to see how boldly John Hancock wrote his name may do so, for there are many facsimiles of the Declaration of Independence in various cities of the United States. In one of the cases of a marble hall in the most beautiful library building on earth, our own Congressional Library, you may see one of these perfect copies.

We all know that Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. When he knew that he had been chosen for the honor he ordered a desk made by a carpenter which must have been placed on a table because it was only fourteen inches long, ten inches wide, and three inches high. On this desk he did his writing of the Declaration. Finally, when the necessary changes were made, Jefferson penned what he refers to as a "fair copy," and it was this copy which John Hancock, as President of the Congress, ordered to be engrossed on parchment, to which at peril of their lives, the fifty-six brave men signed their names.

School children who are taken to see the Declaration of Independence in the Library of Congress are always delighted when they see John Hancock's signature; always

one in the group will remind the others that John Hancock said as he wrote his name, "There, John Bull can read that without spectacles!"

One signature which sometimes attracts attention is the tremblingly written name of Stephen Hopkins, of Rhode Island. Those who do not know the reason for the unsteady pen often suggest that this signer surely feared the gallows. Far from it! Stephen Hopkins, ship-builder, merchant, lawyer, and colonial governor of Rhode Island, was one of the bravest men who ever lived. Usually a secretary did his writing because he was afflicted with a disease known as "shaking palsy." When he signed the Declaration, he held his right wrist with his left hand and did his best to write his name plainly. He said, "If my hand does tremble, John Bull will find that my heart won't!"

As for Samuel Adams, when General Gage advised him to make peace with King George, this patriot firmly replied, "I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of kings. No personal considerations shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country."

No wonder these men were long ago called "The Immortal Fifty-Six."

After John Hancock, Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of New Hampshire, was the next to sign the Declaration. History says he was the first to vote for it. He was one of the three "self-made men" of the fifty-six. It is a noteworthy fact that these leaders of men were, with the exception of the three, all given the best education possible. Eight were Harvard graduates. Four graduated from Yale and four from Princeton. The college of William and Mary graduated three, while six were educated in England and Scotland. Several of the signers were given private tuition, "as high and costly as given at any university in the world."

Two of the signers became Presidents of the United States and two Vice-Presidents. To quote an additional bit of truth regarding the fifty-six, "Of those who survived the Revolutionary War, scarcely a man but was elected senator, congressman, supreme judge, governor, or President."

Of the ten who died before the close of the war, John Hart's story is the saddest. All the signers suffered deeply "in mind, body, or estate," because of what they did for us when they signed that immortal roll; but John Hart was actually hunted for years through the swamps and woods of New Jersey by Tories who were determined upon his capture. The British did capture Captain Richard Stockton. They put him in jail in New York City and treated him so badly that he soon died.

Button Gwinnett is the queer name of a rather unusual man who arrived in our country in 1770. He was a young Englishman of great wealth who immediately joined the colonies in their struggle for freedom. At the time of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence he was in Philadelphia attending the Congress as a delegate from Georgia. Unfortunately the very next year he and General McIntosh had a quarrel and fought a duel in which he was mortally wounded. Robert Morris was also born in England, as we know. From Scotland came James Wilson and John Witherspoon. Ireland sent us James Smith, George Taylor, and Matthew Thornton, while Francis Lewis came from Wales. Here then were eight fine gentlemen straight from the realm of King George, glad to sign our Declaration of Independence.

John Witherspoon was the only clergyman numbered with the signers of the Declaration. He was fifty-four years old that July day, in 1776, so he knew what he was doing. He was a member of the War Board. They tell us that he often visited the troops and continually used

his influence to make conditions easier for them. He became a college president after the war and wrote many religious books.

Every school history tells something of the story of Robert Morris, the noble patriot who loaned his great fortune to the Continental Congress and made it possible for George Washington to compel Lord Cornwallis to surrender. For eight years Robert Morris managed the financial affairs of our country. Then, when Robert Morris was an old man, at a time when our Government might have saved him by paying back a little of the money which was his due, the creditors of this great man put him in a debtor's prison. No wonder he died soon!

The patriot from Wales, who was a wealthy merchant, not only lost all his property which was taken by the British, but both he and his wife were kept in prison until what King George wished to have done didn't make any particular difference in the United States of America! Francis Lewis, from Wales, was ninety years old when he died.

When Lewis Morris signed the Declaration of Independence he well knew what was in store for him. This gentleman owned an estate of three thousand acres of the finest lands. He called his place Morrisania. There, with abundant wealth he lived like a prince. Although British troops were stationed near him and watched his every move, Lewis Morris signed the Declaration of Independence. Straightway he lost all his earthly possessions. Worst of all, his family were driven from their beautiful home as an example to all rebels. His descendants might be living at Morrisania to this day if Lewis Morris had not written his name in so conspicuous a place.

Consider for a minute Arthur Middleton. His property also was confiscated and he suffered imprisonment which caused his death before the close of the war. Yet, as an

individual who gave his all for his country, it cannot be said that his memory is sufficiently honored. Arthur Middleton was as true a patriot as John Hancock himself.

Virginians should never forget Thomas Nelson, although to remember in detail all that befell him is far from pleasant. He saved Virginia from bankruptcy by turning his large fortune into the public treasury. At Yorktown, where he was in command of the State militia, he ordered the destruction of his own house because it seemed necessary to do so that victory might be ours.

This man, who loaned his money to the State that the soldiers of Virginia might be paid and so continue to fight the battles of the American Revolution, died at the age of fifty-one as one of the results of his generous patriotism. The remnants of his property were sold to pay his debts. When he signed the Declaration of Independence, he lost everything of value except the comfort of an approving conscience.

The two Lees who signed the Declaration were wonderful men. As doubtless we all know, Francis Lightfoot Lee was one of Washington's dearest friends. He was a practical gentleman, and when the peace terms were agreed upon, it was Francis Lightfoot Lee who insisted that the United States should have the right to navigate the Mississippi and to fish on Newfoundland shores.

The first of the signers to die was a Philadelphia judge, John Morton, whose death occurred in April, 1777. Many of his oldest and dearest friends had turned against him because he had signed the Declaration of Independence instead of making peace with the king; and so bitter were they, they refused to be reconciled to Judge Morton even on his death bed. The judge was ill only a few days, and almost with his last breath he spoke these words as his dying message to these old-time friends, "Tell them that they will live to see the hour when they shall acknowledge

it to have been the most glorious service that I have ever rendered to my country."

It is rather surprising that only two of the fifty-six signers met violent deaths, when every one of them considered such an exit from earth highly probable. Button Gwinnet was killed in a duel and Thomas Lynch, Jr., was drowned at sea.

When the latter, a highly educated young man from South Carolina, accepted a commission as captain in the Revolutionary Army, his father insisted that he should not have accepted so low a commission. The son answered, "My present command is fully equal to my experience."

It was the father who was first sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was taken dangerously ill. Thomas begged his superior officer for permission to visit his father but was refused. Fortunately the young man was then sent to Congress from his own State to take the father's place. The father died in his son's arms at Annapolis while trying to reach his home in South Carolina.

Not long after Thomas Lynch signed the Declaration of Independence and was gaining a reputation as a statesman, he was taken ill, and in 1779 was sent by his physicians on a sea voyage in the hope of benefiting his health. It is believed that his ship went down in a tempest and was lost with all on board.

It is rather interesting to learn something of the ages of the men when they signed the Declaration of Independence. Benjamin Franklin, who leads the list of the five oldest, was seventy. Stephen Hopkins was sixty-nine, John Hart was sixty-eight, Francis Lewis was sixty-three, Matthew Thornton was sixty-two, and Philip Livingston was sixty.

Thomas Lynch, who took his father's place, and Edward Rutledge were only twenty-seven, Thomas Heyward was

thirty, Benjamin Rush was thirty-one, Elbridge Gerry was thirty-two, while Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Stone, and Arthur Middleton were thirty-three.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, is the gentleman who outlived all other signers of the Declaration. On the fourteenth of November, 1832, he died a short time before his ninety-sixth birthday.

It is recorded as a singular fact that twenty-four of the signers, nearly one-half, lived to the age of seventy or over. Fourteen lived on until eighty and no less than five to be ninety or more.

Twenty-four of these gentlemen were lawyers, fourteen were farmers, nine were merchants, four were physicians, and although four were educated for the ministry, only one was a clergyman on July 4, 1776, and only one was a manufacturer.

John Sanderson, author of "Biographies of the Signers," and those who in several volumes completed the work he began, are the best authorities on the subject of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. After a somewhat extensive reading of those biographies, one outstanding fact is noticeable—these men went to their graves with their minds crystal clear.

In an article about the signers of the Declaration of Independence written by Loosing, which may be found in Harper's Magazine for the year 1858, we find these words:

"It is a fact worthy of record that the fifty-six members of the Continental Congress of 1776, who signed the Declaration of Independence and thereby took a position of great eminence in the sight of the nations, not one fell from his proud estate, either by the effects of political apostasy or lukewarmness or by moral degradation. In public and private life they remained pure; and in that glorious constellation of which the patriot of Monticello is the chief luminary, there is not a single star whose light

is dim or unworthy of the highest homage that may be paid to man by the patriot and Christian."

—*Frances Margaret Fox*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test yourself on these questions.

1. Where is the original copy of the Declaration of Independence?
2. Who wrote it? Who signed it first? How many signed it altogether?
3. Tell in your own words the story of John Hart, Button Gwinnet and Robert Morris.
4. What risk did these men run in signing the Declaration?
5. Reread Loosing's tribute to the signers.

THE BROKEN SWORD

FIGHT ever on: this earthly stuff
If used God's way will be enough.
Face to the firing-line, O friend:
Fight out life's battle to the end.

One soldier, when the fight was red,
Threw down his broken sword and fled:
Another snatched it, won the day,
With what his comrade flung away!

—*Edwin Markham*



THE COMMON GOOD

The Central Thought

Every man, woman, and child in America owes someone for everything he has. Someone fought for our independence and protected our liberties. Someone built our roads and established our great industries. Someone erected our schoolhouses and taught our fathers and grandfathers. We owe for all of these and thousands of other blessings. How can we pay this debt? The only way it can be done is by service for the common good, by giving our time, our strength and our talents for the betterment of the community, the state and the country in which we live. We know we can never pay the debt, yet our greatest happiness can be found in trying to pay it.

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

It will help you understand this selection if you know the meaning of and are able to pronounce every word listed below. You will find these words in **Words to Learn**. Look them up.

suffrage
discretion
sycophant

atheists
eternity
religious

cant
reverence
reliance

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

In this selection the author enumerates seven qualities which he thinks a man must possess in order to be a good citizen. Before you learn what qualities the author thinks most important in men,

make a list of seven qualities which you consider the most important.

As you read the selection compare the two lists. Do you think a man who has these qualities would prove a good neighbor and friend, as well as a good citizen?

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE

THE men, to make a State, must be intelligent men. The right of suffrage is a fearful thing. It calls for wisdom, and discretion, and intelligence, of no ordinary standard. It takes in, at every exercise, the interests of all the nation. Its results reach forward through time into eternity. Its discharge must be accounted for among the dread responsibilities of the great day of judgment. Who will go to it blindly? Who will go to it passionately? Who will go to it as a sycophant, a tool, a slave? How many do! These are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be honest. I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean men that consider always what is right, and do it at whatever cost. I mean men whom no king on earth can buy. Men that are in the market for the highest bidder; men that make politics their trade, and look to office for a living; men that will crawl, where they cannot climb,—these are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be brave men. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are today where they were yesterday, and will be there tomorrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die. The man that calls hard names and uses threats; the man that stabs, in secret, with his tongue or with his pen;

the man that moves a mob to deeds of violence and self-destruction; the man that freely offers his last drop of blood, but never sheds the first,—these are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, must be religious men. To leave God out of states, is to be atheists. I do not mean that men must cant. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow. The men that own no future, the men that trample on the Bible, the men that never pray, are not the men to make a state.

The men, to make a State, are made by faith. A man that has no faith is so much flesh. His heart is a muscle; nothing more. He has no past, for reverence; no future, for reliance. Such men can never make a state. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shines as cheerily, on high, as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

The men, to make a State, are made by self-denial. The willow dallies with the water, draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up towards the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It will be an oak for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell; and then you take no willow in its daintiness and

gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

The men, to make a State, are themselves made by obedience. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who; are, to children, in the place of God; obedience to teachers and to masters, who are in the place of father and of mother; obedience to spiritual pastors, who are God's ministers; and to the powers that be, which are ordained of God. Obedience is but self-government in action; and he can never govern men who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

—George Washington Doane

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer these question with your book closed?

1. Separate the selection into its thought units and write a title for each.
2. State in your own words the thought of the second paragraph telling why the man to make a state must be honest.
3. Make a list of these seven qualities, listing them in what you think is the order of their importance.
4. Give reasons why men worthy to make a state must be intelligent, honest, brave, religious, why they must be "made by faith," "made by self-denial," "made by obedience."

LIBERTY AND LAW

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Can you pronounce and give the meaning of the following words? If you cannot, look them up in **Words to Learn**.

anarchist
conflagration

debauchery
jurisdiction

rudiments
contagious

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The purpose of the Constitution of the United States is to safeguard the right of the American people to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Just what liberty is, how it has developed, and how we may best enjoy this great heritage of every American citizen is told in the following selection. Notice how important rules and laws are to football games, the peaceful communities, and to prosperous countries. As you read it, try to see how laws, properly enforced, make liberty possible.

LIBERTY AND LAW

WHY WE HAVE LAWS

"The three cardinal virtues of a free people are liberty, law, and education.—*William E. Gladstone*.

TO WORK together in an organized way there must be some law or order. The simplest games of play at school are governed by rules or laws. If we try to play basketball or football we need rules or simple laws to govern us or we cannot make a good game of it. When little boys play marbles they have rules by which they play. These rules or laws make the game more interesting and they insure fair dealing to all players.

There are natural laws also. By this we mean that things of nature know how to care for themselves. The squirrels gather nuts in the fall for the winter's store of food. Birds that find the winters of the north too cold for them fly to the far south where it is warm. Tiny insects work by laws of instinct. When the bee is gather-

ing honey out in the fields and wishes to go to its home, it goes up a short distance and then flies in a perfectly straight line to the door of its hive. This is what we mean when we say: "Take a bee line." Hundreds of bees may be working near each other but each one seems to know just what it is to do and how it is to do it without interfering with the other workers. The bees select a ruler known as the queen bee and she has general control of all the bees in her colony.

The wildest tribes of savages have the rudiments of law which govern them. They have a leader or chief who has control of all the tribe and every member must obey him. If the tribes were not organized in this way they could not live, for other tribes and wild animals would kill them. The Indian tribes who inhabited this country before we came here had a few crude laws. Each tribe had a chief whose word was authority. If any member of the tribe disobeyed him, he was killed. In battles the chief always led and directed the fighting. When disputes arose between members of the tribe, the chief would settle them. The tribes did not have many laws because their life was so simple. They did not have any mail service and they had no schools for their children. Their roads were only paths through the forests or over the plains and they had no need for laws for building streets or for making other public improvements.

As men have become better educated their desires for better things have increased, and therefore, more laws have been needed. Instead of using foot paths through the fields and woods we have paved streets and roads and we must have laws for keeping them clean and in good repair. We have schools all over the land and there must be laws for employing teachers and for furnishing material needed for the work of the schools. The schools must have some rules as to when to play. If the children did

not obey any rules or laws of the school no one could learn anything because of the noise and confusion.

We must have laws to protect our lives and our rights from those who would take our property or do us personal injury. As an illustration of the need for laws let us think of an open ditch running through several farms. The ditch must be kept open and clean that it may drain all the land through which it runs. Suppose one of the farmers allows the ditch to become so full of dirt and trash that the water cannot pass. Do you see that the water will back up and the crops of many farmers may be injured? There must be a law, therefore, to compel the farmer either to keep the ditch open himself or to pay men who are authorized by the law to do it.

Let us think also of a family in a city that neglects its premises, leaving the trash and garbage about the house and that does not sweep the snow and ice from the walk in front of the home. The neighbors are made to suffer because of the foul and unsightly yard and alley, and they are endangered by the slippery icy walk. Laws are necessary in instances of this kind to compel people to keep clean premises, free from unsightly or disease-breeding places.

The making and the enforcing of laws requires money. For this reason laws are necessary to secure the collection of taxes for public improvements and for the protection of the life and property of all citizens.

THE MEANING OF LAW AND LIBERTY

America is the land of liberty. It is natural for people to wish to be free and for that reason, ever since our country became free, people from all over the world have come here to live. Our fathers fought through the Revolutionary War because they were not willing to pay taxes without having a voice in making the assess-

ments. America would not agree to taxation without representation.

When the war of the Revolution was over, America was free from the control of any other nation. America was truly "the land of the free and the home of the brave," but our forefathers found it necessary to establish laws in order to show what the limits of liberty and freedom are. If each person had been permitted to do as he pleased, our country would not have survived. Certain rights were granted to the individuals by the Constitution of the United States and these rights were the same for each person. No man was to have advantage over any other man under the laws and that is what is meant by liberty in this country. Liberty, therefore, does not mean that a man can do anything he may choose unless he chooses to do right according to law.

A man may go out into a great public forest and there while all alone say: "I should like to see this forest burn. I live in a free country. I am at liberty to do what I please; I will set it on fire."

If a fire is started the great trees are destroyed and perhaps many homes and lives are lost in the conflagration. When this man is brought before the court of law and justice, suppose he exclaims: "I am at liberty to do what I please, and you cannot punish me!"

The judge will tell him he has no liberty to destroy the beautiful forest that belongs to all the people; neither has he liberty to do any act which may endanger the lives and destroy the property of other individuals.

When Patrick Henry exclaimed in his famous speech: "Give me liberty or give me death!" he meant only that he wanted liberty under a just law that gave to each citizen a fair and equal opportunity. He did not plead that he might run wild and take the lives and property from other people.

We have liberty in our own homes so long as we do not interfere with the welfare of our neighbors and fellow citizens. If the children in a home have a contagious disease, they cannot go to school and cannot even play in the streets. This is done to protect other families from the disease. We cannot start large fires on lots in a city because they may endanger the homes nearby.

Parents are compelled to send their children to school because an ignorant citizen cannot be of the most help to himself or to the community. When a parent does not wish to send his child to school, he is forced to do so by law. The parent may say: "This is my child and I may do as I please about sending him to school."

The law says: "You are at liberty only under the law and the law does not permit you to keep your child out of school; you cannot keep him ignorant. You must send him to school."

We have liberty to drive an automobile on the public roads and streets, but we cannot drive at such speed as will endanger the lives of other people who are walking or driving.

Recent laws have driven the saloons out of this country because men who operated these places abused what they called "personal liberty." The saloons sold their customers alcoholic drinks until they would often go home drunk and penniless. The wives and children of these drinking men would suffer sometimes for food and clothing. The saloon man would say: "It is not my affair if the man who buys of me gets drunk. That is his business; that is his personal liberty; I am not interested in his family." The man who drank would often say, "It is my business if I get drunk and it is my business how I treat my family, and no one has a right to interfere with my 'personal liberty'!"

A majority of the people of our country were finally

aroused to the curse of drink. They said: "We must protect our citizens and especially the children of our land against a business that produces crime and debauchery, poverty and unhappiness." The people adopted an amendment to the Constitution of the United States which prohibits the manufacture, shipment or sale of intoxicating liquors within the United States and all territory subject to its jurisdiction (see Amendment XVIII to the Constitution of the United States).

Our Constitution gives us all freedom of speech and freedom of press and yet this liberty was so abused by anarchists who spoke and wrote against our government that laws had to be passed to prevent speeches and written articles which advocated the overthrow of the government and its institutions. In December, 1919, a shipload of anarchists was deported and taken to the countries from which they came.

From these illustrations it will be seen that our personal liberties must not interfere with the welfare and happiness of other citizens. In other words, *personal liberty ends where public injury begins*. We should, therefore, respect and obey the laws which were made for the benefit of society as a whole.

Our forefathers were wise in giving us a Constitution under which all men have free and equal opportunity. They were also wise in providing for the protection of lives and property of men who obey the laws of the land. We should never permit any one to talk against our government in our presence. People who do not like our republic should go to some other country which they like better, and all anarchists should either be deported or imprisoned.

—Lawrence McTurnan

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test your understanding of this selection by answering the following questions:

1. Why is it necessary to have rules for a game?
2. Give an example of one of "nature's laws."
3. After careful thought, give in your own words a definition of "personal liberty."
4. List six reasons why you think laws should be obeyed.

MANNERS

THERE is always a best way of doing everything, if it be but to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each, once a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dewdrops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

The power of manners is incessant,—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes, wherever he goes.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

THE HOME AND THE REPUBLIC

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

The following words are listed in **Words to Learn**. Look them up if you do not know them.

unpretentious
aroma

resonant
ennobling

majestic
significance

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Some day you will probably see the capital of the United States with its splendid buildings of pure white marble, its Arlington Cemetery, and the Lincoln Memorial. When you do you will realize more keenly than ever before what our Republic means.

But in every home where peace and contentment prevail, where children are trained to be good citizens, there lies the strength, the hope and the promise of the Republic.

THE HOME AND THE REPUBLIC

I WENT to Washington the other day, and as I stood on Capitol Hill my heart beat quickly as I looked at the towering marble of my Country's Capitol, and the mist gathered in my eyes as I thought of its tremendous significance, the armies, and the Treasury, and the Courts, and Congress and the President, and all that was gathered there. And I felt that the sun in all its course could not look down upon a better sight than that majestic home of the Republic that had taught the world its best lessons in liberty.

Two days afterwards I went to visit a friend in the country, a modest man, with a quiet country home. It was just a simple, unpretentious house, set about with great trees, encircled in meadow and fields rich with the promise of harvest. The fragrance of pink and hollyhock in the front yard was mingled with the aroma of the orchard and of the garden, and resonant with the cluck of poultry and the hum of bees. Inside was quiet, clean-

liness, thrift and comfort. Outside there stood my friend—master of his land and master of himself. There was his old father, an aged, trembling man, happy in the heart and home of his son. And as they started to their home the hands of the old man went down on the young man's shoulders, laying there the unspeakable blessing of an honored and grateful father, and ennobling it with the knighthood of the fifth commandment.

And I saw the night come down on that home, falling gently as from the wings of an unseen dove, and the old man, while a startled bird called from the forest, and the trees shrilled with the cricket's cry, and the stars were swarming in the sky, got the family around him, and taking the old Bible from the table, called them to their knees, while he closed the record of that simple day by calling down God's blessing on that family and that home. And while I gazed, the vision of the marble Capitol faded. Forgotten were its treasures and its majesty, and I said: "O surely, here in the hearts of the people, at least, are lodged the strength and responsibilities of this government, the hope and promise of this Republic."

—*Henry W. Grady*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. There are two clear word pictures in this short selection. Describe each, with books closed.
2. Explain in your own words the last three lines of the selection.

FOR OTHERS

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

You ought to have little difficulty with the words of this selection. If there are any unfamiliar words used, look them up in your dictionary.

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This short poem has a lesson for everyone. It is a lesson for boys and girls in school as well as for men and women in later life.

Read the selection carefully, visualize the old man crossing the dangerous chasm in the gathering twilight—and see if you can learn from him what this lesson is.

FOR OTHERS

AN OLD man going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.

The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fear for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

“Old man,” said a fellow pilgrim near,
“You are wasting your strength with your building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day
You never again will pass this way.
You’ve crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build this bridge at evening tide?”

The builder lifted his old gray head—
“Good friend, in the path I come,” he said,
“There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been naught to me,

To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.”

—*Anonymous*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

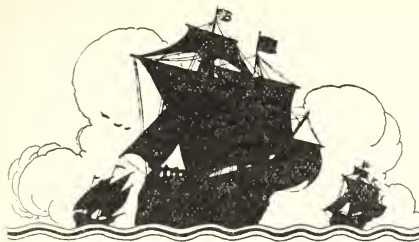
1. Do you consider the title of this poem appropriate? Why?
2. Make a list of four public improvements which others have made in order to make your life more pleasant and more secure, as for example, building roads, school houses and libraries.
3. Suggest what you or your class might do to “build a bridge” for someone in the class below you.

PERSEVERANCE

WE MUST not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers
And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

—*Johanin von Goethe*



HEROES OF PEACE

The Central Thought

In olden times people used to build their monuments to their heroes of war. More and more the people of today are erecting their memorials to those heroes of peace who have served their country and the world in saving life, in building industry, in bettering living conditions and making people happier. The opportunity to live an heroic life was never so great as now. Which one of the heroes of peace told about the section would you like to have been?

COLUMBUS

The Discoverer

WORDS TO LEARN

Are you familiar with the words used in this story? You can find their meaning and pronunciation in **Words to Learn**. Consult the dictionary for any others that are new to you.

roundhouse
conjectured
controverted
derided
sanguine
imminent
forecastle
insensibly
preconcerted
Salve regina
Seville
Santa Maria

notorious
wafted
unremitting
delusive
senor
discountenance
inclination
Oriental
invariable
Cipango
Nina
Gloria in Excelsis

inspiring
turbulent
compliance
desperado
forfeit
diverted
stimulate
refractory
inhabitable
San Salvador
Pinta
deviation

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The Columbus that we read of in history seems unlike other men—a creation of the imagination who lived only in the storied past. The Columbus that we read of in Washington Irving's "Life and Voyages of Columbus" is human, and he has ideals and dreams that we can understand. He bends the wind and the wave as well as human nature to his will in the greatest voyage of the ages, much as a strong man dominates a political situation, a labor strike or a military crises today.

To gather the facts for this story, Washington Irving searched through musty records in Spain and read all the accounts of the voyages of Columbus that he could find. Of the finished work he said "It cost me more toil and trouble than any of my other productions."

As you read this selection picture to yourself the man Columbus during those last days before land was discovered. Note his faith in his mission which led in the end to his conquering the unknown.

COLUMBUS

THE situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crews augmented. The favorable signs which increased his confidence, were derided by them as delusive; and there was danger of their rebelling, and obliging him to turn back, when on the point of realizing the object of all his labors.

They beheld themselves with dismay still wafted onward, over the boundless wastes of what appeared to them a mere watery desert, surrounding the inhabitable world. What was to become of them should their provisions fail? Their ships were too weak and defective even for the great voyage they had already made, but if they were still to press forward, adding at every moment to the immense expanse behind them, how should they ever be able to return, having no intervening port where they might victual and refit?

In this way they fed each other's discontents, gathering together in little knots, and fomenting a spirit of mutinous opposition; and when we consider the natural fire of the Spanish temperament and its impatience of control, and that a great part of these men were sailing on compulsion, we cannot wonder that there was imminent danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion and compelling Columbus to turn back.

In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a desperado, bent, in a mad fantasy, upon doing something extravagant to render himself notorious. What were their sufferings and dangers to one evidently content to sacrifice his own life for the chance of distinction? What obligations bound them to continue on with him; or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated unknown seas, untraversed by a sail, far beyond where man had ever before ventured. They had done enough to gain themselves a character for courage and hardihood in undertaking such an enterprise and persisting in it so far. How much further were they to go in quest of a merely conjectured land? Were they to sail on until they perished, or until all return became impossible? In such case they would be the authors of their own destruction.

On the other hand, should they consult their safety, and turn back before too late, who would blame them? Any complaints made by Columbus would be of no weight; he was a foreigner without friends or influence; his schemes had been condemned by the learned, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. He had no party to uphold him, and a host of opponents whose pride of opinion would be gratified by his failure. Or, as an effectual means of preventing his complaints, they might throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while busy with his instruments contemplating the stars; a report which

no one would have either the inclination or the means to controvert.

Columbus was not ignorant of the mutinous disposition of his crew; but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to stimulate the pride or avarice of others, and openly menacing the refractory with signal punishment, should they do anything to impede the voyage.

On the 25th of September, the wind again became favorable, and they were able to resume their course directly to the west. The airs being light, and the sea calm, the vessels sailed near to each other, and Columbus had much conversation with Martin Alonzo Pinzon on the subject of a chart, which the former had sent three days before on board of the *Pinta*. Pinzon thought that, according to the indications of the map, they ought to be in the neighborhood of Cipango, and the other islands which the admiral had therein delineated. Columbus partly entertained the same idea, but thought it possible that the ships might have been borne out of their track by the prevalent currents, or that they had not come so far as the pilots had reckoned. He desired that the chart might be returned, and Pinzon tying it to the end of a cord, flung it on board to him.

While Columbus, his pilot, and several of his experienced mariners were studying the map, and endeavoring to make out from it their actual position, they heard a shout from the *Pinta*, and looking up, beheld Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel, crying, "Land! land! Señor, I claim my reward!"

He pointed at the same time to the southwest, where there was indeed an appearance of land at about twenty-five leagues' distance. Upon this Columbus threw himself to his knees and returned thanks to God, and Martin

Alonzo repeated the *Gloria in Excelsis*, in which he was joined by his own crew and that of the admiral.

The seamen now mounted to the masthead or climbed about the rigging, straining their eyes in the direction pointed out. The conviction became so general of land in that quarter, and the joy of the people so ungovernable, that Columbus found it necessary to vary from his usual course, and stand all night to the southwest. The morning light, however, put an end to all their hopes, as to a dream. The fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night. With dejected hearts they once more resumed their western course, from which Columbus would never have varied, but in compliance with their clamorous wishes.

For several days they continued on with the same propitious breeze, tranquil sea, and mild, delightful weather. The water was so calm that the sailors amused themselves with swimming about the vessel. Dolphins began to abound, and flying fish, darting into the air, fell upon the decks. The continued signs of land diverted the attention of the crews, and insensibly beguiled them onward.

On the 1st of October, according to the reckoning of the pilot of the admiral's ship, they had come five hundred and eighty leagues west since leaving the Canary Islands. The reckoning which Columbus showed the crew, was five hundred and eighty-four; but the reckoning which he kept privately, was seven hundred and seven. On the following day, the weeds floated from east to west; and on the third day no birds were to be seen.

The crews now began to fear that they had passed between islands, from one to the other of which the birds had been flying. Columbus had also some doubts of the kind, but refused to alter his westward course. The people again uttered murmurs and menaces; but on the following day they were visited by such flights of birds, and

the various indications of land became so numerous, that from a state of despondency they passed to one of confident expectation.

Eager to obtain the promised pension, the seamen were continually giving the cry of land, on the least appearance of the kind. To put a stop to these false alarms, which produced continual disappointments, Columbus declared that should any one give such notice, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the evening of the 6th of October, Martin Alonzo Pinzon began to lose confidence in their present course, and proposed that they should stand more to the southward. Columbus, however, still persisted in steering directly west. Observing this difference of opinion in a person so important in his squadron as Pinzon, and fearing that chance or design might scatter the ships, he ordered that, should either of the caravels be separated from him, it should stand to the west, and endeavor as soon as possible to join company again: he directed, also, that the vessels should keep near to him at sunrise and sunset, as at these times the state of the atmosphere is most favorable to the discovery of distant land.

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward: the *Nina*, however, being a good sailor, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her masthead, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands.

He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiring to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the further they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest, and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck, were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land, and the air, Columbus observed, was sweet and fragrant as April breezes in Seville.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when on the evening of the third day they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless ocean, they broke forth into

turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless.

Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words, and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit of doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after

midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution.

He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, for her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station at the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch.

About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning,

when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first described by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself; the object of his golden fancies?

A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that

Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore.

As they stood gazing at the ships, they appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus then rising drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereign, giving the island the name of San Salvador.

—*Washington Irving*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without rereading the selection answer the first four questions.

1. Mention several conditions that made this expedition especially difficult.
2. What plan did Columbus adopt to prevent the cry of "land" being given falsely?
3. Make a list of at least four evidences that indicated to the crew that land was near.
4. Describe in your own words the scene when land was finally discovered.
5. Locate on the map the island where Columbus probably landed.
6. From an encyclopedia or some other reference book, write a short article on the life of Christopher Columbus.

COLUMBUS

WORDS TO LEARN

Before you read this poem, be sure that you are familiar with the words listed below. You will find them in **Words to Learn**.

Azores

Gates of Hercules

mutinous

ghastly

blanched

swarthy

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

As you read this poem, picture Columbus standing on the deck of his little vessel, by his own strength of mind keeping his rebellious crew obedient and the course of his vessel unchanged.

His perseverance in the face of danger and his determination to reach the land he knew was ahead—when others doubted—led to the discovery of America and the mastery of the fear of the sea as an evil power. Note how this is all brought out in the poem.

COLUMBUS

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead!
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn!
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

—*Joaquin Miller*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. After referring to an encyclopedia, write a brief account of the life of Joaquin Miller, whose real name was Cincinnatus Heine Miller.
2. Where are the "Gates of Hercules?" Why were they so named?
3. What was the great lesson Columbus taught the world?
4. Commit the entire poem to memory.

LOUIS PASTEUR

WORDS TO LEARN

Are these words part of your vocabulary? If not, look them up in **Words to Learn**.

experiment	eradicate	generation
anthrax	affliction	cholera
campaign	chemistry	benefactor
fermentation	demonstrated	diphtheria
immune	immunization	inoculate
microbe	laboratory	vaccine
spontaneous	paralysis	nutriment
virulent	hydrophobia	microscope

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The important part played by scientists in making the world a better place to live in cannot be over-estimated. Scientists have not only discovered ways of curing, but have found methods of preventing, some of our most dreaded diseases.

Their great service is by no means ended. Only a small part of the hostile forces which can attack us have been mastered. The world still needs thoughtful, patient men and women who will spend their time, strength and effort in doing what they can to serve mankind in scientific research.

As you read this selection, note the almost endless experiments Pasteur made, discarding now this, now that, yet always keeping in view the goal of achievement.

LOUIS PASTEUR

THE soldiers of the third regiment of Napoleon's vast armies were known for their great courage and bravery. These men were called "The Brave amongst the Braves." One of these brave men was named Jean Joseph Pasteur, who had fought in many a campaign under the illustrious leader.

When Napoleon was at last defeated at the battle of Waterloo by the English General, the Duke of Wellington,

Joseph Pasteur went back to his own country to be discharged from the army.

When he reached home he entered the tannery trade which his father and grandfather had followed before him. In due time he married a village maiden. This young couple moved to Dole and there was born in 1822 the little son, Louis Pasteur, who was one day to make the whole world his debtor. This son who was born of a brave father was one day to show bravery also, not upon the battlefield but in the field of science.

The boy Louis was reared carefully in a home of love and devotion. His parents were poor people but they felt that it was almost as necessary to educate their children as it was to feed them and it was decided early that Louis should have a thorough college training. His mind worked so carefully that he was considered slow. He never stated anything of which he was not absolutely sure.

He was a thoughtful boy and was known as a worker. When he was in college he wrote home to his sisters: "When one is accustomed to work it is impossible to do without it." At another time he wrote: "These three things, Will, Work, Success, fill human existence. Will opens the door to success, both brilliant and happy; Work passes these doors, and at the end Success comes to crown one's efforts."

Louis was a dutiful and loving son and brother. He kept in close touch with his parents and sisters as long as they lived. He wrote to them and visited them often and he shared with them in detail his interesting experiences in life. He was known as a kind-hearted man with tender affections for all his friends and loved ones. In studying the life of this great man one often thinks of the poet's couplet:

"The tenderest are the bravest
The loving are the daring."

Chemistry received his chief attention in college as he intended to devote his life to this subject, but after he had made much advancement in it his course was turned to the study of phases of biology in which work he was to move the whole world forward.

His work in chemistry brought him into the study of fermentation. Fermentation was not then understood. When a change took place in foods or animal matter it was called spontaneous generation, which meant that life sprang out of the substance itself without life being brought to it.

Pasteur developed the theory that the air is full of germs and that when these germs come into contact with nutriment they thrive and multiply. The scientists of his time hooted at such an idea. They said if millions of germs were in the air they would be so thick that one could not see through them.

He would not be discouraged or driven from his conviction. He boiled yeast water in glass flasks which had small mouths. When the fluid boiled he melted the mouths of the vessels and closed them so that the air could not reach the inside. He tested the effect of the air at different altitudes upon the contents of the flasks. He opened some of them in crowded places where the air was foul and he found that changes took place rapidly in the yeast water. He then climbed high into the Alps mountains and opened the flasks, exposing the contents to the mountain air. He would then seal the flasks again before going down into the valley. He discovered that the mountain air seldom changed the fluid, while in the air at low altitudes where the dust and impurities were thicker the specimens were always altered.

Pasteur met with much opposition to his theory and his proofs for there were many who still refused to believe that microbes could be floating in the air. His critics

preferred to hold to the old theory of spontaneous generation, but Pasteur kept on and on with his experiments and proofs until finally the whole world was forced to accept the facts which he so clearly and forcefully demonstrated.

In 1865 the French Government requested Pasteur to study the silkworm disease and if possible to eradicate it. The disease was ruining the great silk industry of France.

Silk was first produced in China four thousand years ago, and for hundreds of years no nation except China knew the secrets of the silk industry. Finally the industry spread to other countries and it became one of the great sources of wealth to France. Suddenly all these riches fell away. A mysterious disease was destroying the nurseries. No one knew where this disease came from or what caused it. All were in the dark.

The discovery of the cause of this disease and its remedy was the work assigned to Pasteur. He cheerfully and patriotically went at the task. He studied and worked early and late with the microscope in his laboratory for several years, when at last he announced the method of prevention. Again, he was doubted by many scientists and business men, but his claims were established finally beyond question, the silkworms were saved, and the wheels of the great industry were again set in motion.

Pasteur was stricken with paralysis in 1868. His family and friends thought he could not get well. His whole left side was as if dead. He expressed but one regret, and this expression reminds one of the last words of Captain Nathan Hale, which were: "I regret that I have but one life to give to my country." Pasteur said: "I am sorry to die; I wanted to do much more for my country." Pasteur had his wish for his greatest achievements were still ahead of him. He regained his health and returned to his work with his usual vigor. Only a slight lameness

in one leg and stiffness in one hand remained as marks of his sickness.

Between 1867 and 1870 a dreaded disease known as anthrax or splenic fever attacked the cattle, horses and sheep in Europe. In one province in Russia more than fifty thousand cattle died of this epidemic. Pasteur attacked this disease. He studied a drop of the diseased blood under the microscope. He discovered that anthrax is a germ disease. He experimented on hundreds of cattle and sheep and found that if victims of anthrax were buried in the fields the earth worms would bring the germs to the surface and the following spring after the burial, cattle or sheep grazing over these graves would be attacked by anthrax.

It is interesting to know that the same year in which Pasteur discovered the earth worms as germ carriers from the graves to the surface of the earth, Darwin, the great English scientist, pronounced the earth worm as nature's great plow.

Pasteur experimented by taking the blood of a diseased sheep and after weakening it injected a small amount into the blood of a healthy sheep. By long and tedious experiments he proved that sheep, cattle and horses could be made immune from the disease by vaccination.

Many scientists of the world doubted Pasteur's ability to make stock immune against anthrax. But in June, 1882, he demonstrated publicly at Pouilly le Fort his ability to so treat animals with vaccine that they would not fall victims to the germs of anthrax. He thus saved his country millions of dollars' worth of live stock in the years that followed.

A new disease was now attacking the chickens of Europe. Hens fell sick and dropped dead in a very brief time. A microbe was attacking the poultry which was unlike the microbe that had attacked the horses, cattle and

sheep. Pasteur began a search for the microbe and found it. He experimented until he discovered how to prepare a vaccine which would save the chickens from the ravages of the disease.

While working on other microbes he was also studying the microbe which caused swine fever, a disease known as "rouget." In the United States alone in 1879 more than a million hogs died of this disease. In our country it is called hog cholera. Hog cholera serum, which is used so successfully throughout our country, today, is traceable directly to the work of Louis Pasteur. Billions of dollars' worth of hogs have been saved to the farmers throughout the world because of the work of this famous scientist.

Among the many researches made in his laboratory was one on hydrophobia. Pasteur was deeply concerned about this terrible affliction. In 1880 a report was made to him of a child five years of age who had been bitten in the face by a mad dog. The little fellow developed hydrophobia and died in intense suffering, at the end of twenty-four hours. Pasteur gathered some of the mucous four hours after the child's death, and mixed it with water; he then inoculated some rabbits with this and they died in less than thirty-six hours. Their saliva, injected into other rabbits, provoked an almost equally rapid death.

Pasteur was not convinced that the hydrophobia germ was contained alone in the saliva. He knew the saliva contained poisonous germs because a mad dog would bite into anything clean or unclean and thus the saliva could be poisoned by outside germs.

One day, Pasteur had his assistants drag a mad dog from its cage and hold it while he drew some saliva into a glass tube for testing purposes. The results of the test showed that the saliva was not a sure agent of hydrophobia. He thus found it necessary to seek further for the source of the germ.

He studied many cases with the deepest interest and at last he discovered, after making scientific tests, that the chief medium for the germ was in the brain. Today, when a dog is suspected of being mad, his head is sent to the laboratory for examination.

Pasteur studied how to weaken the germ in order that he might make people immune to the disease. He did this by removing a portion of a mad dog's brain and leaving it suspended in a tight vessel until it became dry, when the germs would be less virulent. He then used small portions of it mixed in water, to inoculate (by slow degrees) healthy dogs, until they were entirely free from an attack of the disease.

In a letter he wrote: "I have not dared to treat human beings after bites from rabid dogs; but the time is not far off, and I am much inclined to begin on myself—inoculating myself with rabies, and then arresting the consequences; for I am beginning to feel very sure of my results."

Mrs. Pasteur wrote to her children: "Your father is absorbed in his thoughts, talks little, sleeps little, rises at dawn, and, in one word, continues the life I began with him this day thirty-five years ago."

At this time, when Pasteur felt sure he could protect human beings from the rabies, little Joseph Meister, a boy nine years old, was bitten by a mad dog and brought to Pasteur. The furious dog had thrown the lad to the ground and bitten him fourteen times. Pasteur was worried. He knew the boy would die if not treated. He feared that some mistake might be made if he tried to inoculate him. After council with friends, he decided to try the remedy. The result was that the boy was completely cured and sent home well and happy.

The results of the inoculation on little Joseph Meister proved to Pasteur that he had discovered a perfect method

of protection against that terrible disease. Soon after this famous experiment four children in New York were bitten by a mad dog. The "New York Herald" solicited subscriptions for money to send the children, whose parents were poor, with the mother of the youngest one to France to see Pasteur. The children were all cured and sent back to America as well as ever.

A mother in France wrote to Pasteur: "You have done all the good a man could do on earth. If you will, you can surely find a remedy for the horrible disease called diphtheria. Our children, to whom we teach your name as that of a great benefactor, will owe their lives to you. —A mother."

Pasteur's health and strength were now fast failing, but in spite of his condition he took an active interest in the experiments on diphtheria, which were being made in his laboratories by his assistants. The serum treatment for diphtheria was discovered by M. Roux, one of Pasteur's students. Pasteur lived to see the fruits of this discovery and he was proud of his pupil, whom he had taught: "Never to make a claim of a discovery until all possible doubt had been removed."

Before Pasteur's time many contagious diseases ravaged the nations of the world. Yellow fever, cholera, and bubonic plague or black death killed millions of people.

In London 100,000 people died of black death, 50,000 in Paris and 60,000 in Florence. Whole families were wiped out. Villages were stricken until often there were not enough well people to care for the sick and bury the dead. Pasteur's discoveries have made it possible to control most of the contagious diseases. His science has revolutionized sanitation and disease-prevention methods.

Pasteur considered that a man's life is worthless if not useful to others. It is said of him: "He was a devoted friend to all men who were earnestly seeking the truth.

He loved the heroes who had worked for humanity and passed on to the Great Beyond. Neither jealousy, suspicion, nor carping criticism ever cast a shadow over his life."

Pasteur once said: "Blessed is he who carries within himself an ideal, and who obeys it; an ideal of art, an ideal of science, an ideal of Gospel virtues. Therein lie the springs of great thoughts and great actions. They all reflect light from the Infinite."

Every civilized nation on earth honored the name Pasteur. Someone has said: "To no one has it ever been given to accomplish work of such great importance for the well being of humanity. His memory will ever be cherished in the heart of a grateful world. He was the most perfect man who ever entered the Kingdom of Science."

—*Lawrence McTurnan*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you have read the selection carefully enough to answer these questions without referring to your book.

1. What do you think of Pasteur's statement about "Will, Work and Success?" Name four great men whose lives illustrate this statement.
2. Tell in your own words the meaning of the couplet which the author says Pasteur's life calls to our mind.
3. Pasteur advised his pupil: "Never make a claim of a discovery until all possible doubt has been removed." Do you approve of this advice? Why?
4. Discuss the paragraph beginning: "Blessed is he who carries within himself an ideal."
5. What kind of a life did Pasteur regard as useless?
6. Can we estimate Pasteur's services to the world in dollars and cents?
7. Tell in your own words the story of Pasteur's work against the dread disease, hydrophobia.
8. Horace Mann once said: "Be ashamed to die until you have achieved some victory for mankind." How does this apply to Pasteur?

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

An Adventure with a Lion

WORDS TO LEARN

Do you know the meaning of the following words? If not look them up in **Words to Learn**.

annihilated

bewitched

Bakatla

Bechuands

carnivora

dotage

marauder

paroxysms

virus

importunities

chloroform

Melawbe

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

David Livingstone was one of the greatest Scotchmen that ever lived. He was born in 1809. His father was poor and when only ten years of age David went to work in a cotton mill in order to help support the family. By studying most of the time when he was not working he was able to enter college at twenty-three years of age. After taking a medical and theological course he offered himself as a missionary hoping to be sent to China, but instead was sent to Africa.

He spent thirty-four years in exploring the jungles of the dark continent and in teaching the natives. No one has done as much as Livingstone to open Africa to the benefits of civilization. He died in the heart of the jungles in central Africa and his faithful native servants carried his body across Africa to Zanzibar. From there it was brought home to England and buried with great honors in Westminster Abbey. He was the greatest explorer-missionary the world has ever known. The story of his life is full of adventure among strange people and under great difficulties. The following account of his fight with a lion is only one of his many thrilling adventures and narrow escapes.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

RETURNING toward Kuruman, I selected the beautiful valley of Mabotsa (latitude $25^{\circ} 14''$ south, longitude $26^{\circ} 30''$) as the site of a missionary station, and thither I removed in 1843. Here an occurrence took place concerning which I have frequently been questioned in England, and which, but for the importunities of friends,

I meant to have kept in store to tell my children when in my dotage.

The Bakatla of the village Mabotsa were much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed that they were bewitched, "given," as they said, "into the power of the lions by a neighboring tribe." They went once to attack the animals, but, being rather a cowardly people compared to Bechuanas in general on such occasions, they returned without killing any.

It is well known that if one of a troop of lions is killed, the others take the hint and leave that part of the country. So, the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people, in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length, and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed around it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other.

Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebalwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebalwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; then, leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft. When the circle was reformed, we saw two other lions in it; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed these beasts to burst through also.

If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they could have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing that we could not get them to kill one

of the lions, we bent our footsteps toward the village. In going round the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a piece of rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it.

The men then called out, "He is shot, he is shot."

Others cried, "He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!"

I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, "Stop a little, till I load again."

When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half around, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me.

I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was a feeling such as patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.

Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both

barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysms of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gunshot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt in the part periodically ever afterward. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. This curious point certainly deserves the attention of inquirers.

—*David Livingstone*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. In what way does this story reveal the character of David Livingstone?
2. Why was each man in the hunting party especially anxious to kill **one** lion?
3. Explain why the natives were not more bold in their methods of lion hunting.
4. Select what you think as the most exciting paragraph in the story and describe in your own words what happened.

JACOB RIIS

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

If you do not know these words look them up in **Words to Learn**.

contempt
converted
grafter

tenement
demolished
crusade

pawned
legislation
slums

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Although Jacob Riis was born in Denmark and spent his early boyhood there, he became one of the most distinguished Americans of his time. A few years before his death he went back to Denmark to visit his aged mother. In his pocket he carried a letter from Theodore Roosevelt who was then President of the United States in which Mr. Roosevelt told his mother that her son was "the most useful citizen in America." The following selection tells of his early experiences in this country. As you read it see what qualities there were in this Danish immigrant that made Roosevelt admire him so tremendously as an **American**.

JACOB RIIS

WOULD you like to know the story of the man whom President Roosevelt once called "The most useful citizen in the world."? This is the story:

Jacob Riis was born of poor parents in the little kingdom of Denmark across the seas. His father was a carpenter who earned a scant living by his daily wage. Jacob went to school and also learned his father's trade.

He read and heard a great deal about the wonderful country of America and of the opportunities which this comparatively new country gave to young men. He talked to his parents about his desire to go to America and they finally gave their consent for him to make the venture.

Wages were not very high in Denmark and he had not earned much money. He had only enough to pay his fare

on the boat to America and to buy a large navy revolver.

He had read some wild west stories of Indian fights and buffalo hunts. He thought New York was the center of these exciting scenes and that he would have to protect himself by shooting wild animals almost as soon as he arrived there. He carried the revolver in plain view, hanging out of his coat pocket. He wanted to have it where he could get it instantly when he saw either a bear, buffalo or Indian coming at him.

When he landed from the boat and started up Broadway, a policeman stopped him and in a kindly manner told him that he would better put the revolver away as he did not need it.

"Besides," said the officer, "if you carry it out where people can see it some one may steal it."

Jacob used the revolver just once, but not for shooting, as you will learn later. In after years he saw how foolish he had acted and he laughingly said, "I was very green."

There was plenty of work to do in the new and strange country but it was hard for Jacob to get a job. His English was poor and his foreign accent was strong. He did not know the ways of Americans and he had but little success in securing work. At last he fell in with some men who were going to work in the coal mines near Pittsburgh. He went along and helped build houses for the miners.

After a few days' work as a carpenter he decided to work in the mines. The first and only day he worked in the mines he was almost killed by a cave-in and he quit the job.

At that time the Franco-Prussian war had begun and he was anxious to help France. He went to Buffalo to enlist in the French army but there he was advised to go to New York City to see French officials. He arrived in New York with only one cent in his pocket. His efforts to get into the war met with failure and he was left

without money or work. He pawned his revolver and his boots to pay for one night's lodging.

He tried to get work and did many things. He worked on a truck farm, in a brick yard and on a clay bank. He quit his work and again he tried to get into the French army but was unsuccessful.

He now had nothing but his grip sack, a linen duster and a pair of socks. He wandered about looking for work. He was hungry and looked like a tramp but he would not beg as he had only contempt for tramps. He believed that every man should earn his living and in all his hunger and cold and misery he held to this principle.

At last he became homesick and discouraged. He almost sank into despair and while in this condition he went out to the brink of the river and sat down, wet, cold and disheartened. While he sat there, a little stray dog came up to him, licked him in the face and lay down beside him.

"The dog," said he years later, "was the bright spot in my life." The dog seemed to tell him that there was one who understood him and that he was not alone. He picked the dog up under his arm and left the river. A new hope came into his life.

That night at midnight he went to the police station in Mulberry Street and asked for lodging. The police officer allowed him to sleep there but the dog was not admitted. The little dog watched on the step all night for his master. Jacob slept in the basement or cellar of the police station where the toughest men went for a night's rest when they had nowhere else to go.

About two o'clock in the morning he felt something pull at his neck and upon examination he found that a thief had stolen a gold chain and a locket which his mother had given him. The next morning he complained to the officer, who in turn accused the boy of theft and ordered him out of the station. The doorkeeper put him out so roughly

that the boy fought back. The little dog who had been waiting all night for his companion in misery saw the situation and jumped to the defense of his master. He bit the stranger's leg. The jailer grabbed the dog by the hind legs, swung him over his shoulders and beat his brains out on the stone step.

Jacob was so angry at this cruel and inhuman treatment of his little defender that he shook his fists at the man and told him he would get even with him some day. And he kept his promise.

He became a peddler and first sold tables, then books and flat-irons. One day a man offered him a place as a reporter on the Brooklyn News and in this work he found what he liked to do. He enjoyed writing the news and he believed he saw an opportunity to do a good service.

After working as a reporter for some time, he saved seventy-five dollars and made a proposition to the owner to buy the paper. At first he was laughed at, but he was serious and persistent and finally arranged to buy it by turning over what cash he had and giving his notes for the balance of the amount due.

The News was a small paper but he soon doubled the circulation by publishing the plain facts about people. He told the truth no matter whom it hurt. He was determined to help make New York a cleaner city. The names of people who would not pay their honest debts were published in his paper. He opposed those who had wicked schemes to get people's money. He went about to see how people were living in the city. He publicly condemned places of vice and crime and he put to shame the men who built tenement houses with but little provision for light or fresh air. In one place he found fifteen people living in two rooms where not more than four or five should live and among these roomers was a baby only one week old. He carried his camera with him and took pictures of these

places of sin and shame which he printed in his paper.

Now came a hard test in Jacob Riis' life! The schemers and grafters did not like the frankness and fairness of this newspaper. They hoped to control the paper and have it support their crooked deals. He could have become a rich man if he had only been willing to wink at evils, but he preferred to remain poor and to serve his fellow men in an honest way. His honor was not for sale.

He helped to create legislation which forced the landlords to give light and air to the tenement dwellers and to establish more schools and playgrounds for the children. He made small but beautiful parks with trees and flower beds where before were dingy buildings and dark and dangerous alleys. Mulberry Bend, known as one of the worst places in the city, was, through the influence of Mr. Riis, converted into a park. At the cost of millions he forced the city to provide pure water free from filth and disease-breeding germs.

Fifty thousand children were out of school in this one city. These children were, for the most part, thrown into evil influences. Hundreds of them lived and played in and around saloons where men were drinking and gambling. Such children were robbed of the opportunity in life which the founders of our country intended they should have. Riis and other good men had laws passed compelling children to attend school.

The vicious spots of former days known as "Bandit's Roost," "Hell's Kitchen," and "Bottle Alley" were demolished in his crusade and now they are things of the past because someone cared and had the courage to battle bravely against the evils that were injuring the youth of their country.

When Mr. Riis was in the midst of his crusade, Theodore Roosevelt, who was then Police Commissioner of New York City, called at his office to see him and to offer his

assistance. He did not find Mr. Riis but he left his card, which said: "I have come to help." This was the beginning of a life-long friendship and a helpful comradeship in the service of their city and their country. Mr. Riis said that no man ever helped him to clean the slums of the city as much as did Mr. Roosevelt.

One night, Mr. Riis asked Mr. Roosevelt to go with him on a tour of inspection. Among the places they visited was the police station where Jacob's little dog had been slain by the policeman many years before. He led Mr. Roosevelt down into the basement and showed him where he lay when his locket and chain were stolen. He pointed out to Roosevelt where the fight took place and the stone step where the dog was killed. When Roosevelt heard the story, he struck his fists together and said: "It will never happen again for I will close this foul place tomorrow." The next morning, this police station was closed, never to be opened again.

When Mr. Riis died in 1914, Roosevelt said of him: "If I were asked to name a fellow man who came nearest to being the ideal American citizen, I should name Jacob Riis."

Mankind is a debtor to this foreign-born boy who lived to serve, and America is a better and happier country because of his life.

—*Lawrence McTurnan*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Without referring to the book, tell how Jacob Riis became acquainted with Theodore Roosevelt.
2. Express in your own words the central thought of the story.
3. Write at least six sentences describing Jacob Riis's services to New York City.
4. What threat did Jacob Riis make? Was it justified? Under what circumstances was it made?
5. Find that paragraph in the selection which tells how the threat was carried out.



LOVE OF COUNTRY

The Central Thought

The man who does not love his country—the land that gives him work and opportunity, liberty and protection—is unworthy of citizenship. It is easy to love America because she has done so much for us all, and for the world. Every loyal American should be willing to serve his country in order that she may fulfill those ideals of liberty, democracy and brotherhood which have been the Dream of all her heroes and great men from the time of George Washington to the present day. Every boy and girl has an opportunity to help make this Dream come true.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

WORDS TO LEARN

Look up these words in **Words to Learn**, and observe how they are used in the poem:

amber

confirms

alabaster

impassioned

spacious

fruited

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The author of this poem has been for many years Professor of Literature at Wellesley College. The poem was written in 1893 while the author was on a trip to Colorado following a visit to the World's Fair in Chicago. The opening line "O beautiful for spacious skies" came to her while standing on the top of Pike's peak and the entire poem was written while the author was in Colorado. The poem has been set to music and has become one of our finest national hymns. As you read the poem keep in mind the time and place that suggested it. The poem is full of beautiful word pictures. See how much of the thought you can get from the first reading.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!

God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!

America! America!

God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

America! America!

May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!

God shed His grace on thee

And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—*Katherine Lee Bates*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Reread the poem and make an outline under the following heads, filling in the lines that describe—
 - (a) Some of the natural beauties of America.
 - (b) The pioneers who prepared the way for Freedom.
 - (c) The heroes who have fought for and defended liberty.
 - (d) The dream of the America of the future.
2. Select the twelve lines that contain four prayers for a better America.
3. Memorize the poem so you will be able to sing or repeat it.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own—my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott*

AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

WORDS TO LEARN

Look up in **Words to Learn**, all of the following words that you do not know the meaning of, or cannot pronounce.

abhorred	appraising	arbitrament
aspiration	caravels	chivalry
commitment	conscience	domination
eminence	exponents	exquisite
illuminating	imperishable	indisputable
inviolate	magnitude	militant
panorama	scientific	solace
simulation	tragedies	visualized

From the great number of unknown soldiers who died on the battlefields of France and lie there in the military cemeteries, one was selected and brought home to America to be honored by a distinguished burial.

Many countries that participated in the World War have their "Grave of the Unknown Soldier." France has her undying flame burning at the grave of the unknown soldier in the Arch of Triumph in Paris. Italy has a splendid tomb at the base of the Memorial to Victor Emanuel in Rome. England has a mighty sarcophagus in London, and America has her Unknown Soldier's Grave of shining white marble within the shadow of the Capitol in the Arlington Cemetery at Washington, D. C.

The dedication ceremonies were held on November 11, 1921, which was the third anniversary of the signing of the Armistice that ended the World War.

This address by Mr. Harding represents the sentiments of the people of the United States toward all our soldiers who gave their lives in the war.

AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

MR. SECRETARY OF WAR and Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met today to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him

with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

He might have come from any one of millions of American homes. Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering today, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that the Nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the Republic. If we give rein to fancy, a score of sympathetic chords are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they sacrificed alike.

We do not know his station in life, because from every station came the patriotic response of the five millions. I recall the days of creating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked mansion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells and rain of bullets, men face more intimately the great God over all, their souls are aflame, and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict, and the supreme trial of courage, come involuntarily the hurried appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none the less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all humankind. Indeed, I revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of every war for conquest. He cherished our national rights, and abhorred the threat of armed domination; and in the maelstrom of destruction and suffering and death he fired his shot for liberation of the captive conscience of the world. In advancing toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened; and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

On such an occasion as this, amid such a scene, our thoughts alternate between defenders living and defenders dead. A grateful Republic will be worthy of them both. Our part is to atone for the losses of heroic dead by making a better Republic and a greater nation for the living.

Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the Nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the

Government's favor, it is a suggestion of a tomb in the heart of the Nation, sorrowing for its noble dead.

Today's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the Nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and the conscience of today forever unite to make the Republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

Ours are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart, I wish we might say to the defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in chivalry, no more a test of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretical defense of a hypothetical objective. But the attack was made with all the relentless methods of modern destruction.

There was the rain of ruin from the aircraft, the thunder of artillery, followed by the unspeakable devastation wrought by bursting shells; there were mortars belching their bombs of desolation; machine guns concentrating their leaden storms; there was the infantry, advancing, firing, and falling—like men with souls sacrificing for the decision.

The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers, so that we could note their flight and appraise their deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction; while the effectiveness of the theoretical defense was impressed by the simula-

tion of dead and wounded among those going forward, undaunted and unheeding. As this panorama of unutterable destruction visualized the horrors of modern conflict, there grew on me the sense of the failure of a civilization which can leave its problems to such cruel arbitrament. Surely no one in authority, with human attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kingdom, empire, or republic to make such sacrifice until all reason had failed, until appeal to justice through understanding had been denied, until every effort of love and consideration for fellow-men had been exhausted, until freedom itself and inviolate honor had been brutally threatened.

I speak not as a pacifist fearing war but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

The loftiest tribute we can bestow today—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this Republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength, yea, of our aspirations and convictions, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

There have been a thousand defenses justly and patriotically made; a thousand offenses which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed. Let us beseech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

Standing today on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is noting this expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love and covered with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth, good will among men. Let me join in that prayer.

Our Father who are in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

—*Warren G. Harding*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Explain this sentence: "On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice."
2. Explain: "Ours are lofty resolutions today, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living."
3. Describe in your own words the demonstration of modern warfare to which Mr. Harding refers.
4. Select that paragraph in the address which you like best, and express the thought of it in your own words.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

WORDS TO LEARN

Add the following words to your vocabulary. You can find the meanings of any that are not familiar to you in **Words to Learn**.

clutch

salutation

ennobling

swelter

looms

ego

cordial

garish

statutes

cynically

dreadnaught

panics

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

When Mr. Franklin K. Lane was Secretary of the Department of the Interior, he delivered this address before the clerks of the department on Flag Day, 1914.

Note what the Flag says about part played by every citizen in "making the flag." Boys and girls in the school room preparing themselves for living, and doing their daily tasks cheerfully and well are as much the makers of the flag as the statesmen, and soldiers in the service of the nation.

You are now forming your habits, your character—determining what kind of a citizen you will be when you are ready to take an active part in "making the flag." As you plan your life try to make it such that the flag will be richer, more noble and more beautiful because you have lived.

Remember that no matter how small or unimportant the deed that you do is, it will add to or detract from the glory of the flag. Picture the flag as the emblem of the nation shining with the spirit, character and acts of its citizens. Then you will have a truer picture of what a national flag represents.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor

a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics. and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag: "The work that we do is the making of the flag. I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. . Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation.

"My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Without referring to your book write a summary of the makers of the Flag as Old Glory described them; then open your books and see how closely your list corresponds to the Flag's list.
2. Tell how you can help make the flag.
3. For what do the Stars and Stripes really stand?
4. Select the paragraph which you like best and express the thought of it in your own words.

A LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Written November 21, 1864

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

—*Abraham Lincoln*

This letter, in Lincoln's handwriting, hangs in a frame on the walls of Brasenose College, Oxford University, England, as a model of the purest English.

OLD IRONSIDES

WORDS TO LEARN

Look the following words up in Words to Learn.

ensign
harpies

meteor
hulk

vanquished

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

At the opening of the war with England in 1812, the American frigate "Constitution" met the English frigate "Guerriere" in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. After a contest of only forty minutes the "Guerriere" was a total wreck while the "Constitution" was only slightly injured. An English writer had previously described the "Constitution" as a "bunch of pine board sailing under a bit of striped bunting." This victory made the "Constitution" famous and she became known as "Old Ironsides."

In 1830 the vessel was pronounced unseaworthy and ordered destroyed. A loud protest went up from all parts of the country. Oliver Wendell Holmes who was then a young student in Harvard Medical College wrote the following poem which was copied in newspapers throughout the country and helped to save "Old Ironsides." The vessel was repaired and sailed the seas until 1877. Since then it has been used as a barracks for sailors while their own vessels are being repaired. Although built in 1797 "Old Ironsides" still lies in the U. S. Navy yards at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and is visited by thousands of people each year.

OLD IRONSIDES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Without rereading the poem tell in your own words what had taken place on board "Old Ironsides."
2. Do you approve of the effort to save the old vessel?
3. Of what value is it now?
4. Select the stanza that you like best and express the thought of it in your own words.

I AM AN AMERICAN

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Look up the following words in Words to Learn.

ancestors
man-hives

billion-wired
heritage

knout

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

America is often spoken of as "the Melting Pot of nations." For hundreds of years people from many other countries have been coming to America—merging their history and traditions with ours, adopting our glorious past, contributing to the upbuilding of the present, and joining in our wonderful hope for the future of our country.

In an Americanization pageant in New York City a few years ago two boys, one wearing the costume of an early Colonial Pilgrim, the other dressed as a Russian immigrant, recited the following poems written by an instructor in English in one of the New York City high schools. One poem has the confident note of the native-born American—the other the hope of the foreign-born American. Both have one thought in common. Read carefully to find out what it is.

I AM AN AMERICAN

I am an American.

My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;

My mother, to the Colonial Dames.

One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;

Another stood his ground with Warren;

Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.

My forefathers were America in the making;

They spoke in her council halls;

They died on her battle-fields;

They commanded her ships;

They cleared her forests.

Dawns reddened and paled.

Staunch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory;
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my Past.
I am an American.

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust,
My mother a straw in the wind,
To his Serene Majesty.
One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the
knout;
Another was killed defending his home during the mas-
sacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man
And the straw in the wind became a woman
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered
near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land.
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
Live for it—die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.

I am proud of my Future.
I am an American.

—*Elias Lieberman*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first three questions after one reading:

1. Explain the historical references in the first stanza.
2. Tell in your own words the advice which the father gave the boy about the flag.
3. Do you think it is better to be proud of the past or of the future?
4. Select the line which in your opinion states the best reason for pride on the part of each boy.
5. Do people come to America from other countries now for the same reason as in 1620?

FREEDOM

Is true freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No! True freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And, with heart and hand, to be
Earnest to make others free!
They are slaves, who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

—*James Russell Lowell*



STORIES OF ACHIEVEMENT

The Central Thought

All boys and girls desire to achieve something for themselves. The place to begin is in the home, the school or on the playground. Doing well whatever is given us to do is the first step toward achievement.

Theodore Roosevelt once said, "Of course, what we have a right to expect of an American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are great that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. In life as in a football game the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard. Don't foul, and don't shirk—but hit the line hard!"

HOW THE BRITNELL CUP WENT FROM HILTON

An English Story

WORDS TO LEARN

Before you read this story, look up any of the words below which are not familiar to you, in the **Words to Learn**.

ostentatiously
puck
insignia
stalwart

presumptuous
forsooth
unanimous
arena

hockey
nonce
redoubtable
speculated

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This is an English story of a brilliantly fought hockey game—of a victory which was marred by a player who helped his side to win

by making an unfair play. He wanted to save his captain from the disgrace of defeat—but he did not realize that the disgrace of a dishonorable victory is far worse to bear than honorable defeat.

Note particularly the type of a man that Burleigh Burke was both on and off the hockey field. Try to picture to yourself what the knowledge of an unfair play would mean to such a man. Then after reading the speech which he made before the judges awarded the cup see if you were right in your estimate of his character.

HOW THE BRITNELL CUP WENT FROM HILTON

IT WAS their last match of the year, and all Hilton had turned out to witness the struggle and cheer their men to victory. The hockey season that winter had been an unusually busy one. Club after club had sent teams of picked players to Hilton, only to welcome them home again, sadder if wiser men, while the Hiltonites had traveled north and south, east and west, losing very few leaves from the laurel wreath which had adorned their manly brows for three successive and successful winters. But early in February a new star had arisen. From the east came a club which challenged right and left, and before whose stalwart representatives rival teams went down like nine-pins, until there were left in the arena only the Hiltonite Club and the newcomers, who called themselves the Hamburg Tigers. In one conflict had these redoubtable rivals engaged, and so evenly matched were they that at the end of the game the score stood one to one.

And now the last great encounter was at hand. The Hamburg Tigers had come to town by the five-thirty express, and had been dined by the Hilton Club with great politeness and a very choice menu. They had brought a large party of friends with them, whose allegiance was ostentatiously displayed by the immense black and yellow rosettes adorning their breasts, and the long and black and yellow streamers waving from their canes.

The surging crowd in the rink swayed and tossed, speculated and waited. Before seven every seat in the gallery had been taken, and by half-past there was no standing room. If the Hamburg Tigers were assured of loyal support, their opponents had no reason to complain, for on every side young men and maidens, old men and matrons, were beribboned with the pretty dark green and pale pink which the Hilton Club had chosen for its insignia.

For three brilliant years the Hilton Hockey Club had been the honored guardians of the Britnell Championship Cup, and each year it had become dearer, not only to the club itself, but to every individual citizen of Hilton. And now should these presumptuous newcomers, who three years ago were unknown in the land—these tiger cubs of Hamburg—should they, forsooth, think for an instant to wrest from Hilton's tried and proven warriors that cherished trophy? Perish the thought! Every loyal Hiltonite shivered with indignation at the mere suggestion.

Eight o'clock—five minutes past! The crowd was stamping and shouting.

Suddenly the door of the clubroom swung open, and the roof rang with the volume of applause which greeted the two teams as they glided gracefully over the ice to the middle of the rink, the cry of the home-team supporters changing suddenly as Burleigh Burke, the Hilton captain, made his appearance into a unanimous shout of "Burleigh Burke! Burleigh Burke! Three cheers for Burleigh Burke! Rah! rah! rah!"

He was the idol of Hilton, this handsome, graceful young man. He smiled up into the sea of eager faces, then lifted his cap as he caught sight of his father and mother, who had procured seats in the front row of the gallery, and were fairly bubbling over with excitement, for they had the winning of the championship as much at heart as Burleigh himself, and the consciousness of their perfect belief

in him sent a thrill of confidence over him as he turned to give a few last words of advice to his men. They were a fine looking lot of young fellows, every one of them—the Hiltons in their dark green jerseys, with the pale pink “H” on their breasts, and the Tigers, whose long, lithe bodies looked like snakes in their striped black and yellow sweaters.

The men swung into position. The puck was placed. A moment’s breathless silence, then the referee’s whistle blew, and the fastest game ever seen in Hilton was fairly under way. Back and forth like flashes of lightning the players darted; now here, now there, danced the elusive little puck. The combination play was perfect. Each team was doing its best, individually and collectively. Slowly the puck would advance near one or the other goal, and the spectators would hold their breath. Then would come a rush, a strike, and behold, the rubber would be skimming away, and the goal for the nonce would be safe. At half time neither side had scored. Up in the gallery the excitement was at white heat. Hundreds of eager-voiced Hamburgers hurled defiance at Hiltonites. Hiltonites responded with their confident shout of triumph, while across the din of these opposing factions the band at the end of the gallery struck in with the martial strains of “Men of Harlech.”

“How do you think it will end, Judge?” asked Dr. Burke.

“End!” cried Judge Harper, whose oldest son was goalkeeper. “Why, it can end but one way. Your son never captained a losing team, Doctor. They’ll get a goal this half, or my name’s not Harper! As for the Tiger’s scoring, my boy’ll see to that.”

In the dressing-room the men were scattered about, some discussing the match, some picking out fresh sticks, some tightening their skates. Phil Harper dropped down on the bench beside Jack Harmon.

"How do you feel, old boy?" he asked.

"Wild!" exclaimed Jack. "If we can't beat those roaring Tigers I'll never touch a hockey stick again! I'll tell you, it would about break Burleigh if the cup leaves Hilton, and——"

"Time's up!" rang through the room.

"I'll tell you we're going to score this half, or I'll die in the attempt, you mark that!" finished Jack.

The men filed out; some one relieved Burke of his coat; the puck was placed, the whistle blew, and they were at it again, hammer and tongs. The great gallery was silent. No one seemed even to breathe. Only the click of the skates on the ice, the whirl of the flying puck, or a low order from one of the captains broke the silence. At last there were only three minutes left to play and neither side had scored. Slowly the puck went down the ice toward the Tigers' goal, every inch of the way desperately contested. Half way down it stopped. There was a rush, a dash, a confused jumble of green and pink and black and yellow—two minutes more—then out from the tangle of sticks and skates flew the rubber. Burleigh was after it like a deer. Through the network of opposing bodies and sticks he glided, bearing the puck before him, then straight through the goal of the astonished Tigers it skimmed, just as the cry of "Time" rang through the rink.

A mighty roar shook the great building from roof to foundation. Hilton had scored! Burke, carried on the shoulders of his admiring countrymen, had to make the circuit of the rink, waving his cap in answer to the cheers which greeted him on every side. Then while the band played the triumphal march, and the gallery rang with

"Hilton, Hilton, chink, chink, chink!"

Triumph, triumph, green and pink!"

the people streamed out of the rink over to the town-hall, where the presentation of the cup was to take place.

As the teams were leaving the dressing-room to take their places in the hall, Phil Harper stepped up to Jack Harmon, who was standing in front of Burleigh Burke. "Say, Jack," he said; "that was a daisy play of Burke's, but who shot the puck out?"

"I did," answered Jack.

"You?" Phil hesitated a moment, then went on: "Look here, old man, don't get crusty, but I could almost swear that just as the puck whirled out I noticed your hand and stick hemmed in by the heavy red-headed fellow. Are you sure it was you?"

Jack did not answer for a moment, then he replied in a low voice:

"I'll own up, Phil, you saw right, but you needn't say anything about it. It was right by my foot for an instant, so I did what any fellow with brains would have done under the circumstances—I kicked it out. No one noticed it, and the Britnell cup is safe. I told you Burleigh would not know defeat if I could help it."

The men passed to their places on the platform, but as they took their seats many noticed Burke's expression. The mayor of Hilton took the chair. Judge Harper and Doctor Burke occupied prominent places to the right. Long and loud was the applause as the mayor rose. After his first few sentences, just as he was commencing to speak in glowing terms of the evening's victory, Burleigh Burke rose suddenly from his seat and came forward, white, stern, erect. At his expression the mayor ceased abruptly, and eager hands ready to burst into clapping were still.

"Your worship, ladies and gentlemen," he began, his voice ringing clear and steady through the hall, "I crave pardon for this seemingly inexcusable interruption, but when one has a disagreeable duty to perform, it is best to get it over as quickly as possible. Our apparent victory is not only no victory, but something far worse than mere

defeat, for it is only just to the Hamburg Tigers and to ourselves to tell you that when I shot the puck through the goal it had been kicked out to me by one of our own men! That any player on either side could be guilty of such an act never entered my head. I took the puck in good faith, and I confess that I was proud of our victory, of our fairly-fought fight and our hard-earned triumph. Of my feelings when I learned the truth a few moments ago, of the feelings of every honorable Hiltonite when he learns it now, I shall not speak. I shall merely add that although neither side scored, I think the Britnell Cup belongs rightfully to our visitors from Hamburg. Gentlemen of Hamburg, the cup is yours. I hope, if you can trust us, that next year you will allow us to replace it where it has stood for the last three years."

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Test how well you have read the selection by answering the first five questions without reference to your book.

1. Imagine you are Jack and tell the whole story as you think he would have told it.
2. If a boy is square and fair in his sports, what kind of a business man will he become?
3. Write out Burleigh Burke's speech before the judges. Do you think he was right in his final decision? Why?
4. There is a saying that says "Crime will out." How does this story illustrate the saying?
5. What kind of a citizen would Burleigh Burke make?
6. Now reread the speech as you wrote it out and see what changes you would make.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

In order to understand and enjoy the story you must know all the words. You will find those listed here in **Words to Learn**.

horizon	hostile	imbecility
perihelion	vertebrae	dowdy
insurgents	concentrate	memorandum
coöperation	appalled	Correggio
average	incapacity	infirmity
maudlin	denizens	frowsy
incompetent	survival	suspicion
firebrand	impervious	rapacious
lurking	a-slumming	

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This article was written by Elbert Hubbard, and published in "The Philistine," a magazine of which he was editor, in March, 1899, when the Spanish-American War was in progress.

The story was based upon a true incident. During the war, President McKinley was anxious to send a message to General Garcia, a leader of the Cuban revolution against Spain, who was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba. He asked Stephen Rowan who was a Lieutenant in the United States army to carry a message to General Garcia.

The efficient way in which he delivered the message is told in the following article. The most important thing in this selection, however, is not the story of Lieutenant Rowan's trip through the jungles of Cuba but rather the effect of the article upon **you**. As you read the article, see if you can tell why it has been translated into many languages and read by many millions of people.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

IN ALL this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with

the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly. What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—carry "A Message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces

or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this

infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting “the bounce” Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

“You see that bookkeeper,” said the foreman to me in a large factory.

“Yes; what about him?”

“Well, he’s a fine accountant, but if I’d send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for.” Can such a man be intrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the “downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop” and the “homeless wanderer searching for honest employment,” and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne’er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving after “help” that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away “help” that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only, if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and

unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He can not give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular fire-brand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides.

There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, and more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter to Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed and needed badly—the man who can carry a "Message to Garcia."

—*Elbert Hubbard*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can answer the first four questions without referring to the book.

1. Write a paragraph telling in your own words what you think is the lesson of the story.
2. Many people fail to get on in the world because they will not "carry a message to Garcia." List six probable reasons for their failure.
3. Make a list of the "messages to Garcia" that you have carried during the past week—things you have done promptly and well.
4. Who in your Arithmetic class are "carrying the message to Garcia?"
5. Find the paragraph in which Mr. Hubbard expresses his appreciation of certain kinds of employees. Read it silently.

DON'T DIE ON THIRD

WORDS TO LEARN

Make the words listed below a part of your vocabulary. You can find the meanings of any that are new to you in **Words to Learn**.

achievement
superb
ominously
futurity

gravitation
routine
initiative
arena

calculation
incompetency
vortex
sacrificed

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

You have probably played baseball and watched for a chance to "run home" as anxiously as Moriarty did. If you have played on your school team you realize what a hard position Moriarty was in, and why he could not rely on Mullins to bring him in, and why he felt he had to get home safely.

The picture of the world as a baseball diamond may not have occurred to you before. As you read this story try to visualize yourself as the base runner on Life's diamond. Picture yourself gaining now first base, now second—always looking ahead as Moriarty did, to find a way to gain the next base safely.

Moriarty did not dare to depend on Mullins to make his base hits for him. Do you think that you can depend upon someone else to make your base hits for you in life?

DON'T DIE ON THIRD

IT WAS several weeks ago, when the Tigers were playing the team from Cleveland.

Moriarty was on third base.

Around the chalk-lined arena eighteen thousand persons strained themselves in tense expectancy. The score was a tie. Two men were out. The fate of the game centered in the white-bloused figure that shuttled back and forth near third. Tigers and Naps stood up at their benches, for the decisive moment had come.

Moriarty was at third.

He got there by ordinary events of the game. At the

bat he hit the ball and ran to first. Another player bunted and sacrificed himself to run Moriarty to second. Then a long fly advanced him to third. There he stood, alert and active, with the fate of the game in his quick eye, his quicker brain, and his running legs.

If he failed, he failed not alone, for the team failed with him. If he won, he won not alone, but gave the men behind him their chance for home. In him centered the hopes and fears of thousands upon thousands of spectators who had forgotten to breathe, and so still was the great park that even the breeze seemed to forget to blow.

Moriarty was at third.

Much as it meant to have advanced that far, nothing had been accomplished by it. Three-quarter runs are not marked up on the score boards. Third base runs never raised a pennant. Third base is not a destination, but the last little way station on the road home. It is better not to run at all than to run to third and die. The eighteen thousand spectators that kept ominously silent at that moment could be changed into a vortex of cheering hero-worshipers or into an animated groan by the kind of work a man did between third and home.

There is not time for self-congratulation on third. The question is how to get safely away from it. The man on second wants your place,—he can get it,—but if you get safely home no one can take that achievement from you. One way to get off third is to wait for some fellow to bat you off; another way is to get away on your own initiative and according to your own secret plan.

Moriarty was on third.

It is ninety feet from third to home. Sometimes that ninety feet is a leaden mile, sometimes a mere patter of lightning-like steps. If it is a mile to you, you are a failure, and the great circle of spectators groan for your incompetency; if it is but a lightning streak, you are the

great man of the baseball day. Moriarty was intent on dwindling that ninety feet instead of lengthening it.

How many things converged in the few moments he stood there. He watched the signals of the Cleveland catcher—he gathered they meant a high ball. A high ball meant that the runner might duck low to the base while the catcher's hands were in the air after the ball. Moriarty knew, too, that a high ball required that the pitcher wind up his arm in a certain way. He knew, also, that pitchers have a way of winding up when they don't intend to throw the ball. More than that, he knew the pitcher in the box was left-handed and could not keep his eyes on third when winding up. That was why Moriarty closely followed all the strange little signals pitcher and catcher were making.

There was another consideration, too,—Mullin was up to bat. Moriarty knows that Mullin has a batting average of something like .250, which means that Mullin hits safely about once in four times at bat. Would the ball about to be thrown be one of the hit, or one of the missed? No human calculation could even guess at it. If Mullin missed, it would be useless for Moriarty to run. If Mullin hit, there were still chances of his being put out at first, making Moriarty's run wholly uncounted and ending the inning.

There was only one thing to do—make home between the time the pitcher wound up his arm past all recall and the time the ball landed in the catcher's glove—make home in the second of time when Mullin's hit or miss hung in futurity.

It was to be a contest in speed between a five-ounce ball delivered with all the force of a superb pitching arm and the one hundred seventy pound body of Moriarty. An unequal contest at that, for the five-ounce ball travels only

sixty feet while the runner from third must hurl his body over a distance of ninety feet.

All these considerations are in the mind of Moriarty. He builds up his prospective run as an engineer builds a bridge over a torrent, step by step with infinite pains. Now the Cleveland pitcher is winding up his arm. Round and round it swings. He poises himself. There is yet a fraction of a second in which he can recall his intended throw. Moriarty is crouched like a tiger about to spring. Now! Now!

There is a white streak across the field!

A cloud of dust at the home plate!

The umpire stands with his hands extended, palms downward.

A bursting roar of acclaim echoes and reëchoes across the space of the park. Again and again it bursts forth in thrilling, electric power. Thirty-six thousand eyes strain toward the man who is slapping the dust from his white uniform.

Moriarty is Home!

"All the world's a baseball diamond. And all the men and women merely players."—*Shakespitcher*.

You are one of the players. Perhaps you have reached First, completed the primary schools, by the power of gravitation. It may be that by the fair promise of your own good gifts you have finished the grammar grades and reached Second. Then, by the sacrifices of your parents or a long fly by one of your friends into the business world, a fly that was not long enough to prevent him going out, you are through high school or college—have advanced to Third.

The opposition against you at Third is stronger than at First or Second. At Third you are reckoned with. Your opponents and rooters converge all their attention on you.

Pitchers and catchers, coaches and opposing fans are watching to tip off your plans and frustrate them. From Third you become either a splendid success or a dismal failure.

Don't die on Third!

What are you doing to win the score that life is ready to mark up against your name? Third base has no laurels on which you can rest. What are you doing to get away from Third? Are you waiting for some one to bat you in? Suppose he misses, his miss is yours, too. If you place all your dependence on some one else, his failure spells yours.

What are you doing on Third? Waiting for something to turn up? Don't. Nothing turns up, but the thumbs of thousands of men who watch you may turn down, and make you a permanent failure. Moriarty would not have scored had he waited, for Mullin didn't hit the ball, and that run was absolutely necessary to save the game. That run was gained in an immeasurable fraction of time, but the difference between success and failure is very often measured in seconds. A few months' preparation for some honorable vocation might bring you to business—enable you to score.

Don't die on Third!

Had Moriarty been out the night before, he would have played the game according to routine; but Moriarty does not carouse. He does not smoke or drink. The only high balls he rushes are those thrown on the diamond. He is old-fashioned enough to go to church on Sunday. He knows that a clean life means a clear head. He knows that legs that tread the path of irregularity cannot win when running ninety feet against a swift ball that travels sixty feet. He respects his body and his mind, keeps both under control of a strong will, and they all in turn serve him up to the last fraction of their power.

Moriarty's run was not a foolhardy dash. It was not a toss-up with luck. It was deliberate mathematical work. Any fool could have led off spectacularly, but only a trained body and an alert mind could have stolen home right under the nose of the catcher whose hands were closing over the ball. Even the game means work. Work itself is a game, and has its rules, as it has sudden openings. So don't die on Third. Bring to Third every bit of your honest strength, study conditions, master every worthy art, get to work and postpone thinking of your luck until you hear the umpire call "Safe!"

Then you will score all right.

And that is the story of success in any game. Do not get stranded at Third; reach home, and score. That is what helps to win, whether on the diamond or at the desk. In every profession and vocation of life, scoring always counts.

—*William J. Cameron*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Without referring again to the story tell why the author felt that third base was such an important place. Do you agree with him? Why?
2. Why does the author say so many times: "Moriarty was at third?"
3. Explain the phrases: "tense expectancy," "bunted and sacrificed himself."
4. The author of this story seems to feel that Moriarty won the game **before** he made his great run from third base to home. In what sense did he do so?
5. Make a list of the various phrases which indicate the interest of the spectators in the game.
6. Draw a diagram of the baseball diamond and write on each base the **period in your life** which it represents according to the author of this story.

JOHN MAYNARD—PILOT

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Look up any unfamiliar words in your dictionary as there have been none listed in **Words to Learn**.

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

It is not often that one is called upon to give his life in "doing his duty," as John Maynard did. But every day, in fact in every hour of the day, comes the opportunity to do a good deed, to render a service, and do our work well. How you take advantage of these opportunities will determine the way in which you meet the big opportunities which come to everyone in the course of a lifetime.

JOHN MAYNARD—PILOT

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the lake district as a God-fearing, honest and intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamboat from Detroit to Buffalo. One summer afternoon—at that time these steamers seldom carried life boats—smoke was seen ascending from below and the captain called out:

"Simpson, go below and see what the matter is down there."

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire."

Then "Fire! fire! fire!" on shipboard.

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was found useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot:

"How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach there?"

"Three-quarters of an hour at our present rate of steam."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger here—see the smoke bursting out—go forward if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out through his trumpet:

"John Maynard!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir."

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," said the captain.

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out:

"John Maynard!"

The response came feebly this time, "Aye, aye, sir!"

"Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" he said.

"By God's help, I will."

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled; his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped and his spirit took its flight to its God.

—*John B. Gough*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Between what cities did John Maynard's steamboat ply?
2. Express in your own words the thought of the story.
3. Write a paragraph of four sentences describing John Maynard's act of heroism. Read the paragraphs in class and select the ones which the class think the best.

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"Reading without remembering makes reading of little worth."

You have now finished reading PART I of this book and it is important that you think back, and check up to see just what you have gotten from your reading.

In the section on "The Spirit of Freedom," do you remember what Freedom cost those brave men who signed the Declaration of Independence at the risk of their lives? If Freedom cost our forefathers so much, how much ought we to be willing to pay to keep it?

In the section entitled "The Common Good" have you forgotten how necessary laws are—and obedience to laws—to provide for the protection of society?

If you got the message of the next section, you will remember that there are heroes of peace as well as heroes of war, and that the man who saves life and helps to prevent war is the greatest hero of all.

No boy or girl can forget the message of the section on "Love of Country." Loyalty to our country, however, lies deeper than waving the flag and firing crackers on Fourth of July. Do you remember what the Flag of our country symbolizes?

Of course, you enjoyed the section devoted to stories of achievement, but are you sure that you can "carry a message to Garcia" the next time you have a chance? In the game of life will you let yourself "die on third" or will you "run home" as Moriarity did?

Before you leave Part I fix in your mind these five great thoughts. 1. The cost of Freedom. 2. The necessity for laws. 3. The need for heroes of peace. 4. The meaning of loyalty to country. 5. The joy of achievement.

More About "Citizenship and Service"

If you have enjoyed the selections in PART I you will want to read some of these books which tell about useful citizens who have rendered a great service to their country and to the world.

1. **The Americanization of Edward Bok**, by Edward Bok; 2. **The Boys' Life of Roosevelt**, by Hermann Hagerdorn; 3. **Heroines of Service**, by Mary R. Parkman; 4. **The Story of Benjamin Franklin**, by Elbridge S. Brooks; 5. **The Boys' Life of Lincoln**, Helen Nicolay; 6. **George Washington**, by Eggleston Seeley; 7. **The Making of an American**, by Jacob Riis.

PART TWO

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

The Makers of History

HISTORY is always in the making. Everything that has happened today in every corner of the world is a chapter, however small, in the "History of the World." The story began before the coming of civilization and will continue to the end of Time.

There are many books which tell the facts of History. It is in Literature, however, that we find preserved the very spirit of History.

The facts in regard to the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava are few and uninteresting. The story of the heroic charge as told in Tennyson's immortal poem has long been a cherished part of our English Literature. We go to History for information and to Literature for inspiration.

In this Section, you will find many of the finest examples of historical literature. They tell the story of heroic deeds in many lands and in many times. They tell the story of heroic lives that were given in sacrifice for their country or some other great cause. They reveal the ideals that have been the inspiration of men from earliest times to the present. The record of History as told in literature makes fascinating reading, dealing with dramatic events, heroic men, and great crises in the onward march of mankind.

Some of the great events of your own life time may eventually find a place in literature. Whether we realize it or not, we are all a part of the great flowing stream of Life that comes out of the dim past and disappears into the unknown future. That part of the stream which we call Today is ours to keep clean and guard. In this way we may reach our hands forward to serve succeeding generations.



*"First in War, First in Peace and First in the Hearts of
His Countrymen."*



STORIES FROM HISTORY

The Central Thought

The history of every country is sprinkled with stories of its heroes who have sacrificed greatly in order that they might serve their country greatly. At the close of the World War the leading nations erected magnificent monuments which were dedicated to the "Unknown Soldier," one of whom was buried beneath. Everyone who serves his country is a maker of history whether his name and the story of his service is preserved in marble or not.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

WORDS TO LEARN

This story is one that you will enjoy if you know the meaning and pronunciation of all the words. Those listed here can be found in **Words to Learn**. Look up any others which you may not know in the dictionary.

barons
usurper
baseness
adherents
insurgent
haughty
infidels
avenge
hazardous
yeomanry
posterity

allies
atone
yoke
prudent
relentless
abusive
exertion
insolently
precaution
portcullis
grating

pretensions
expelling
posted
mutual
insurrection
dispatching
decisive
reconciled
garrison
ambush
assemble

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Sir Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771. He was not strong as a boy and was sent to live with his grandparents in south Scotland. Here he was told wonderful stories of Scottish heroes and legends of border warfare.

Although he graduated from the University and was admitted to the bar in 1797, he soon gave up law for literary pursuits and wrote many poems and novels. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" appeared in 1805, "Marmion" in 1808, "The Lady of the Lake" in 1810 and in 1814 "Waverly," his first novel, was published.

In 1811 he purchased a beautiful estate which he named Abbotsford. He spent large sums of money in beautifying it, and this expense with the failure of his publishing house in 1826 involved him in great indebtedness. He refused to take advantage of the bankruptcy law and began immediately to pay off the debt by literary efforts. In four years he paid \$300,000, but the effort was superhuman, and he died a martyr to his honor. The complete indebtedness, nearly \$500,000, was paid after his death by the income from his books.

In the following selection are many incidents of Scottish bravery and heroism. But no character whom he created with his pen has the splendid qualities or is as worthy of your admiration so much as is Sir Walter Scott the man.

ROBERT THE BRUCE

ROBERT BRUCE, Earl of Carrick, and John Comyn, usually called the Red Comyn, two great and powerful barons, had taken part with Sir William Wallace in the wars against England, but, after the defeat of Falkirk being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old tradition of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident.

In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents on the one side, and the insurgent, or patriotic, Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory.

After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies, without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct.

He was so much shocked and disgusted, that he arose from the table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it, by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly, he left the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now, this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults, which perhaps belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion, he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn.

They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarreled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown, or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain, that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse.

Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by dispatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. This slaughter of Comyn was a most rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes, that it was followed

by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the twenty-ninth of March, 1306. On the nineteenth of June, the new King was completely defeated near Methven by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his Queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his Queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don in Aberdeenshire. The King also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man, but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men who followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the incapacity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce

while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place, which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last unpleasant intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries.

But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so.

It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor deserving spider was exactly in the same situation

with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at.

“Now,” thought Bruce, “as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more.”

While Bruce was forming this resolution the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider, because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde.

The King landed and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The King, having caused him-

self to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly.

Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the King; he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had happened.

When King Edward the First heard that Scotland was again in arms against him, he marched down to the borders with many threats of what he would do to avenge himself on Bruce and his party, whom he called rebels.

Other great lords besides Douglas were now exerting themselves to attack and destroy the English. Amongst those was Sir Thomas Randolph, whose mother was a sister of King Robert. He had joined with the Bruce when he first took up arms. Afterwards being made prisoner by the English, when the King was defeated at Methven, Sir Thomas Randolph was obliged to join the English to save his life. He remained so constant to them, that he was in company with Aymer de Valence and John of Lorn, when they forced the Bruce to disperse his little band; and he followed the pursuit so close, that he made his uncle's standard-bearer prisoner and took his banner.

Afterwards, however, he was himself made prisoner, at a solitary house on Lyne-water, by the good Lord James Douglas, who brought him captive to the King. Robert reproached his nephew for having deserted his cause; and

Randolph, who was very hot-tempered, answered insolently, and was sent by King Robert to prison. Shortly after, the uncle and nephew were reconciled, and Sir Thomas Randolph, created Earl of Murray by the King, was afterwards one of Bruce's best supporters. There was a sort of rivalry between Douglas and him as to which should do the boldest and most hazardous actions. I will just mention one or two circumstances, which will show you what awful dangers were to be encountered by these brave men, in order to free Scotland from its enemies and invaders.

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous of gaining this important place; but, as you well know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph, that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see her, he had practiced a way of clambering by night down the castle rock on the south side, and returning at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it hav-

ing trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same reason, no watch was placed there.

Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall; and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves.

All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!"

The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March, 1312-13.

It was not, however, only by the exertions of great and powerful barons, like Randolph and Douglas, that the freedom of Scotland was to be accomplished. The stout yeomanry and the bold peasantry of the land, who were as desirous of enjoying their cottages in honorable independence as the nobles were to reclaim their castles and estates from the English, contributed their full share in the efforts which were made to deliver the country from the invaders. I will give you one instance among many.

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow, or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scots in the neighborhood. There lived

at no great distance from this stronghold, a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the English, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Lithgow.

But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed by cross-bars of iron like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go, in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm, a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance, when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus:

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle, he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions to come to his assistance as soon as they should hear him cry a signal, which was to be, "Call all, call all!"

Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat

on their breasts, and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside the wagon; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong ax or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis, to permit them to enter the castle. But as soon as the cart had gotten under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his ax suddenly cut asunder the soam, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart remaining behind.

At the same moment, Binnock cried, as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword, which he had under his country habit, he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they lay concealed, and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway, and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught on the cart, and so could not drop to the ground.

The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the cry, "Call all, call all," ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Robert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

The English now possessed scarcely any place of importance in Scotland, excepting Stirling, which was besieged, or rather blockaded, by Edward Bruce, the King's brother. To blockade a town or castle is to quarter an army around it, so as to prevent those within from getting

provisions. This was done by the Scots before Stirling, till Sir Philip Mowbray, who commanded the castle, finding that he was like to be reduced to extremity for want of provisions, made an agreement with Edward Bruce that he would surrender the place, provided he were not relieved by the King of England before midsummer.

Sir Edward agreed to these terms, and allowed Mowbray to go to London, to tell King Edward of the conditions he had made. But when King Robert heard what his brother had done, he thought it was too great a risk, since it obliged him to venture a battle with the full strength of Edward the Second, who had under him England, Ireland, Wales, and a great part of France, and could within the time allowed assemble a much more powerful army than the Scots could, even if all Scotland were fully under the King's authority.

The King admired his courage, though it was mingled with rashness.

"Since it is so, brother," he said, "we will manfully abide battle, and assemble all who love us, and value the freedom of Scotland, to come with all the men they have, and help us to oppose King Edward, should he come with his army, to rescue Stirling."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can answer the first three questions without referring to the book.

1. Make a list of at least five prominent characteristics of Robert Bruce.

2. What lesson did the tiny spider teach Robert Bruce?

3. Tell in your own words the incident of the capture of the Castle of Edinburgh.

4. Now turn to your book and find the incident of the capture of the castle, read it silently, and see if you have omitted any part of the story.

5. Write a paragraph of at least twenty-five lines telling how the castle at Lithgow was captured.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

WORDS TO LEARN

The words given in this list must be familiar before you can read and understand this poem. You can find them in **Words to Learn**.

league
brigade
dismayed

blundered
volleyed
sabers

Cossack
sundered
battery

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

During the Crimean War, an English cavalry brigade, through someone's mistake, was ordered to charge a Russian battery and silence its guns. To reach this battery the English horsemen had to cross a wide plain, swept by steady gunfire from the battery.

Six hundred and thirty horsemen obeyed that terrible order without question or hesitation, although they knew that they faced certain death in that storm of shot and shell. Only one hundred and fifty returned after the famous charge.

No one will ever know who was responsible for this costly blunder as Captain Nolan, who gave the command: "Charge for the guns!" was the first man to fall as he led his brigade to the charge.

This cavalry charge, which played only an unimportant part in the war, was made famous by this poem. In it Tennyson built a monument in verse to the heroic obedience of these soldiers.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldiers knew
 Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death
 Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke—
 Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

—*Alfred Lord Tennyson*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Tell in your own words the story of the charge, without referring again to the poem.
2. Explain: "Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die:"
3. Now turn to the book and select the words and phrases used to describe the heroism of the brigade in the face of death.
4. Why does the author repeat some of the words again and again? Make a list of the words so repeated by referring to the poem.

WOLFE'S VICTORY AND DEATH

WORDS TO LEARN

In order to enjoy this selection you must know the meaning and pronunciation of the following words. You will find them in Words to Learn.

Bougainville
convoy
shrouds
que vive
abattis

corps
Anse du Foulon
Ruisseau St. Denis
huzzas
precision

gesticulating
grenadiers
battalions
slogan
plateau

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The author of this selection Francis Parkman, is one of our best historians of those years when the French occupied a part of the continent of North America.

It was his ambition to write a true history of the struggle between the French and English in America, and his work in this field will stand as a memorial to him. Although threatened with physical weaknesses of many kinds, he visited the scenes of all the battles and events in his books until lameness and blindness put an end to his travels.

He then devised a machine to enable him to write without using his eyes. It consisted of a wooden frame about the size of a sheet of letter paper. Short wires were fixed across it horizontally, half an inch apart. Between these lines he could write with his eyes closed. Friends read to him for half-hours at a time. His information, therefore, is as nearly accurate as his careful study of the times could make it.

In the historic siege of Quebec which this selection pictures, both Wolfe and Montcalm, the French leader, were slain. Both were brave men, and both were heroes in the true sense of the word. On the site of this famous battle a monument has been erected to the two men. On one side is the name of Wolfe and on the other the name of Montcalm, with the following inscription: "Valor gave a united death, history a united fame, posterity a united monument."

This selection pictures the situation on the English side, but someday you will want to read the entire story and learn what happened on the French side as well.

WOLFE'S VICTORY AND DEATH

THE day had been fortunate for Wolfe. Two deserters came from the camp of Bougainville with intelligence that, at ebb tide on the next night, he was to send down a convoy of provisions to Montcalm. The necessities of the camp at Beauport, and the difficulties of transportation by land, had before compelled the French to resort to this perilous means of conveying supplies; and their boats, drifting in darkness under the shadows of the northern shore, had commonly passed in safety. Wolfe saw at once that, if his own boats went down in advance of the convoy, he could turn the intelligence of the deserters to good account.

He was still on board the *Sutherland*. Every preparation was made, and every order given; it only remained to wait the turning of the tide.

Towards two o'clock the tide began to ebb, and a fresh wind blew down the river. Two lanterns were raised into the maintop shrouds of the *Sutherland*. It was the appointed signal; the boats cast off and fell down with the current, those of the light infantry leading the way. The vessels with the rest of the troops had orders to follow a little later.

For fully two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The general was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate—

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

“Gentlemen,” he said, as his recital ended, “I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec.” None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination, the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp “*Que vive!*” of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. “*France!*” answered a Highland officer of Fraser’s regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

“*A quel régiment?*” (To what regiment?)

“*De la Reine*” (The Queen’s), replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied in French: “Provision boats. Don’t make a noise; the English will hear us.” In fact, the sloop of war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream, not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass.

In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top

they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine choked with forest trees; and in its depths ran a little brook called Ruisseau St. Denis, which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat listening.

At length from the top came a sound of musket shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place, near the mouth of the ravine, where the foremost reached the top.

Wolfe said to an officer near him: "You can try it, but I don't think you'll get up."

He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abattis; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery of Samos firing on the English

ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vandrenil, which was much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. But no word came and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more on their sight; till at length when opposite Vandrenil's house they saw across the St. Charles some two miles away, the red ranks of the British soldiers on the heights beyond. Montcalm said, "This is serious business" * * * then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload.

The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley fol-

lowed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two.

When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds.

At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisburg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast.

He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon.

"There is no need," he answered; "it's all over with me."

A moment after one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!"

"Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep.

"The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!"

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now God be praised,

I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

—*Francis Parkman.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the story answer the following questions.

1. What information led Wolfe to attack when he did?
2. What would Wolfe rather have done than take Quebec?
3. What kind of a man do you think Wolfe was?
4. What was Wolfe's last command?

UNSUBDUED

I HAVE hoped, I have planned, I have striven
To the will I have added the deed;
The best that was in me I've given,
I have prayed but the gods would not heed.

I have dared and reached only disaster,
I have battled and broken my lance;
I am bruised by a pitiless master
That the weak and the timid call Chance.

I am old, I am bent, I am cheated
Of all that youth urged me to win;
But name me not with the defeated,
For tomorrow again, I begin.

—*S. E. Kiser*



AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

The Central Thought

Many of our great novelists have based certain of their stories upon historic incidents. There is no more interesting way to learn History than by reading these romances. They help to recreate the personalities of the leading actors, to picture the setting or background in which the action took place, and to reveal the spirit that moved the characters to action. Unless we catch something of this moving spirit, the mere facts of history have little meaning.

THE SPY

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Do you know the meaning and pronunciation of the words listed here? If you do not, be sure to look them up in **Words to Learn** before reading this story. If there are others which you do not know look them up in your dictionary.

prying
applicant
acceded
acuteness
regimentals
dragon
vigilant
galling
subaltern
imminence
ignominious
prostrate

recoil
ruminating
semblance
benediction
impoverish
intersection
pallet
avarice
conjecture
deference
fidelity
tinge

composedly
allay
civility
vermilion
apprehend
intercession
outflanked
dromedary
stentorian
execrations
discomfited
condolence

reputed	salutations	marauders
appalled	induce	haggard
palpitated	consternation	defrauded
malignity	gravity	exasperated
odious	procured	wily
oblivion	ungovernable	averting
delusion	impetuous	composure
incomparable	accompaniments	frigate
aide-de-camp	rowels	doubloons
pervades	seductive	reluctance
scrutiny	incendiary	infamy

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

James Fenimore Cooper has been styled the Walter Scott of America, for he has done for America what Scott did for Scotland—he has made popular in novels much of the early history and traditions of the country.

The events of the Revolution afforded much excellent material for Mr. Cooper, and in "The Spy," which appeared in 1821, we have a story of Revolutionary War times. The scene is laid in New York State, northeast of Manhattan Island. New York City was then held by the British, while the Americans held nearly all the rest of the state. The district between the British and American lines extending over the greater part of Westchester County was known as "the neutral ground," and here the principal activities of "The Spy" take place.

It is a story of a man who served General Washington by working as a spy in the ranks of the enemy. The following selection is some shorter than the original story as Mr. Cooper wrote it. But it follows the original in every way, and is in the author's own language.

You will find "The Spy" interesting, at the same time it will help you to understand more fully the sacrifices and hardships of those who made possible the freedom which we enjoy today.

The Two Visitors

NEAR the close of the year 1780 a solitary traveler was pursuing his way through one of the numerous little valleys of Westchester County, New York, which at that time was common ground for British and Revolutionary forces. This traveler, tired and anxious to

obtain a speedy shelter from the increasing violence of the storm, knocked at the door of a house which had an air altogether superior to the common farmhouses of the country. An aged black soon appeared, and without seeming to think it necessary, under the circumstances, to consult his superiors, first taking one prying look at the applicant by the light of the candle in his hand, he acceded to the request for accommodations.

The stranger was shown into a neat parlor, where, after politely repeating his request, an old gentleman and three ladies arose to receive him. The stranger appeared tall and graceful, apparently fifty years of age. Mr. Wharton, for so was the owner of this retired estate called, resumed his seat by the fire. For a moment he paused, then inquired: "Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

The traveler had also seated himself, and he sat unconsciously gazing into the fire while Mr. Wharton spoke: turning his eyes slowly on his host with a look of close observation, he replied, while a faint tinge gathered on his features:

"Mr. Harper."

"Mr. Harper," resumed the other, with the formal precision of that day, "I hope you will sustain no injury from the rain to which you have been exposed."

Mr. Harper bowed in silence to the compliment.

During the conversation Mr. Wharton had in vain endeavored to pierce the disguise of his guest's political feelings. Soon he arose and led the way into another room to the supper-table.

The storm raged in greater violence without, when a loud summons at the outer door again called the faithful black to the portal. In a minute the servant returned and informed his master that another traveler, overtaken by the storm, desired to be admitted to the house for shelter through the night.

Mr. Wharton, who had risen from his seat in evident uneasiness, scarcely had time to bid the black show the second man in before the door was thrown open and the stranger himself entered the room. He paused a moment as he saw Harper, and then repeated the request he had made through the servant.

Throwing aside a rough great-coat, the intruder very composedly proceeded to allay the cravings of an appetite which appeared by no means delicate. But at every mouthful he turned an unquiet eye on Harper, who studied his appearance with a closeness that was very embarrassing. At length the newcomer said: "Sir, I believe this is the first time we have met, though your attention would seem to say otherwise."

"I think we have never met before, sir," replied Harper, with a slight smile, and then, appearing satisfied with his scrutiny, he arose and desired to be shown to his place of rest. A small boy was directed to guide him to his room; and, wishing a courteous good-night to the whole party, the traveler withdrew. As the door closed, the unwelcome intruder rose slowly from his seat; listening attentively, he approached the door of the room, opened it, seemed to attend to the retreating footsteps of the other, and, amidst the panic and astonishment of his companions, he closed it again. In an instant the red wig which concealed his black locks, the large patch which hid half his face from observation, the stoop that had made his appear fifty years of age disappeared.

"My father, my dear father!" cried the handsome young man; "and you, my dearest sisters and aunt! Have I at last met you again?"

"Heaven bless you, my Henry, my son!" exclaimed the astonished but delighted parent; while his sisters gladly welcomed him.

The Peddler

A storm below the highlands of the Hudson, if it be introduced with an easterly wind, seldom lasts less than two days. The following morning forbade the idea of exposing either man or beast to the tempest. Harper was the last to appear at the breakfast table. Henry Wharton had resumed his disguise, with a reluctance amounting to disgust, but in obedience to the commands of his parent. No communications passed between him and the stranger after the first salutations of the morning.

While all were seated at the table, the black Caesar entered, and, laying a small parcel in silence by the side of his master, modestly retired behind his chair.

"What is this, Caesar?" inquired Mr. Wharton, turning the bundle over to examine its envelope and eyeing it rather suspiciously.

"The 'baccy, sir; Harvey Birch, he got home, and he bring you a little good 'baccy from York."

"Harvey Birch!" rejoined the master, with great deliberation, stealing a look at his guest. "I do not remember desiring him to purchase any tobacco for me; but as he has bought it, he must be paid for his trouble."

Sarah Wharton bade the black show Birch into the room; when, suddenly recollecting herself, she turned to the traveler with an apologizing look, and added, "If Mr. Harper will excuse the presence of a peddler."

Harvey Birch had been a peddler from his youth; at least, so he frequently asserted, and his skill in the occupation went far to prove the truth of the declaration. He possessed the common manners of the country, and was in no way distinguished from men of his class, but by his acuteness and the mystery which enveloped his movements. Ten years before he and his father had arrived in the valley and, purchasing a humble dwelling, continued peaceful inhabitants, but little noticed and but little known.

In a few minutes after receiving the commands of his young mistress, Caesar reappeared, ushering into the room a man above the middle height, spare, but full of bone and muscle. On entering the room, the peddler relieved himself of his burden, which, as it stood by the door, reached nearly to his shoulders, and saluted the family with modest civility.

The peddler soon disposed of a considerable portion of his goods, telling snatches of news as the selections were being made.

"Have you any other news, friend?" soon asked Captain Wharton, venturing to speak for the first time.

"Have you heard that Major Andre has been hanged?" replied the peddler.

"Is there any probability of movements below, my friend, that will make travelling dangerous?" interrupted Mr. Harper, looking steadily at the other in expectation of his reply.

The peddler answered slowly: "It is some time since the rig'lar caválrý were out, and I saw some of DeLancey's men cleaning their arms as I passed their quarters; it would be no wonder if they took the scent soon, for the Virginia horse are low in the county."

"Are they in much force?" asked Mr. Wharton.

"I did not count them."

Frances was the only observer of the change in the manner of Birch.

Mr. Harper, who had been reading, resumed his book in silence. Frances said, blushing: "I thought the Southern horse had marched toward the Delaware."

"It may be so," said Birch; "I passed the troop at a distance.

The party sat in silence for many minutes after the peddler had withdrawn, when the stranger suddenly broke it by saying:

"If any fears of me induce Captain Wharton to maintain

his disguise, I wish him to be undeceived; had I motives for betraying him, they could not operate under such present circumstances."

The captain, hesitating a moment from astonishment, sprang into the middle of the room, and exclaimed, as he tore off his disguise:

"I believe you from my soul, and this tiresome imposition shall continue no longer. Yet I am at a loss to conceive in what manner you should know me."

"You really look so much better in your proper person, Captain Wharton," said Harper, with a slight smile, "I would advise you never to conceal it in the future. There is enough to betray you, if other sources of detection were wanting." As he spoke he pointed to a picture suspended over the mantel-piece, which exhibited the British officer in his regimentals.

"You must be a close observer, sir," said young Wharton.

"Necessity has made me one," said Harper, rising from his seat.

Frances met him as he was about to withdraw, and taking his hand between her own, said with earnestness, her cheeks mantling with richest vermilion: "You cannot—you will not betray my brother!"

"I cannot, and I will not." He released her hands and gently continued: "If the blessings of a stranger can profit you, receive it." He turned and, bowing low, retired, to his room.

On the afternoon of the following day, a change in the weather occurred. The rushing winds ceased, the pelting of the storm was over, and soon Frances saw a glorious ray of sunshine lighting the opposite wood. The family were all assembled around the tea table in the parlor when suddenly appeared the peddler.

"Fine evening," he said, saluting the party, without raising his eyes; "quite warm and agreeable for the sea-

son." He glanced with marked uneasiness on Harper, and then said with great emphasis:

"The rig'lars must be out from below."

"Why do you think so?" inquired Captain Wharton eagerly. "I hope it may be true; I want their escort in again." The peddler gave them further news, and ended his visit with the statement, "There will soon be fighting near us."

Harper in the meantime had been packing, and with every preparation complete, proceeded to take leave. There was a mutual exchange of polite courtesy between the host and his parting guest; but as Harper frankly offered his hand to Captain Wharton, he remarked, in a manner of great solemnity:

"The step you have undertaken is one of much danger, and disagreeable consequences may result; in such a case, I may have it in my power to prove the gratitude I owe your family for its kindness."

"Surely, sir," said the father, "you will keep secret the discovery which your being in my house has enabled you to make?"

Harper turned quickly to the speaker, and answered mildly, "I have learned nothing in your family, sir, of which I was ignorant before; but your son is safer from my knowledge of his visit than he would be without it."

He bowed to the whole party, and, without taking any notice of the peddler, other than by simply thanking him for his attentions, mounted his horse, and, riding steadily and gracefully through the little gate, was soon lost behind the hill which sheltered the valley to the northward.

Captain Wharton a Prisoner

When the following morning the family were seated quietly at breakfast, Caesar entered suddenly, and, with a face that approached something like the hues of a white-man, exclaimed:

"Run, Massa Harry, run—if he love old Caesar, run! Here come the rebel horse."

"Run!" repeated the British officer, gathering himself up in military pride. "No, Caesar; running is not my trade."

While speaking, he walked deliberately to the window, where the family were already collected in the greatest consternation.

Captain Wharton's sisters, with trembling hands, replaced his original disguise. This arrangement was hastily and imperfectly completed as the dragoons entered the lawn and orchard of the Whartons', riding with the rapidity of the wind—and the house was surrounded. The leader of the horse dismounted, and, followed by a couple of his men, approached the outer door of the building, which was slowly opened by Caesar.

"You have no cause for alarm, ladies," said the officer; "my business will be confined to a few questions, which, if freely answered, will instantly remove us from your dwelling. Has there been a strange gentleman staying with you during the storm?" continued the soldier, speaking with interest.

"This gentleman—here—favored us with his company during the rain, and has not yet departed."

"This gentleman!" repeated the other, turning to Captain Wharton. He approached the youth with an air of comic gravity, and, with a low bow, continued, "I am sorry for the severe cold you have in your head, sir."

"I," exclaimed the captain, in surprise; "I have no cold in my head."

"I fancied it, then, from seeing you had covered such black locks with that ugly old wig. It was my mistake; you will please pardon it."

Turning to the father, the soldier said, "Then, sir, I am to understand there has not been a Mr. Harper here within a week?"

"Mr. Harper," echoed the other; "yes—I had forgotten; but he is gone, and if there be anything wrong in his character, we are in entire ignorance; to me he was a total stranger."

"You have little to apprehend from his character," answered the dragoon dryly; "but he is gone—how, when and whither?"

"He departed as he arrived," said Mr. Wharton, gathering renewed confidence from the manner of the trooper, "on horseback last evening, and he took the northern road."

The officer listened with intense interest, and, walking up to Captain Wharton, said with mock gravity: "Now, sir, my principal business being done, may I beg to examine the quality of that wig?" The British officer imitated the manner of the other, as he deliberately uncovered his head, and, handing the wig, observed, "I hope, sir, it is to your liking."

"I cannot, without violating the truth, say it is," returned the soldier. He continued: "It is usual, you know, for strangers to be introduced: I am Captain Lawton, of the Virginia horse."

"And I, sir, am Captain Wharton, of his Majesty's Sixtieth Regiment of Foot," returned Henry, bowing stiffly, and recovering his natural manner.

"Captain Wharton, from my soul I pity you!" exclaimed the other. "Were you ignorant, Captain Wharton, that our pickets have been below for several days?"

"I did not know it until I reached them, and it was too late to retreat," said young Wharton, sullenly. "I came out, as father mentioned, to see my friends, understanding that your parties were near the Highlands, or surely I would not have ventured."

"All this may be very true; but the affair of Andre has made us alert. When treason reaches the grade of general officers, Captain Wharton, it behooves the friends of liberty to be vigilant."

Captain Lawton listened politely to the intercession of the father and sisters, and answered:

"I am not the commander of the party, madam; Major Dunwoodie will decide what must be done with your brother. At all events, he will receive nothing but kind and gentle treatment." Hurriedly leaving the room, he gave orders to dismount.

After sufficient time had passed to make a very comfortable meal, a trumpet suddenly broke on the ears of the party, sending its martial tones up the valley in startling melody. The captain rose instantly from the table, exclaiming:

"Quick, gentlemen, to your horses; there comes Dunwoodie"; and, followed by his officers, he hastily left the room.

Major Dunwoodie came immediately to the dining room, exchanged greetings with each member of the family and beckoned the sentinel to leave the room. Turning to Captain Wharton, he said:

"Tell me, Henry, the circumstances of this disguise in which Captain Lawton reports you to have been found; and remember, remember, Captain Wharton, your answers are entirely voluntary."

The disguise was used by me, Major Dunwoodie," replied the British officer gravely, "to enable me to visit my friends without incurring the danger of becoming a prisoner of war."

"But you did not wear it until you saw the troops of Lawton approaching?"

"Oh, no!" interrupted Frances, his sister, eagerly, "Sarah and myself placed them on him when the troops appeared; it was our awkwardness that led to the discovery."

The countenance of Major Dunwoodie brightened as he listened to the explanation.

"Probably some articles of your own," he continued,

"which were at hand, and were used on the spur of the moment."

"No!" said Wharton, with dignity; "the clothes were worn by me from the city; they were procured for the purpose to which they were applied, and I intended to use them again in my return this very day."

"But the pickets—the party at the Plains?" questioned the Major.

"I passed them, too, in disguise. I made use of this pass, for which I paid; and as it bears the name of Washington, I presume it is forged."

Major Dunwoodie caught the paper, glanced sharply at it and said: "This name is no counterfeit. Captain Wharton, my duty will not suffer me to grant you a parole; you must accompany me to the Highlands," and, turning on his heel, left the room.

On entering the hall that divided the two parlors, he was met by a ragged boy who looked one moment at his dress, and, placing a piece of paper in his hands, immediately vanished through the outer door of the building. The major turned to the note. It was written on a piece of torn and soiled paper, and in a hand barely legible; but, after much labor, he was able to make out as follows:

"The rig'lars are at hand, horse and foot."

Dunwoodie stared; and, forgetting everything but the duties of a soldier, hurriedly left the house.

Wharton's Escape and Recapture

In a short skirmish which followed, Captain Wharton escaped from the sentinels guarding him, and, leaping on a horse which old Caesar had saddled, he tore from the yard, out through the valley. From the wayside came a well known voice:

"Bravely done, captain! Don't spare the whip, and turn to your left before you cross the brook."

Wharton turned and saw, sitting on the point of a jutting rock that commanded a view of the entire valley, the peddler, Harvey Birch. The English captain took the advice of this mysterious being, and finding a good road which led to the highway, turned down and was soon opposite his friends. The next minute he crossed the bridge and stopped his charger before his old acquaintance, Colonel Wellmere. The captain briefly explained to the group of listeners the manner of his capture, the reason for his personal fears, and the method of his escape.

The British officers soon outlined the plan of attack, the forces, massed, and as the line advanced slowly in the direction of the Americans, the troops opened a galling fire. The left of the British line was outflanked by the Americans, who doubled in their rear, and thus made the rout in that quarter complete. Henry Wharton, who had volunteered to assist in dispersing the troops, was struck on his bridle arm by a bullet, which compelled him to change hands. His horse became ungovernable, and the rider, unable with his wounded arm to manage the impatient animal, found himself in less than a minute unwillingly riding by the side of Captain Lawton, who said, laughingly:

"The horse knows the righteous cause better than his rider. Captain Wharton, you are welcome to the ranks of freedom."

No time was lost, however, by Lawton, after the charge was completed, in securing his prisoner again; and, perceiving him to be hurt, he ordered him conveyed to the rear. The guides took charge of Wharton, and, with a heavy heart, the young man retraced his steps to his father's home.

The Spy's Escape

The gathering mists of the evening had begun to darken the valley as the detachment of Lawton made its reap-

pearance. The march of the troops was slow, and their line extended, for the benefit of ease. In the front rode the captain, side by side with his senior subaltern, apparently engaged in close conference. Suddenly he stretched forward his body in the direction he was gazing, as if to aid him in distinguishing objects through the darkness.

"What animal is moving through the field on our right?"

"'Tis a man," said Mason, looking intently at the suspicious object.

"By his hump 'tis a dromedary!" added the captain, eyeing it keenly. Wheeling his horse suddenly from the highway, he exclaimed, "Harvey Birch! take him, dead or alive!"

Only Mason and a few of the leading dragoons understood the sudden cry, but it was heard through the line. A dozen of the men, with the lieutenant at their head, followed the impetuous Lawton, and their speed threatened the pursued with a sudden termination of the race.

For a single instant Birch was helpless, his blood curdling in his veins at the imminence of the danger, and his legs refusing their natural and necessary office. But it was only for a moment. Casting his pack where he stood and instinctively tightening the belt he wore, the peddler betook himself to flight. He knew that by bringing himself in a line with his pursuers and the wood, his form would be lost to sight. This he soon effected, and he was straining every nerve to gain the wood itself, when several horsemen rode by him but a short distance on his left and cut him off from this place of refuge.

The peddler threw himself on the ground as they came near him, and was passed unseen. But delay became too dangerous for him to remain in that position. He accordingly arose, and still keeping in the shadow of the wood, along the skirts of which he heard voices crying to each

other to be watchful, he ran with incredible speed in a parallel line, but in an opposite direction to the march of the dragoons.

The confusion of the chase had been heard by the whole of the men, though none distinctly understood the order of Lawton but those who followed. The remainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them, when a man at a short distance in the rear crossed the road at a single bound. At the same instance the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting, "Harvey Birch! take him, dead or alive!"

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and in the bitterness of that moment he exclaimed, "Hunted like a beast of the forest!"

He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden and he was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that he would not be honored with the forms of a trial, but that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution.

These considerations, with the approaching footsteps of his pursuers, roused him to new exertions. He again fled. A fragment of a wall fortunately crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over his barrier, before twenty of his enemies reached its opposite side.

Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark, and amid the confusion of the rearing chargers and the execrations of their riders, Birch was enabled to gain a sight of the base of the hill, on whose summit was a place of perfect security.

The heart of the peddler now beat high with hope, when the voice of Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shout-

ing to his men to make room. The order was obeyed, and the fearless trooper rode at the wall at the top of his horse's speed, plunged the rowels in his charger, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men and the thundering tread of the horse too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop or die!" was uttered above his head and in fearful proximity to his ears.

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulder and saw within a bound of him the man whom he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he saw the uplifted arm and the threatening saber. Fear, exhaustion, and despair seized his heart and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to the earth.

As quick as thought Birch was on his feet again with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. There are few who have not felt the seductive pleasure of making our injuries recoil on their authors; and yet there are some who know how much sweeter it is to return good for evil. All the wrongs of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a moment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful weapon in the air; in the next, it fell harmless on the reviving but helpless captain. The peddler vanished up the side of the friendly rock.

"Help Captain Lawton, there!" cried Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men; "and some of you dismount with me and search these rocks."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited captain, raising himself with difficulty on his feet; "if one of you dismount, he dies. Tom, my good fellow, you will help me to straddle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they rode.

"You are much hurt, I fear," said Mason, with something of condolence, as they reentered the highway.

"Something so, I do believe," replied the captain, catching his breath; "I wish our bonesetter was at hand, to examine the state of my ribs."

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly, riding to the side of his commanding officer, "we are now passing the house of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed sergeant. "Are you an incendiary? Would you burn a house in cold blood? Let but a spark approach, and the hand that carries it will never light another."

Lawton and Mason rode on in silence, the latter ruminating on the wonderful change produced in his commander by his fall.

When they reached the cottage of the Whartons, the captain dismounted and made arrangement for the night.

The Spy's House

The house of Birch had been watched at different times by the Americans with a view to his arrest, but never with success, the reputed spy possessing a secret means of intelligence that invariably defeated their schemes. But now the father of Harvey Birch had been very ill for some time and as the end drew near he had kept the situation a secret from the neighborhood in the hope that he might still have the company of his son in his last moments. As night set in his illness increased; the dying man was past need of medicines, and his chief anxiety seemed to center in a meeting with his son. The old man had closed his eyes and his attendants believed him to be asleep. Katy the maid, suddenly turned and saw the peddler standing within the door of the room.

"Is he alive?" asked Birch tremulously, seemingly afraid of the answer.

"Surely," replied Katy, rising.

The peddler stole gently into the room of his dying parent. The tie which bound father and son was of no ordinary kind. In the wide world they were all in all to each other. Approaching the bedside, Harvey leaned his body forward, and in a voice nearly choked by his feelings, he whispered near the ear of the sick man:

"Father do you know me?"

A noise in the adjoining room interrupted the dying man, and the impatient peddler hastened to learn the cause. The first glance of his eye on the figure in the doorway told the peddler that this man was a well-known leader of one of those gangs of marauders who infested the country with a semblance of patriotism and who were guilty of every offense from simple theft to murder. Behind him stood several other figures well armed, with muskets and bayonets, and provided with the usual implements of foot soldiers. Harvey knew resistance was in vain; he was stripped of his decent garments and made to exchange clothes with the filthiest of the band. He was then placed in a corner of the room and under the muzzles of the muskets, required faithfully to answer such questions as were put to him.

"Where is your pack?" was the first question asked the peddler.

"Hear me," said Birch, trembling with agitation; "in the next room is my father now at the point of death; let me go to him, receive his blessing, and you shall have all—all."

The gold was found under a stone of the hearth and quickly transferred to a bag, the contents of the pack was seized—and the band prepared to depart, intending to take the peddler with them in order to give him up to the

American troops, and claim the reward offered for his capture. Everything was ready, and they were about to lift Birch in their arms—for he resolutely refused to move an inch—when a form appeared in their midst, which appalled the stoutest heart among them. The father had risen from his bed, and tottered forth at the cries of his son. Around his body was thrown the sheet of the bed, and his fixed eye and haggard face gave him the appearance of a being from another world. Katy fled from the house, followed by the alarmed marauders. The excitement which had given the sick man strength, soon vanished; and the peddler lifted him in his arms, carried him to his bed. Harvey bent down and with the last breath of his parent, received the parting benediction.

The death of the elder Birch had occurred unnoticed in the community but a sufficient number of the immediate neighbors were hastily collected, and the ordinary rites of burial were paid to the deceased. Uncovering his head at the grave, the peddler hesitated a moment to gather energy and said softly:

“My friends and neighbors I thank you for your help.” Slowly the group dispersed in silence.

The peddler and Katy were followed into their home by one man, however, who was well known in the surrounding country by the significant name of “speculator.” Katy with a heart that palpitated with dreadful forebodings saw him enter, but Harvey civilly handed him a chair and evidently was prepared for his visit.

“The sun has just left the top of the eastern hill; my time presses me; here is the deed for the house and lot; everything is done according to law,” said Birch.

The speculator paid him one hundred and fifty dollars even though it was fifty dollars less than the price agreed upon for the house. Harvey immediately turned to Katy, placing a part of the money in her hand, as he said,

"Had I other means to pay you, I would have lost all, rather than suffer myself to be defrauded of part. It is painful to part with even you, good woman," he continued; "but the hour has come, and it may serve to make you comfortable. Farewell—we may meet hereafter."

"What, another pack, Mr. Birch—and so well stuffed so soon?" came a voice from without.

"Have you not done evil enough?" cried the peddler, regaining his firmness and springing on his feet with energy; "is it not enough to harass the last moments of a dying man—to impoverish me; what more would you have?"

"Your blood," said the marauder with cool malignity.

A blaze of light, aided by some articles thrown in the fire by his persecutors showed the peddler the face of the purchaser of his little home. Occasionally there was some whispering between this man and the outlaws nearest him which made Harvey feel that the purchase of his house had been only a trap. He followed the party from the house with a firm and collected tread, as if marching to a triumph, and not to the gallows. In passing through the yard, the leader of the band fell over a log of wood, and was slightly hurt by the fall. Exasperated by the incident, the fellow sprang to his feet cursing. "The night is too dark for us to move in," he exclaimed. "Throw that brand of fire in the house—light up the scene."

The next morning the only remains of the dwelling of the peddler was the huge chimney.

The Spy a Prisoner with the American Forces

The position held by the corps of American soldiers was a favorite place of halting with their commander. At an intersection of two roads called the Four Corners, were some half dozen small and dilapidated buildings. As usual, one of the most imposing of these buildings had been termed, in the language of the day, "a house of entertain-

ment for man and beast." The group within were all young men and tried soldiers. Major Dunwoodie sat by himself gazing at the fire.

A loud summons at the door of the building caused the troopers to immediately catch up their arms, prepared for the worst. The door was opened and the marauders entered, dragging the peddler, bending beneath the load of his pack.

"Which is Captain Lawton?" said the leader of the gang, gazing around him in some little astonishment.

"He waits your pleasure," said the trooper dryly.

"Then here I deliver to your hands a condemned traitor; this is Harvey Birch, the peddler spy."

"Are you Harvey Birch?" said Dunwoodie, advancing with an air of authority at Captain Lawton's request.

"I am," said Birch, proudly.

"And a traitor to your country," continued the major, with sternness; "do you not know that I should be justified in ordering your execution this night?"

"'Tis not the will of God to call a soul so hastily to His presence," said the peddler solemnly.

"You speak the truth," said Dunwoodie; "but as your offense is most odious to a soldier, so it will be sure to meet with the soldier's vengeance; you die tomorrow."

"'Tis as God wills."

"Major Dunwoodie," said the officer of the day, entering the room, "the patrols report a house burned near yesterday's battleground."

"It was but the hut of the peddler, muttered the leader of the gang; "we have not left him a shingle for shelter; I should have burned it months ago, but I wanted his shed for a tray to catch the sly fox in."

"Come," said Lawton, "follow and receive your reward."

The gang eagerly accepted the invitation, and followed the captain toward the quarters assigned to his troops.

Followed by Birch, the sergeant proceeded in silence to the door of the intended prison, and, throwing it open with one hand, he held a lantern with the other, to light the peddler to his prison. Birch thoroughly examined the place in which he was to pass the night and saw no means of escape. He buried his face in both hands, and his whole frame shook.

"Your life will depend on his not escaping. Let no one enter or quit the room until morning," the sergeant told the guard as he left him.

"But," said the guard, "my orders are to let the washerwoman pass in and out as she pleases."

"Well, let her then; but be careful that this wily peddler does not get out in the folds of her petticoats." Similar orders were given to each of the sentinels near the spot.

The washerwoman soon came staggering through the door that communicated with the kitchen, muttering curses against the servants of the officers who, by their waggery, had disturbed her slumbers before the fire. The sentinel allowed her to enter the room without explaining that it contained another inmate. Within a few minutes Harvey continued to breathe aloud as if no interruption had occurred. The change of sentinels came the next moment, and at the same time, the door of the prison opened and Betty reappeared, staggering back again toward her former quarters.

The Rescue

While his comrades were sleeping in perfect forgetfulness of their hardships and dangers, the slumbers of Dunwoodie were broken and unquiet. After spending a night of restlessness he arose, unrefreshed, and wandered into the open air in search of relief. In this disturbed state of mind the major wandered through the orchard and was stopped in his walk by arriving at the base of those rocks which had protected the marauders in their flight. He was

about to return to his quarters when he was startled by a voice bidding him: "Stand or die!"

Dunwoodie turned in amazement, and beheld the figure of a man a short distance above him on a shelving rock with a musket levelled. A second look was necessary before he discovered to his astonishment that the peddler stood before him.

"If I am to be murdered, fire! I will never become your prisoner," said Dunwoodie.

"No, Major Dunwoodie," said Birch, lowering his musket, "It is neither my intention to capture nor to slay."

"What then would you have?" asked Dunwoodie.

"Your good opinion," answered the peddler, with emotion. "I would wish all good men to judge me with kindness. Major Dunwoodie, danger is near those you love most—danger within and without—double your watchfulness—strengthen your patrols—and be silent! With your opinion of me, should I tell you more, you would suspect an ambush. But remember to guard those you love best."

The peddler discharged his musket in the air, and threw it at the feet of his astonished listener. When surprise and the smoke allowed Dunwoodie to look again at the rock where he had stood, the spot was vacant.

The major hurried to the peddler's prison. "Well, sir," said the major to the sentinel who guarded the door, "I trust you have your prisoner in safety."

"He is asleep," replied the man, "and he makes such a noise, I could hardly hear the bugle sound the alarm."

"Open the door and bring him forth."

The order was obeyed; but, to the utter amazement of the honest veteran who entered the prison, he found the room in disorder—the coat of the peddler where his body ought to have been, and part of the wardrobe of Betty, the washerwoman, scattered in disorder on the floor. The washerwoman herself occupied the pallet, in profound men-

tal oblivion, clad as when last seen, excepting a little black bonnet which she so constantly wore that it was commonly thought she made it perform the double duty of both day and night cap. The peddler was gone!

Major Dunwoodie influenced by the words of the spy, "guard those you love best," sent Captain Lawton and a companion immediately to the home of Mr. Wharton. As they approached a report of fire arms reached their ears. The marauders had already set the house in flames as Lawton rushed in. A loud crash in the upper apartments was succeeded by a bright light that glared through the open door, and made objects distinct as day. Another dreadful crash shook the building to its center. It was the falling of the roof, and the flames threw their light abroad so as to make objects visible around the cottage through the windows of the room. Frances who was with Sarah was made insensible by the smoke. The instant that she recovered consciousness she perceived that she owed her life to Lawton. Sarah was brought insensible through the flames—by the peddler.

"Captain Lawton," said Birch, "I am in your power, for I can neither flee nor resist."

"The cause of America is as dear to me as life," said the captain, "but she cannot require her children to forget gratitude and honor. Fly, unhappy man, while you are yet unseen—or it will exceed my power to save you."

"May God prosper you and make you victorious over your enemies!" said Birch.

"Hold!" said Lawton: "but a word—are you what you seem?—can you—are you?"

"A Royal spy," interrupted Birch, averting his face.

"Then go, miserable wretch," said the trooper, "either avarice or delusion has led a noble heart astray!"

With Lawton's help the whole party was removed to the "Four Corners." As the party arrived Lawton's ear

caught the sound of a horse, and the next instant a dragoon of his own troop came dashing up. Without speaking, he placed a letter in the hand of Lawton, and led his charger to the stables. The captain knew the hand of the major—and read the following:

“I rejoice it is the order of Washington that the family are to be removed above the Highlands. They are to be admitted to the society of Captain Wharton who waits only for their testimony to be tried. The English are moving up the river—and the moment you see the Whartons to safety, break up and join your troop.

Yours sincerely,
Payton Dunwoodie.”

The word to march was given—and Lawton led the way.

At the trial of Henry Wharton the following day it was briefly stated that he had been detected in passing the lines of the American army as a spy, and in disguise. Thereby, according to the laws of war, he was liable to suffer death; that the court had found him guilty, recommending him to be executed by hanging before nine o'clock on the following morning. Captain Dunwoodie immediately sought a pardon from Washington, but when the courier from headquarters arrived, the written message was only

“APPROVED—Geo. Washington.”

Court Martial and Escape

Frances recollecting the parting words of their guest for the first time, said: “Why not apply to Mr. Harper?”

“Harper,” echoed Dunwoodie, “what of him? Do you know him?”

“He stayed with us for a few days; he was with us when Henry was arrested.”

“And—and—did you know him? Did he know your brother?”

“Certainly, it was at his request that Henry threw aside his disguise.”

“But he knew him not as an officer of the Royal Army?”

"Indeed he did," cried Frances; "and he cautioned us against this very danger."

"What said he? What promised he?" questioned Major Dunwoodie.

"He told Henry to apply to him when in danger, and promised to repay the son for the hospitality of the father."

"Said he this, knowing him to be a British officer?"

"Most certainly—and with a view to this very danger."

"Then," cried the Major, "I will save him; yes, Harper will never forget his word. Rest easy, rest easy—for Henry is safe."

Major Dunwoodie set out to headquarters at once, only to find that as he crossed the river in one boat Harper was recrossing in another—and that Washington as Commander-in-Chief had left his quarters.

Dunwoodie had just returned from this unsuccessful quest and was about to offer further encouragement when he was interrupted by the opening of the door.

"Here is a reverend gentleman below, come to soothe the parting soul, in place of our own divine, who is engaged with an appointment that could not be put aside," said the corporal.

"Show him in," said Wharton with feverish impatience.

The person who was ushered into the apartment, preceded by Caesar, and followed by the guard, was a man beyond middle age. The minister stood erect, with grave composure, following with his eye the departure of the guards and the family, together with the major.

"It is I, Captain Wharton," said Harvey Birch, removing the spectacles and exhibiting his piercing eyes shining under a pair of false eyebrows.

"Good Heavens—Harvey!"

"Silence," said the peddler solemnly: "'tis a name not to be mentioned, and least of all here, the heart of the American army."

"Captain Wharton," said Birch, "if I fail, you all fail. No Harper nor Dunwoodie can save your life; unless you get out with me, and that within the hour, you die tomorrow on the gallows of a murderer. Caesar met me as he was going on his errand, and with him I laid the plan which, if executed as I wish, will save you."

"I submit," said the prisoner.

The peddler beckoned him to be silent, walked to the door, opened it, and said to the sentinel, "We are about to go to prayer, and wish to be alone."

The peddler closed the door immediately and said, "Here Captain Wharton is a black masque for your face," and continued to outline a plan whereby the black Caesar and Captain Wharton were to change places through the exchange of their clothes from head to foot. When the disguise was complete he opened the door and after explaining to the sentinel that he was taking the colored servant with him who would return shortly with a book for the captive, the two walked out of the room, down the long hall and out into the yard where each mounted a horse and rode rapidly down the road.

The Hut on the Hillside

Some half hour had elapsed before the sentinel realized that Captain Wharton had escaped. There was an additional delay in questioning old Caesar—but as soon as the guards learned that the minister was Harvey Birch, that Captain Wharton had walked out as old Caesar, some twenty men started in hot pursuit. In the meantime Birch and Wharton were riding with all speed toward the hills.

When they reached the desired summit, both threw themselves from their horses, Henry plunging into the thick underwood, which covered the side of the mountain for some distance above them. Harvey stopped to give each of their horses a few blows of the whip, that drove

them headlong down the path on the other side of the hill, and then followed his example. The peddler entered the thicket with caution, and avoided as much as possible, the rustling or breaking the branches in his way. There was only time to hide from view, when one of the American soldiers, reaching the top of the hill cried:

"I saw one of their horses turning the hill this minute."

"Drive on; spur forward, my lads," shouted one of the American soldiers, "give the Englishman quarter, but cut the peddler down, and make an end of him."

"Fear nothing, Captain Wharton," said the peddler softly, "I will lead you where no man dare follow."

In the ride from their burned home to the Highlands, Frances had seen a tiny hut high up in the hills and this evening as the sun slowly set, she felt certain that instead of flying to the friendly forces below, her brother would be taken to that mysterious hut to pass the night.

The night had set in dark and chilling as Frances Wharton with a light step moved through the little garden that lay behind the farm-house which had been her brother's prison and took her way to the foot of the mountain, where she had seen the figure of him she supposed to be the peddler.

She soon found a sheep-path that would round the shelving rocks and among the trees, and by following this path she gained the small piece of table-land at the summit. No hut nor any trace of human being could she find—but approaching the edge of shelving rock she at once saw that she stood directly over the hut itself. The approach to the front of the hut was by a winding path around the point of the rock on which she stood, and she soon reached the door.

It was the occupant of the hut in whom Frances was interested—for it was Harper. He glanced up, "Miss Wharton! But you cannot be alone?"

Frances hurriedly told him of Major Dunwoodie's search for him, and of their need of his help in saving young Wharton.

"Miss Wharton," said Harper, "you owe your brother's escape this night to my knowledge of his innocence, and the remembrance of my word. Major Dunwoodie was mistaken when he said that I might openly have secured his pardon. I now, indeed, can control his fate, and I pledge to you a word which has some influence with Washington, that means shall be taken to prevent his recapture. But from you, also, I exact a promise that this interview, and all that has passed between us, remain secret until you have my permission to speak upon the subject."

Frances gave the desired assurance, and he continued: "The peddler and your brother will soon be here, but I must not be seen by the royal officer, or the life of Birch might be the forfeiture."

Faintly the voices of Birch and Wharton came up the hillside; pressing his finger to his lip to remind Frances of her promise, and taking his pistols and hat, so that no indication of his visit remained, Harper went to the far corner of the hut where he entered a recess in the rock, and was hidden from view.

The surprise of Henry and the peddler on entering and finding Frances in possession of the hut, may be easily imagined. Without waiting for explanations or questions she flew into the arms of her brother. Frances related the glimpse of the hut and peddler she had caught in her passage through the Highlands, and her immediate conjecture that the fugitives would seek the shelter of this habitation for the night. The captain took out his pocket-book and wrote a few lines with his pencil; then folding the paper, he handed it to his sister.

"Frances" he said, "You have this night proved yourself to be an incomparable woman. As you love me, give

that unopened letter to Dunwoodie, and remember that two hours may save my life."

"Go, go, Henry!" said Frances embracing him; "Remember father; remember Sarah."

She waited not for his answer, but gently forced him through the door, and closed it with her own hands. Immediately after the noise of their departure had ceased, Harper reappeared. He took the arm of Frances in silence, and led her from the hut and down the mountain.

Upon returning to the farmhouse, Frances gave the letter to Major Dunwoodie and as they were talking an officer was shown into the room.

"Major Dunwoodie," he said, after bowing to the ladies, "the Commander-in-Chief has directed me to give you these orders." Major Dunwoodie read the following:

"Sir:—Upon receipt of this, you will concentrate your squadron, so as to be in front of a covering party which the enemy has sent up in front of his foragers, by ten o'clock tomorrow on the heights of the Hudson, where you will find a body of foot to support you. The escape of the English spy has been reported to me, but his arrest is unimportant, compared with the duty I now assign you. You will, therefore, recall your men, if they are in pursuit, and endeavor to defeat the enemy forthwith.

Your obedient servant,
Geo. Washington."

"Thank goodness!" cried Dunwoodie, "my hands are washed of Henry's recapture; I can now move to my duty with honor."

During these events the peddler and his companion soon reached the valley and after pausing to listen, and hearing no sound which announced that pursuers were abroad, they entered the highway. After walking at a great rate for three hours they suddenly turned from the road. A steep laborious ascent brought them from the level of the tide-waters to the Highlands that form the eastern banks of the Hudson.

"There, Captain Wharton," said the peddler—"there is a

safe resting-place for you; America has no arm that can reach you, if you gain the deck of that ship."

By following the bank of the river, Birch led the way, free from observation, until they reached a point opposite to the frigate, when, by making a signal, a boat was induced to approach. Before taking leave of Birch, the captain handed him his purse, which was tolerably well supplied for the time.

The boat pulled from the shore, and Birch turned on his heel, drawing his breath like one relieved and shot up the hills with the strides for which he was famous.

The Last Meeting of Washington and His Spy

It was at the close of a stormy day in the month of September, that a large assemblage of officers was collected near the door of a building that was situated in the heart of the American troops, who held the Jerseys. The age, the dress, and the dignity of deportment of most of these warriors, indicated them to be of high rank; but to one in particular was paid a deference and obedience that announced him to be of the highest. His dress was plain, but it bore the usual military distinctions of command. He was mounted on a noble animal, of a deep bay; and a group of young men, in gayer attire, evidently awaited his pleasure, and did his bidding. Many a hat was lifted as its owner addressed this officer; and when he spoke, a profound attention, exceeding the respect of mere professional etiquette, was exhibited on every countenance.

At length the General raised his own hat, and bowed gravely to all around him. The salute was returned, and the party dispersed, leaving the officer without a single attendant, except his body-servants and one aid-de-camp. Dismounting, he stepped back a few paces, and for a moment viewed the condition of his horse with the eye of one who well understood the animal, and then, casting a brief

but expressive glance at his aid, he retired into the building, followed by that gentleman.

On entering an apartment that was apparently fitted for his reception, he took a seat, and continued for a long time in a thoughtful attitude like one in the habit of communing much with himself. During this silence, the aid-de-camp stood in expectation of his orders. At length the General raised his eyes, and spoke in those low placid tones that seemed natural to him.

"Has the man whom I wished to see arrived, sir?"

"He waits the pleasure of your Excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone, if you please."

The aide bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a figure, gliding into the apartment, stood modestly at a distance from the General, without speaking. His entrance was unheard by the officer, who sat gazing at the fire, still absorbed in his own meditations. Several minutes passed, when he spoke to himself in an undertone,—*"Tomorrow we must raise the curtain, and expose our plans. May Heaven prosper them!"*

A slight movement made by the stranger caught his ear, and he turned his head, and saw that he was not alone. He pointed silently to the fire, toward which the figure advanced, although the multitude of his garments, which seemed more calculated for disguise than comfort, rendered its warmth unnecessary. A second mild and courteous gesture motioned to a vacant chair, but the stranger refused it with a modest acknowledgment. Another pause followed, and continued for some time. At length the officer arose, and opening a desk that was laid upon the table near which he sat, took from it a small, but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," he said, turning to the stranger, "the time has arrived when our connection must cease; henceforth and forever we must be strangers."

The peddler dropped the folds of the great-coat that concealed his features, and gazed for a moment earnestly at the face of the speaker; then dropping his head upon his bosom, he said, meekly: "If it be your Excellency's pleasure."

"It is necessary. Since I have filled the station which I now hold, it has become my duty to know many men, who, like yourself, have been my instruments in procuring intelligence. You have I trusted more than all; I early saw in you a regard to truth and principle, that, I am pleased to say, has never deceived me—you alone know my secret agents in the city, and on your fidelity depend, not only their fortunes, but their lives."

He paused, as if to reflect in order that full justice might be done to the peddler, and then continued:

"I believe you are one of the very few that I have employed who have acted faithfully to our cause; and, while you have passed as a spy of the enemy, have never given intelligence that you were not permitted to divulge. To me, and to me only of all the world, you seem to have acted with a strong attachment to the liberties of America."

During this address, Harvey gradually raised his head from his bosom, until it reached the highest point of elevation; a faint tinge gathered in his cheeks, and, as the officer concluded, it was diffused over his whole countenance in a deep glow, while he stood proudly swelling with his emotions, but with eyes that modestly sought the feet of the speaker.

"It is now my duty to pay you for these services; hitherto you have postponed receiving your reward, and the debt has become a heavy one—I wish not to undervalue your dangers; here are a hundred doubloons; you will remember the poverty of our country, and attribute to it the smallness of your pay."

The peddler raised his eyes to the countenance of the speaker, but, as the other held forth the money, he moved back, as if refusing the bag.

"It is not much for your services and risks, I acknowledge," continued the General, "but it is all that I have to offer; at the end of the campaign, it may be in my power to increase it."

"Does your Excellency think that I have exposed my life, and blasted my character, for money?"

"If not for money, what then?"

"What has brought your Excellency into the field? For what do you daily and hourly expose your precious life to battle and the halter? What is there about me to mourn, when such men as you risk their all for our country? No, No, No, not a dollar of your gold will I touch; poor America has need of it all!"

The bag dropped from the hand of the officer, and fell at the feet of the peddler, where it lay neglected during the remainder of the interview. The officer looked steadily at the face of his companion, and continued:

"There are many motives which might govern me, that to you are unknown. Our situations are different; I am known as the leader of armies—but you must descend into the grave with the reputation of a foe to your native land. Remember that the veil which conceals your true character cannot be raised in years—perhaps never."

Birch again lowered his face, but there was no yielding of the soul in the movement.

"You will soon be old; the prime of your days is already past; what have you to subsist on?"

"These!" said the peddler, stretching forth his hands that were already embrowned with toil.

"But those may fail you; take enough to secure a support to your age. Remember your risks and cares. I have told you that the characters of men who are much esteemed

in life depend on your secrecy; what pledge can I give them of your fidelity?"

"Tell them," said Birch, advancing and unconsciously resting one foot on the bag, "Tell them that I would not take the gold!"

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile of benevolence, and he grasped the hand of the peddler firmly.

"Now, indeed, I know you; and although the same reasons which have hitherto compelled me to expose your valuable life still exist, and prevent my openly asserting your character, in private I can always be your friend; fail not to apply to me when in want or suffering, and so long as God giveth to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you, and peace once more smile upon our efforts, seek the gate of him whom you have so often met as Harper, and he will not blush to acknowledge you in his true character."

"It is little that I need in this life," said Harvey; "so long as God gives me health and honest industry, I can never want in this country; but to know that your Excellency is my friend is a blessing that I prize more than all the gold of England's treasury."

The officer stood for a few moments in the attitude of intense thought. He then drew to him the desk, and wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to the peddler.

"That Providence destines this country to some great and glorious fate I must believe, while I witness the patriotism that pervades the bosoms of her lowest citizens," he said. "It must be dreadful to a mind like yours to descend into the grave, branded as a foe to liberty; but you already know the lives that would be sacrificed, should your real character be revealed. It is impossible to do you jus-

tice now, but I fearlessly entrust you with this certificate; should we never meet again, it may be serviceable to your children."

"Children!" exclaimed the peddler, "can I give to a family the infamy of my name?"

The officer gazed at the strong emotion he exhibited with pain, and he made a slight movement towards the gold; but it was arrested by the expression of his companion's face. Harvey saw the intention, and shook his head, as he continued more mildly:

"It is, indeed, a treasure that your excellency gives me; it is safe, too. There are men living who could say that my life was nothing to me, compared to your secrets. Yes, this is, indeed, a treasure to me; perhaps," he continued, with a melancholy smile, "it may be known after my death who was my friend; but if it should not, there are none to grieve for me."

"Remember," said the General, with strong emotion, "that in me you will always have a secret friend; but openly I cannot know you."

"I know it, I know it," said Birch; "I knew it when I took this service. 'Tis probably the last time that I shall ever see your Excellency. May God pour down His choicest blessings on your head!"

He paused, and moved towards the door. The officer followed him with eyes that expressed deep interest. Once more the peddler turned, and seemed to gaze on the placid, but commanding features of the General with regret and reverence, and then, bowing low, he withdrew.

The Death of the Spy

Thirty-three years after the interview just related an American army was once more arrayed against the troops of England; but the scene was transferred from the banks of the Hudson to that of the Niagara.

It was evening on the 25th of July. Two young officers, one of whom was the son of Major Dunwoodie and Frances Wharton, were standing on a table rock overlooking the falls. There was a sudden and heavy explosion of artillery which was immediately followed by continued volleys of small arms, and in a few minutes the air was filled with the tumult of a warm and well contested battle. Two young officers and an older man, who had been talking together immediately went into action—and when the battle was over the two younger returned to the spot where they had last talked. Immediately a search was begun for the older man.

Far in advance of the line of the American troops—nearest the enemy—they came upon him. He was lying on his back, with his face exposed to the glaring light of the torch; his eyes were closed as if in slumber; his lips sunken with years were lightly moved from their position, but it seemed more like a smile than a convulsion which had caused the change. A soldier's musket lay near him; his hands were pressed upon his breast, and one of them contained an object that glittered like silver. The young officer stopped, and moving the arms perceived the place where the bullet had found a passage to the heart. The object of his last care was a tin box, through which the fatal bullet had gone; and the dying moments of the old man must have been passed in drawing it from his bosom. The young officer opened it, and found a paper in which, to his astonishment, he read the following:

“Circumstances of political importance, which involve the lives and fortunes of many, have hitherto kept secret what this paper now reveals. Harvey Birch has for years been a faithful and unrewarded servant of his country. Though man does not, may God reward him for his conduct!”

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

It was the Spy of the Neutral Ground who died as he had lived, devoted to his country, and a martyr to her liberties.

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. From an encyclopedia write a short sketch of the life of James Fenimore Cooper.

2. Make a list of at least five customs which prevailed during the time of this story which are greatly different today.

3. Select that part of the story which most interested you. Read it orally, and explain why it particularly appealed to you.

4. Explain the statement of Captain Lawton to Birch, "Either avarice or delusion has led a noble heart astray."

5. What significance can you find in the spy placing his foot on the bag of money during his interview with Washington?

6. With your book closed make an outline of this story which you would use as a plan for retelling. Now open your book, check for any incidents omitted, and write them in. How many had you left out?

PRESS ON!

PRESS on! Surmount the rocky steep,
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch;
He fails alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! Let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon wall of night
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! If Fortune play thee false
Today, tomorrow she'll be true;
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts and granting new,
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up the follies past and gone;
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs! Press on, Press on.

—Park Benjamin



The Central Thought

Many of the great crises in our American History have called forth great orations. Before the development of the printing press, the telephone, the telegraph and the wireless the orator played a more important part than now in forming public opinion, and deciding great issues. The whole world, however, still responds to lofty thoughts presented in forceful words by a sincere and vigorous personality. The orations in the section are among the greatest in American Literature. The message which they contain is needed as much today as when they were first delivered.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

WORDS TO LEARN

Each new word that you add to your vocabulary will make it easier for you to express your thoughts and help you to understand the thoughts of others. Make sure that you clearly understand the pronunciation and use of the following words as given in Words to Learn page to page .

adversary
extenuate
implements
invincible
martial
reconciliation
solace
treason

arduous
inevitable
formidable
magnitude
moment
revere
subjugation
temporal

comports
illusions
insidious
phantom
majesty
siren
supinely
vigilant

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

King George III, who came to the English throne in 1760, was determined to make the colonies help pay the expense of the French and Indian wars without giving them representation in the English Parliament. One oppressive law after another was passed which hastened the already weakening sense of loyalty on the part of the American colonies. Such brilliant orators as Patrick Henry, John Adams, James Otis and Samuel Adams did much to encourage the spirit of independence. In the Virginia legislature, while George Washington was present and Thomas Jefferson stood listening at the door, Patrick Henry asserted in a heated debate that King George III was a tyrant and then added: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third——"

"Treason! Treason!" shouted some of the still loyal members. Patrick Henry paused and then said calmly, "may profit by their example. If this be treason make the most of it!"

A little later the Virginia House of Burgesses was dissolved by the royal governor. The members met in St. John's Church, in Richmond, Virginia, to decide what their answer would be to the oppression of the English King. There were two distinct parties present, those who were still loyal and those who favored war and independence.

In the midst of the discussion Patrick Henry, a young Virginia lawyer, rose and delivered a speech which thrilled the audience and largely decided the issue. The report of the speech and the action of the Virginia House of Burgesses spread like a flame throughout the other colonies and helped to precipitate the Revolution.

LIBERTY OR DEATH

THIS, sir, is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at this time through fear of giving offence I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my

country and of an act of disloyalty towards the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those war-like preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can the gentleman assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No,

sir, she has none. They are meant for us, they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable, but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm that is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope

with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death! —*Patrick Henry.*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

The following exercises will help to fix in your memory the essential facts of this famous speech.

1. Make a list of the passages in the speech which in your opinion aroused the greatest enthusiasm in the audience.
2. List the various efforts which Patrick Henry said had been made to avert war with England.
3. Select the paragraph which you think is the climax of the speech. Memorize it.
4. Referring to your American History or some encyclopedia, write a short sketch of the life of Patrick Henry.

THE BUNKER HILL ORATION

WORDS TO LEARN

You cannot appreciate the greatness of this famous Oration if you do not know the meaning of the words. Look up those listed here in **Words to Learn**. Others which you do not know you can find in your dictionary.

venerable	conceptions	resources
generation	impetuous	metropolis
bounteously	repulse	felicity
premature	assault	fertilize
stifle	unquenchable	aspiration
consecrated	transports	agitated
tumult	sanguine	exultation
ordain	succor	redoubt
eulogy	ardent	compatible
propagandists	reluctant	adheres
developed	incumbent	Solon
Alfred	laurels	conviction

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

New England furnished in Daniel Webster one of the world's greatest orators.

The occasion of this famous speech of his was the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825. Webster stood on a platform decorated with flags and banners. Near him

were General Lafayette and the heroic veterans of the Revolutionary War, among whom were forty survivors of the Battle of Bunker Hill. In front of him on the north slope of the hill were twenty thousand Americans who had come to do honor to the early builders of our nation.

The deeds of these brave patriots of the Revolution will never be forgotten. As you read this great oration which commemorates them, see why it, too, will live forever in the hearts of all Americans.

Tribute to the Soldiers of the Revolution

VENERABLE men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country.

Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else, how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more.

All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a

felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense.

All is peace; and God has granted you the sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example.

But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

"another morn,
Risen on mid-noon";

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country

rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage!—how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name. Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may moulder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit!

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga.

Veterans of half a century! when in your youthful days you put everything at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feeling rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, present themselves before you. The scene overwhelms you and I turn from it.

May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind!

A Tribute to General Lafayette

Information of these events, circulating throughout the world, at length reached the ears of one who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill, and the name of Warren, excited in his youthful breast.

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public principles of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy of the living. But, Sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain, that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our

fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, Sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the corner-stone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots, fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever!

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give them this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, O very far distant be the day, when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

The Example of Our Country the Hope of the World

And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has

produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing condition, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is, to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world.

If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief, that popular governments, though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free

governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them.

But there remains to us a great duty of defence and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered.

Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

—*Daniel Webster*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. From an encyclopedia write a short sketch of the life of Daniel Webster.
2. Reread in your American history the account of the Battle of Bunker Hill.
3. How was Lafayette connected with two hemispheres and two generations?
4. To whom did Mr. Webster refer in the seventh paragraph of the oration?
5. Select that section of the address which appeals to you the most and read it orally. Give reasons for this choice.
6. In which section does Mr. Webster express his appreciation of the services of the Revolutionary War patriots? Write the central thought of this appreciation.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WORDS TO LEARN

Look up any of these words which you do not already know in Words to Learn.

significant	conventional	validity
singular	serenely	vitality
eloquent	emerged	polity
processes	gaunt	comprehend
aristocracy	ungainly	catholic
fealty	dominant	reassurance
genius	inevitably	stimulation
snob	authentic	sequence
all-pervasive	consummation	permeating
sovereign	revelation	essence
democracy	reminiscence	genial
isolation	deploying	vestal
transmute	embodiment	imperative
compulsion	exaltation	nurtures

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Mr. Wilson, then President of the United States, delivered this address when the Lincoln Memorial Association presented the Lincoln Memorial building near Hodgenville, Kentucky, to the nation.

The Memorial is a beautiful building of white granite, completely covering the log cabin where the great President Lincoln was born.

As you read the address look for the remarks that make it especially appropriate for such an occasion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

NO MORE significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes.

Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training.

Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men, himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his

leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned an horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded.

Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffected as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere?

It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them al-

ways, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; But I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone.

It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of his own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter an eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most

sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the lifegiving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty.

The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose.

The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet.

We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

—Woodrow Wilson

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Explain in your own words the following, "How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy."
2. Explain "Genius is no snob."
3. Why do you suppose Mr. Wilson referred to Lincoln as "a very lonely spirit?"
4. Select those paragraphs of the address which appeal to you most. Read them orally, and explain just what they make you want to become.
5. From a biography of Abraham Lincoln write a short article on some one phase of his life that most interests you.

GETTYSBURG SPEECH

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

President Lincoln made this address at the dedication of the national cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863. He wrote out the speech on the back of an old envelope while on the train going from Washington to Gettysburg. It is justly famous for its depth of thought and purity of English.

FOUR score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain,—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom,—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

—*Abraham Lincoln*

“FIRST IN WAR, FIRST IN PEACE”

WORDS TO LEARN

How many of the words in this list do you know? Look the others up in Words to Learn.

reveal	undisciplined	undismayed
preëminent	stability	precarious
sublime	infused	dauntless
Monongahela	invincibility	formidable
valor	bulwark	interval
assuaged	eminent	orbit
satellites	commiserating	invigorating
despondency	auspicious	intrepid
potent	magnanimous	luster
pious	condescending	exemplarily
fostering	effulgence	comported
tenor	serenity	uniform

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Much has been said and written in praise of the Father of Our Country. Few tributes, however, are more sincere than this one from one of his own officers who served under him during the Revolutionary War and who, though he saw Washington under trying conditions, revered and loved him as a leader and father to his soldiers.

General Henry Lee was the leader of a company of Virginia cavalry during the Revolution, and gained great fame for his daring, alertness and skill. He moved his cavalry about with such swiftness that he won the name “Light Horse Harry” Lee, by which he was known until his death.

In 1799 Washington died and General Lee was asked by Congress to deliver the funeral oration in his honor. In this celebrated oration he used the expression which has since become famous: “First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.”

As you read this eulogy remember that it is written by a man who knew Washington well and who realized that he was a great man in time of peace as well as in war.

HOW, my fellow-citizens, shall I reveal to your grateful hearts his preëminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's call—all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see our youthful Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or when, oppressed America nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated right, he was elevated by the unanimous vote of Congress to the command of the armies?

Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disasters, unchanged by change of fortune?

Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks, to himself unknown? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man.

Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event, and her dauntless chief, pursuing his

blow, completed in the laws of Princeton what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of the Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high efforts of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions, conducted by a chief experienced in the arts of war, and famed for his valor on the ever memorable Heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since, our much-lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard, and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our Union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering Republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul, by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates, to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit, he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight, he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived when united with the

intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a luster corresponding to his great name, and in this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections, exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues. His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan, escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

—Henry Lee, "*Light Horse Harry*"

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

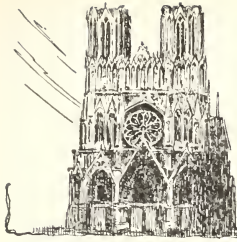
1. Without referring to the story, write one sentence telling in your own words Washington's experiences with General Braddock; at Boston; on Long Island, and at Trenton.

2. Where does Washington's life shine most gloriously according to the author?

3. Does his life seem to be highly worthy at every stage?

4. Select the words in the address which are used to describe Washington's character.

5. Explain the reference made to "the since conqueror of India."



THE WORLD WAR AND ITS IDEALS

The Central Thought

While the World War began as a war of conquest and as a result of political and commercial rivalries among nations, it developed eventually into a world wide conflict between autocracy and democracy—a conflict between those countries ruled by “the divine right of Kings” to do as they please, and other countries in which the people have a greater or less voice in the conduct of government. The great problem today before the nations of the world is the training of the people in self-government and giving them the largest possible voice in the administration of their government. This will be the work of the coming generations.

AMERICA DECLARES WAR

WORDS TO LEARN

Do you know all the words in this list? If not be sure you look them up in **Words to Learn** before reading this selection. Any other words in the selection which you do not know you can find in your dictionary.

moderation

destination

ruthlessly

belligerents

proscribed

identity

meagre

retaliation

non-combatants

forbearance

gage

temperateness

feasible

legitimate

vindication

autocratic

dynasties

posture

contrived

aggression

covenants

allegiance

fealty

challenge

intrigue

conjecture

perilously

instigation

extirpate

intercepted

indemnities

animus

enmity

malignant

compassion

ultimate

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

When the World War broke out in Europe it involved so many nations which had been friendly with our country that it seemed impossible for us to keep out of the conflict. From the beginning, however, it was the aim of the United States Government to treat all nations alike and preserve the neutrality which had been urged on us by Washington and observed by our statesmen since his time.

As the war went on, many American lives were lost and many American vessels were sunk as the result of orders issued by the German Government. Finally the *Lusitania*, an English passenger vessel carrying people from many lands, was sunk by a German submarine, and twenty-two hundred lives were lost, among whom were more than one hundred Americans. Soon after this Germany announced that she would sink all vessels headed for England or France. She also tried to stir up trouble between our government and Mexico and even Japan.

Finally President Wilson's patience was exhausted and he decided to urge Congress to declare war against Germany. He delivered this address to Congress on April 2, 1917, in which he stated that Germany was really making war on us although no open declaration of war had been made by either of the two countries, and that the only course open to us was to declare war.

As you read this address, note the way he presents his case against the German Imperial Government and the beautiful English he uses in doing it. It is worthy of careful study as an example of good English as well as a historical document.

AMERICA DECLARES WAR

APRIL 2, 1917

THE new policy of Germany has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter were provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German Govern-

ment itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such things would in fact be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at best, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the wind all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of non-combatants, men, women, and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be. The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way. There has

been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

Our object is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power, and to set up among the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles. Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments, backed by organized force which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the

same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling towards them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools.

Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfullly worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away; the plottings of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples can hold

their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities, and even our offices of government, with spies, and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of counsel, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce.

Indeed, it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began; and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States.

Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish designs of a government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that government entertains no real friendship for us, and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors, the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose be-

cause we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world.

We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to Liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German peoples included; for the rights of nations, great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience.

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not with enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people and shall desire nothing so much as the early re-establishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us,—however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts.

We have borne with their present government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live among us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it towards all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, Gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has

come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

—Woodrow Wilson

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring again to the address answer the following questions:

1. What was "Germany's new policy" as the writer sees it?
2. What was the conduct of Germany toward vessels of neutral nations and hospital ships?
3. Why does the President excuse the German people?
4. Explain: "It is a war against all nations."
5. What is the President's advice to Congress?
6. What was our leading motive for going into the war?
7. Discuss the meaning of: "But the right is more precious than peace."
8. Why do free peoples differ from monarchies in their interest in mankind?

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Be sure to look up the following words in **Words to Learn** before reading the poem:

fitful

shrieking

fury

destroyers

quaking

aloft

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Throughout the meadows and fields of France bright red poppies bloom luxuriantly. From these fields, which were then fields of death, came the appeal of the following poem. It was written in 1915 by Lieutenant-Colonel John D. McCrae, a physician from Montreal, during one of the great battles of the World War.

Notice how the first three words of the poem are repeated as a refrain at the end of the second verse and again at the end of the poem; also that there are fifteen lines and only two rhymes. This verse form is called a Rondeau.

"An Answer," by C. B. Galbreath, City Librarian in Columbus, Ohio, shows how willingly and how earnestly the whole world answered the appeal. Read it carefully for it symbolizes the heroic spirit of America and the Allies in the World War.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

IN FLANDERS fields, the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved; and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flanders fields. —*John D. McCrae*

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

An Answer

In Flanders fields, the cannon boom
And fitful flashes light the gloom,
While up above, like eagles, fly
The fierce destroyers of the sky;
With stains the earth wherein you lie
Is redder than the poppy bloom,
In Flanders fields.

Sleep on, ye brave. The shrieking shell,
The quaking trench, the startled yell,

The fury of the battle hell
Shall wake you not ; for all is well.
Sleep peacefully, for all is well.

Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through,
To crush the foe or sleep with you
In Flanders fields.

—*C. B. Galbreath*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Find the stanza in the first poem in which an appeal is made for assistance.
2. What do you suppose the "torch" symbolizes?
3. Why is the title of the second poem appropriate?
4. Select the stanza which pledges the future "to keep the faith" with those who lie in Flanders Fields.
5. Tell in one sentence the central thought of each poem.

THE LOST BATTALION

WORDS TO LEARN

You cannot enjoy this story without an understanding of the words used. Those listed here are given in **Words to Learn**.

Argonne	refilter	gutturals
feverishly	magnify	grenades
liaison	Viergette-Binarville	fusillade
barrage	unmolested	emboldened
casualties	rations	silhouetting
objective	mortar	beleaguered
desperate	methodic	credulous
sniping	Teutonic	grotesque
tantalizingly	canteens	presumably
Chauchats	pellets	uncanny
Chateau Villain	ravine	humane
superman	skulked	menaced

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The Battle in the Argonne Forest was one of the fiercest struggles of the World War. Much depended upon this great conflict in which the American troops fought side by side with the Allies against the Germans.

The great trees of Argonne Forest were completely destroyed; they were literally shot to pieces by the heavy rain of shot and shell. The Americans fought like madmen until they drove the enemy back.

This story gives a vivid description of the terrible experiences of the Lost Battalion, which was cut off from the main army during the worst part of the fighting. Note their heroism as they suffered untold agonies rather than surrender when they had been told to hold their ground. Such deeds of heroism on the part of the Americans and their Allies made the Allied victory in the World War certain.

THE LOST BATTALION

AFTER seven days and nights of continuous fighting in the wild tangled underbrush of the Argonne Forest—a type of fighting that compared with the struggles of our American forefathers against the redskins, except for modern weapons which made it more terrible—the 77th Division on the early morning of October 2 ran flush against a system of German defense, feverishly built of wire and trenches, studded with machine guns, and flanked by artillery.

Here the enemy made a desperate fight and the division halted in its advance, for breath. This halt for breath, however, was not for long, because at twelve-fifty o'clock that same afternoon another American attack was launched in *liaison* with French forces on the left.

In the forefront of the attack was the force commanded by Major Charles S. Whittlesey, under orders to break through and hold at any cost. The force composed elements of two battalions of the 308th Infantry, accompanied by sections from Companies C and D of the 306th Machine Gun Battalion. They forged ahead through the

underbrush behind a powerful artillery barrage, smashing into and through the German wire defense, suffering about ninety casualties themselves, and capturing two officers and twenty-eight men and three machine guns.

Sending the prisoners to the rear and continuing ahead, Whittlesey's men encountered the ravine destined for their heroic defense and quickly filtered into it. This was their objective previously planned and they settled down to hold it until reinforcements could come up. That night Company K of the 307th Regiment succeeded in joining Whittlesey, but they were all, for troops on the right and left of the Whittlesey force had not advanced so far as Whittlesey in the general attack, and the Germans were able to refilter in behind Whittlesey, joining up their line where he had broken it and cutting him off from the rear.

Imagine a small ditch such as a plow might make, with broken, irregular sides and at the bottom a trickling, muddy stream, and then magnify that in the imagination perhaps a million times, with scraggly but thick brushwood on the slopes, and you have some idea of the ravine of death where the "Lost Battalion" experienced its six-day nightmare. The ravine proper was perhaps five hundred yards long, plugged at the upper end by another slope which made it actually not a ravine at all but a sort of gigantic V-shaped blind alley, the lower end of which sloped out into a flat stretch of marshy ground, interrupted quite some distance beyond by another wooded hill.

On the northern slope of the V-shaped blind ravine a wagon road leads into the rocky soil, leaving a steep slope upward from the trickling stream, fed by a spring somewhere in the hills, to the road. Then upward from the road again is almost a perpendicular rocky wall to the crest some twenty feet above.

It was on the northern slope and into the sides of the rocky wall along the road—the Viergette-Binarville road

it is called—that most of Whittlesey's men dug their fox holes for the night.

Machine guns were posted to sweep the valley and protect the flanks, and, though no man had carried either blanket, pack, or overcoat, all were fairly comfortable and unmolested by the enemy.

Each man had carried but one day's rations and at day-break the following morning, October 3, small bodies of men were sent toward the rear for food. Two companies of the battalion, possibly at reduced strength numbering two hundred and fifty men, had dug in on the opposite side of the ravine for the night. Consequently one company, in command of Lieutenant Wilhelm, was sent back to attack toward the rear, thus aiding the other two companies to advance.

Patrols were sent out in other directions with the mission of ascertaining the strength and position of the enemy. They returned one by one, with reports of Germans everywhere. No *liaison* was possible.

Later Lieutenant Lenke returned with eighteen men from the company that had been ordered to attack toward the rear with the report that the company had been surrounded by the Germans. A little later Lieutenant Wilhelm returned with a few men, making the same report.

Shells had now been falling in the ravine position for some time but doing small damage. The men were well protected in their fox holes, on the slope. The two companies across the ravine had joined the main body when a German trench mortar opened fire at close range.

A number of men were sent out to locate and destroy the trench mortar, but they returned to report that heavy machine-gun fire balked their mission. They, however, brought back a prisoner who verified for the first time that the enemy in strength had taken up positions between Whittlesey's battalion and the rear. This meant that the

men sent back for food would not return. Further information told that the *liaison* posts—small groups of men dropped from time to time by any advancing troops to carry out communication with the rear—had been broken up.

It was as plain as day that the battalion was surrounded.

It was then that a hollow square was formed, a fringe of men on all four sides of this boxed-in ravine, to ward off attack from all directions. A carrier pigeon was loosed to report the situation to regimental headquarters. This bird was the "Lost Battalion's" only *liaison*—the only hope for what proved during the next five days to be an island of heroic grit, completely surrounded by savage enemies.

As darkness settled down that night, enemy voices were heard. Dark forms were seen flitting through the undergrowth around the sides of the hollow square. It was evident that the enemy was binding his hold on the position by bringing up reinforcements, and men in our ranks who understood German ascertained from the gutturals that the enemy was preparing to attack.

It was from the crest above the Viergette-Binarville roadway that much of the talking came through the darkness. From this point it appeared that action was coming. And it came, after two or three guttural commands, in the form of scores of hand grenades thrown from above into the fox holes. The fusillade continued for some time. The Americans under orders passed down the line, remained steady, but each man was ready, with his rifle loaded and finger on the trigger. Many had been wounded and some killed in the hand-grenade attack, but the former as effectively as the latter stilled their tongues.

Emboldened by the inactivity on the American side, the Germans began to prepare for another attack. This time they came out of their cover, their forms silhouetting

hazily over the top of the ridge. Suddenly an order was given on the American side, and every rifle cracked. Howls of anguish were heard from above, and it was evident that the enemy's boldness had been the undoing of at least several of his number.

The stabs of light from the American rifles was a signal awaited by the enemy machine gunners on the opposite side of the ravine. They cut loose viciously, attempting to sweep clean every yard of ground from which the flashes came. Nine men of two relief parties that left battalion headquarters at the head of the ravine fell before they reached the scene of action. But eventually the machine gunners ceased fire, except for occasional bursts, and the night passed without further startling incident for the beleaguered men.

Daylight, October 4, brought realization to all that the situation was desperate. Famine began to stalk within the ranks. It was too plain that starvation stared all in the face. Patrols sent from time to time into the German lines had all failed to pass through. The total strength of the American force, six hundred and seventy-nine at the beginning, had dwindled to five hundred and twenty.

Heavy German trench-mortar shells fell into the ravine at intervals. Bursts of machine-gun fire continued. The Germans resorted to tricks. English-speaking Germans sent a fake message into the American line that a general retirement had been ordered. One man actually arose from his fox hole and started to retire. An officer stopped him. His move had been the move that German "cleverness" had dictated for the entire American force. A German plan, once laid in the methodic German mind, cannot fail. Therefore the move made by the credulous soldier was the move which the Germans expected every man to make, and when sufficient time had elapsed for all the Americans to be standing, the cannonading broke loose.

Over the cliff in front, hand grenades rained, as on previous occasions, and from the two sides and rear, machine guns opened up as if by a given signal. But for the steadiness of officers and men, who saw through the fake retirement order, many would have been standing erect, easy targets for that fusillade of lead and high explosives.

Later a false gas-mask order was shouted from the left. It was so obviously of German pronunciation that the nearest doughboy fired, and judging from a howl that came back through the brushwood, he got his man.

Throughout that night sniping and grenade throwing were the general order. Machine guns occasionally burst forth in answer to the flash of an American soldier's rifle. It was the same hollow square of Americans but a rapidly thinning square, fighting, surrounded, without much hope, against a horde of Teutonic savages who sought by every means to destroy them. A rustle in the underbrush was answered by the "Ping" of an American rifle. This brought down fire from all directions on the American, who crouched lower in his fox hole.

Jeers in broken English reached the ears of the officers and men. They yelled back their answers in plainer English—an expressive English or, more typically American, an English that seldom appears in print.

Daylight came and went. Chilly rain fell. We lost all track of time. Many a fox hole sheltered a dead man. Others lay sprawling in grotesque attitudes on the hillside, literally blown from their shelters by the big trench-mortar shells which the enemy threw into the position at intervals night and day. Those who lived, lived in agony. Of food there was none. Water existed, but it trickled fiendishly and tantalizingly in that swampy little creek at the bed of the ravine, and to reach it meant death by day. At night the enemy sprayed this creek and the water-filled

shell holes below with machine-gun fire, and to get water at night meant death in the majority of cases.

Many of the brave youths crept from their fox holes after darkness and wormed their way slowly down the ravine side. Some returned with their canteens full, which they shared with their nearest comrades, but others paid with their lives, and daylight saw them down there stark and stiff in death on the edge of that devilish stream.

Throughout those last few days the officers and men suffered all the tortures of the imagination and worse. Chilled through and without any sort of covering, weakened physically from lack of food and water, subjected to bursts of hateful fire which seemed to rake every yard of ground they occupied, all suffered torture. The man killed outright by a bullet or shell fragment was envied by his comrade who was struck and lived. Bandages were exhausted early, and it was necessary for the two remaining members of the medical detachment to search the dead for their emergency dressings. They did this, heroically crawling from corpse to corpse until they found sufficient material, then back to the wounded to dress their hurts, sometimes gaping shell wounds which they knew it was useless to touch.

On October 5, an American airplane circled high over the ravine. White panels had been placed on the ground near Major Whittlesey's shelter, but through the trees it seemed improbable that the aviator might see them. Some time later, however, American artillery fire from guns miles away began to crash on the ridge of the hill to the south, and creeping slowly down the slope the barrage plainly caught a mass of the enemy gathered there, presumably for an attack. Their bodies and pieces thereof were hurled into the air and wild screams sounded in the din of the explosives. It was a cheering but equally anx-

ious moment for the survivors of the "Lost Battalion" huddled there on the opposite slope.

The barrage, which played stationary for some time in the enemy position, moved forward down toward the bottom of the ravine, and it appeared that it would mount the opposite slope into the American fox holes. But something intervened at that moment. The barrage lifted as if guided by an unseen hand, and "hopping" the northern slope completely, came down again with a multitude of crashes on the crest of the northern slope. Here again it caught the enemy—the jeering grenade throwers atop the cliff—and it scattered them as it crept northward. Their howls were heard for some time afterward in the American line, and these were the howls of agony and death.

Even now it is still unknown to survivors of the "Lost Battalion" here whether that American airplane saw and reported their exact position, or whether it was just plain Providence which directed that marvelous barrage.

On the previous night a faint ray of hope sprang into the breasts of the beleaguered men as they distinguished the faint "tat-tat-tat" of Chauchats—the light machine gun adopted from the French—somewhere to the south. The Chauchat has a distinctive sound, a different "crack" from other machine guns, and these sounds seemed to tell that a relieving force might be on its way. But by daylight the crack of Chauchats died away and no reinforcements came.

Following their experience in the American barrage, the Germans moved scores of additional machine guns to the southern ridge and started a barrage of bullets across the ravine into the American position which seemed intent on wiping out all life. Showers of leaden pellets chewed up the rocky soil, searching almost every foot, penetrating the shelters, killing and wounding many.

That night weakened men, further weakened by wounds,

filled the darkness with uncanny moans—they couldn't help it. Things seemed to be nearing the end. Ammunition, like food, was practically exhausted. Men were beginning to take desperate chances for food. One crawled into the enemy line and came back with a morsel of black bread he had taken from an enemy corpse. Another found a strip of bacon rind in his pocket which he had carried to soften some scratches on his hand. He divided it with a companion and they ate their first bite in several days. Others dug roots from the hard soil and tried to get nourishment from them.

October 6 dawned with an overcast sky and eventually rain. It was Sunday. No one knew it was Sunday, but it was a day of near despair, when it took strong men to believe that anything remained but death. From information I have gathered here in Château Villain, however, I am convinced that not one man thought of surrender.

The firing from the south seemed a trifle nearer that day, but there were many things to indicate that reinforcements could never arrive in time. American airplanes loomed over the ravine occasionally, dropping parcels of food, but never in the ravine itself. With terrible regularity these parcels fell in the enemy lines, and it was too plain that the aviators were mistaking the Germans' position for American. They were feeding the Boche. Starving Americans were being denied American food!

Heavy trench-mortar shells continued to fall in the ravine. German machine guns redoubled their firing. This firing deprived the "Lost Battalion" of the last two officers of the machine-gun detachment. Both were killed. It was discovered that but one of the nine American machine guns remained in action. Ammunition for this remaining gun was all but gone. Dead men lay unburied almost everywhere within the hollow square. The moans of the wounded had almost ceased. Most of them were

dead. About two hundred and seventy-five pitiful survivors existed from among nearly seven hundred who advanced into the ravine some days before. But the survivors, every man, realized why they advanced into the "ravine of death"—to take and hold it, and they were doing just that.

On the morning of October 7, Monday, nine men had slipped out into the German lines in a desperate effort to collect one of the food parcels dropped by the airplanes. They had encountered a German outpost and five were killed, the remainder wounded or captured. During the afternoon a figure, dirty and bedraggled, carrying an unloaded rifle to which a white rag had been tied, was brought before Major Whittlesey. The battalion commander was conferring with Captain McMurtry and Captain Holderman at the time. The man was a survivor of the food patrol and he bore a message from the German commander.

To the Commanding Officer, — Infantry, 77th American Division:

Sir: The bearer of this present, Private —, has been taken prisoner by us. He refused to give the German intelligence officer any answer to his questions and is quite an honorable fellow, doing honor to his fatherland in the strictest sense of the word.

He has been charged against his will, believing that he is doing wrong to his country, to carry forward this present letter to the officer in charge of the battalion of the 77th Division with the purpose to recommend this commander to surrender with his forces, as it would be quite useless to resist any more, in view of the present conditions.

The suffering of your wounded men can be heard over here in the German lines and we are appealing to your humane sentiments to stop. A white flag shown by one of your men will tell us that you agree with these conditions. Please treat Private — as an honorable man. He is quite a soldier. We envy you.

The German Commanding Officer

Whittlesey read the note and passed it to McMurtry. The latter read and passed it to Holderman. No one spoke. Whittlesey passed out of the dugout and picked up some white panels placed on the ground to attract American airplanes. White flags were repulsive. He re-entered the dugout. Still no one spoke. Clearly the appeal to "humane sentiments" hadn't penetrated. . . .

Later in the day something that put more life into the heroic band of survivors than anything they had experienced was the growing sound of machine-gun and rifle fire, unmistakably American, coming from the south. Men wept and set their jaws firmer together.

Evidently the Germans heard these sounds, too. And they played their last card—liquid fire. This was the height of "humane sentiment" against men they knew had fought a heroic battle and were brave enough to fight it out until none remained, if need be.

Jets of liquid flame, accompanied by steady streams of machine-gun and rifle bullets, and grenades, struck at the American left flank. The survivors rushed to the defense of the menaced side of the hollow square and fought like supermen. The remaining machine gun poured its leaden streams into the fire bearers at point-blank range. Rifles worked as fast as cartridges could be pumped into the chambers. The attack failed. The enemy withdrew, but in almost every case the flame throwers remained dead upon the ground, with their "humane" weapons shooting flame, weaker and weaker, harmlessly into the brush, into the air.

An officer later that night reported to Major Whittlesey. He was a strange officer, unknown to the battalion. He was of the 307th Infantry Regiment, which had fought its way first to the relief of the "Lost Battalion." His men were lying in the woods on the right flank. A brief time afterward elements of the 308th Regiment came through

from the south. They carried food and ammunition. An effort was made by Major Whittlesey to keep the full news of the relief from all his men. The Germans still occupied the northern cliff. But the news spread, and by morning the relief was complete, without further opposition from the enemy, who now, placed on a more equal basis, had skulked off through the wood to the north.

The following morning two hundred and fifty-two men, some sick or wounded, filed down toward the south for proper care and rest. They were the survivors of the "Beleagured Battalion." No one here in the 77th Division today will admit of the expression "Lost Battalion." They say it was "beleaguered," but never "lost."

—*Wilbur Forest*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to your books answer the following questions:

1. Describe the ravine of death.
2. Explain how the men tried to protect themselves in this ravine. Were they successful?
3. What is meant by: "No liasion was possible?"
4. What reports did Lieutenants Wilhelm and Lenke make?
5. What trick did the Germans try to play on the Americans? Did it work?
6. Why was it hard to get drinking water?
7. How was the barrage of shells directed?
8. Tell in your own words the incident of the German message, and what finally came of it.
9. What is meant by "humane sentiment?"
10. What happened to the flame-throwers?
11. Tell of the rescue in your own words. How many of the original seven hundred were left?

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The value of our knowledge depends on what we remember of what we have read."

Part Two of this book which you have just finished told you something about "History in the Making." While you cannot remember all the facts related you ought to check up to see that you remember the important points.

In the first section you read three stories from history that told of brave men, doing their duty even in the face of certain death. Do you remember the three incidents so you could tell the stories to the class?

The next section contained four great orations produced by great historic events. Each of these orations should be remembered because of the occasion that inspired it, the man who delivered it, and the message which it contained.

You enjoyed "The Spy"—one of the famous historical novels of revolutionary days, but do you remember the deathless loyalty of Harvey Birch to his country, and his willingness to suffer disgrace and death if need be, so long as his conscience told him he was serving a just cause and a noble leader such as George Washington?

The last section on "The World War and its Ideals" gave you the reasons why America declared war, as outlined by President Wilson to Congress, and told you the story of one of the famous incidents of the terrible fighting. Do you remember some of the reasons for America's entry into the World War? And the heroism of the men of "The Lost Battalion?"

Try to fix in your mind these four leading thoughts that have been emphasized in Part Two—1. The importance of doing one's duty regardless of consequences. 2. The service of orators in commemorating great events. 3. The supreme value of loyalty. 4. The ideals of America in the World War.

More About "History in the Making"

Part Two has given you only a taste of the hundreds of hero stories that tell of some of the great deeds of History. Here are the titles of a few books about "Makers of History" that you will want to read:

"To Have and to Hold," by Mary Johnston; "Tales of a Grandfather," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Oregon Trail," by Francis Parkman; "David Crockett," by J. S. C. Abbott; "Poor Boys who Became Famous," by Sarah K. Bolton; "The Perfect Tribute," by Mary Shipman Andrews.

PART THREE

THE GREAT OUT-DOORS

The Call of Nature

THE call of the open road is the call of Nature to the heart of man. One hears it in the springtime when the sap stirs in the heart of the tree, and the grass grows green; when brooks laugh aloud for joy and the sky changes its gray for blue.

It comes again in the golden summer, when the warm sun has filled the hollows of the earth, and every living thing has responded with new life and growth and beauty.

One hears it again on autumn days when the nuts are falling, and the air is heavy with the smoke of unseen fires; when the orchards hang full, and corn is in the shock waiting the husking time, when the brown leaves carpet the country roads and hide the winding trails.

It comes again on winter days when the hills lie white under the slanting sun; when the rabbit's track and the trail of the deer show the way to follow.

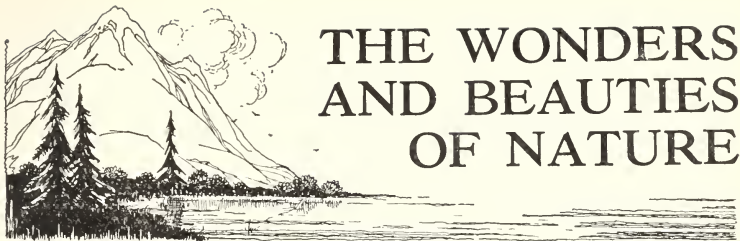
It is no small thing to be living on this whirling globe under the blue dome of heaven, where we may watch the pageant of the seasons come and go. The closer we live to the heart of Nature, the greater will be the joy and beauty of our lives.

In the following Section you will hear the call of the open road as it has come to some of the world's greatest writers. There is magic in it, and the lure of the Great Out-Doors. Walt Whitman knew the call of the open road for it was he who wrote:

*"Afoot and light hearted, I take to the open road
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long, brown path leading wherever I choose.
Strong and content I travel the open road."*



*"Above, the snowy mountains; below, the purple floors;
The magic and the beauty of the Great Out-Doors."*



THE WONDERS AND BEAUTIES OF NATURE

The Central Thought

Everything in Nature is filled with wonder and adorned with beauty. Every drop of water is a tiny menagerie. Every snowflake is a sparkling crystal. The song of the skylark is quite as wonderful as thundering Niagara. The dew-laden web of the spider is as great an engineering feat as the Eiffel Tower or the Brooklyn Bridge. If you want to make your life richer and the world more interesting, you should seize every opportunity to observe and study the wonders and beauties of Nature.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

You will enjoy this story if you understand the meaning of all the words. Some of the most difficult ones are listed. You will find them in **Words to Learn**.

incessantly
combatants
divested
dispatched
eminent
carbuncles
harrowed

bellum
duellum
pertinacity
Achilles
assiduously
ferocity
carnage

Myrmidons
internecine
manifested
Patroclus
vitals
Hotel des Invalides
severed

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The author of this selection, Henry David Thoreau, was one of our great students of nature, and through his ability to write what he *saw*, he has given us nature books which grow more interesting every year.

While yet a boy, he began the habit of carefully observing everything. Always fond of the out-of-doors, he studied all the plants and animals that he found on his fishing trips or tramping in the mountains.

He could go anywhere in the woods and fields, for paths and trails were as clear to him as the pages of a book.

As you read the story, notice the way in which the author holds your attention. See if you feel that he was justified in his claim that he understood Nature and Nature understood him.

THE BATTLE OF THE ANTS

ONE day when I went out to my woodpile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly.

Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a duellum, but a bellum, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black.

It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battlefield I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war, the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noonday prepared to fight till the sun went down or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened him-

self like a vise to his adversary's front, and through all the tumbings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bulldogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle cry was "Conquer or die."

In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hillside of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle,—probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs,—whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus.

He saw this unequal combat from afar—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red—he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there was three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame.

I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded, in Concord history at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers

engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window sill in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite.

They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and, when I looked again, the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddlebow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hôtel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

—*Henry D. Thoreau*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring again to the story answer the following questions:

1. Describe the battle in your own words.
2. What words and phrases did the author use to show that it was really a battle and not a duel.
3. Describe the particular fight between the black ants and the two red ants.
4. What is the reference made to Achilles? To Patroclus?
5. How does the author hold your attention throughout the story?
6. Would you like to have heard more about the ants?

THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Are there any words in this list which you do not know how to pronounce, or the meaning of which you do not know? If there are be sure to look them up in **Words to Learn**.

sagacious	destitute	impenetrable
sagacity	languishes	pliable
intrudes	solitude	eludes
terminated	assailant	impede
transparent	forceps	prey
glutinous	emits	recedes
transversely	warp	woof
antagonist	disengage	repulsed
sustenance	parental	

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

All animal life has peculiar adaptations for its protection. It may be a hard shell, as is the case in the oyster or snail, that makes its tiny life more secure; it may be protective coloring that hides the insect from its enemy; or it may be protective habits that keep the insect out of harm's way.

In the following story you will read scientifically accurate information, told entertainingly, about the spider. As you read, see what peculiar characteristics the spider has that fit it for its manner of living.

THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER

ANIMALS in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. Elephants and beavers show the greatest signs of this sagacity when they are together in large numbers; but when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and indicate but a very small share of that trait for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labors of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalists; but all their sagacity seems to be lost upon separation, and a *single* bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever noticed, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for war, not only on other insects, but also on its own species. Nature seems to have formed it for this condition of life.

Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attacks of every other insect, and its body is enveloped in a soft, pliable skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for attack or defense, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy

seems to be what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid which it spins into a thread, coarse or fine as it chooses.

In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then, as the spider recedes from the first point, the thread lengthens; and when it has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it stretches the thread tight and fixes it to the wall in the same manner as before.

In this way it spins and fixes several threads parallel to one another, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun (which is always the strongest of the whole web) and the other end to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to one another whenever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most likely to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them by doubling the thread sometimes sixfold.

I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider, in one corner of my room, making its web; and though the servant leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction.

In three days the web was completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in living in its new abode. It repeatedly traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however,

it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all of its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor.

Soon, then, a terrible encounter followed, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this, I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from the stronghold. It seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and then finding all its arts vain, it began to destroy the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror and fairly killed its antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceful possession of what was its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaks of its web, and taking no food that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a net around its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped. When the fly was fairly hampered in this manner, the spider seized it and dragged it into the hole.

I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so powerful an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected that the spider would set about repairing the breaks in the net; but this, it seems, could not be accomplished. Therefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; therefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It made an attack upon a neighboring web with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for should it immediately approach, the terror of its appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose. Its habit is to wait patiently till, by useless struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for defense or for an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed that the male spiders are much smaller than the female. When the latter come to lay, they spread a part of the web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed, they never attempt to escape without carrying their young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus the young are frequently sacrificed to parental affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when but a day old, to catch a fly, they begin to eat with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sustenance, and continue to grow larger very rapidly.

As they grow old, however, they do not continue to increase in size. Their legs, only, grow longer. And when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

—*Oliver Goldsmith*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of five facts about the spider that you learned from this reading.
2. Write a short article on some other insect, illustrating how it is peculiarly adapted to the life it lives.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

WORDS TO LEARN

You cannot appreciate this beautiful poem unless you know the meaning of all the words. Some of them are listed here and you can find them in **Words to Learn**.

melancholy
sere

eddyng
plague

unmeet
beauteous

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

A short time before Mr. Bryant wrote this poem his sister died. As you read it, see if you notice the influence of this sorrow in what he wrote.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,

Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentie race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.
The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchids died amid the summer glow;

But on the hills the golden rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter
home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance
late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no
more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

—William Cullen Bryant

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

See if you can answer the first two questions without referring to the book.

1. What months of the year were pictured in the poem?
2. List the flowers that had gone; the ones which were last to go.
3. Write a paragraph of at least twenty lines describing an autumn scene that you recall.
4. Tell the real meaning of the poem in your own words.

TO A FRINGED GENTIAN

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Many great poets have taken beautiful examples from Nature to illustrate the daily lessons of Life which we all must learn to be

really happy and contented, but few are as skilled in their choice of examples as the author of this little poem, William Cullen Bryant.

The poet thinks that we can learn much from the fringed gentian, that beautiful little blue flower which comes in the fall of the year, "looking through its fringes to the sky."

As you read this poem, try to get the true meaning of the gentian's life as the poet sees it and wishes us to see it.

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

THOU blossom bright with Autumn dew,
And colored with heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean,
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend,
The aged year is near its end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye,
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue, blue—as if that sky let fall,
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

—William Cullen Bryant

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Make a list of five of the most beautiful word pictures in this poem.
2. Select the stanza telling what season of the year the fringed gentian appears.
3. In the fourth stanza what does the poet suggest as the possible source of the color of the fringed gentian?
4. Memorize the entire poem.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This poem has been a favorite of many people for many years. It expresses in simple and homely verse a universal sentiment. Among our pleasantest memories as we grow older are those of our association with particular trees in childhood.

Few things are more tragic than the needless destruction of a tree which it has taken scores of years to grow. Many poets have experienced deep affection for beautiful trees.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

WOODMAN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now:
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,

Cut not its earth-bound ties.
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive the foolish tear;
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild birds sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave,
And, woodman, leave the spot!
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

—George P. Morris

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Without referring to the book tell in your own words the thought of the poem.
2. List all the reasons the poet gives for wanting to save the tree.
3. Memorize the first stanza.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me,
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for the country's flag,
We plant the shade, from hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey*

MY HEART LEAPS UP

MY HEART leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

—*William Wordsworth*



SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE

The Central Thought

Life itself is a great adventure. Perhaps that is why everyone responds to the thrill of a heroic deed, a narrow escape, a fierce conflict, or a great tragedy. It is the spirit of adventure that has led explorers into the wilds of Africa, into the shifting sands of the desert, and the ice regions of the Arctic Circle. Many of our greatest discoveries have resulted from the spirit of adventure that exists in the heart of every man.

HORSE MAGIC

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

You will need to know the meaning of all the words used in this selection if you wish to enjoy it fully. The words listed here can be found in **Words to Learn**.

numbed
tenacious
corral
snub
protesting
equine
viciously
adversary
halter
detestable
dromedary
girth
bandy-legged

ignominious
roan
capitulate
revelling
antagonists
pirouetting
assumption
obviously
concede
nonchalant
lariat
trussed
triumphantly

distended
gingerly
frenziedly
defiance
caprice
chaparejos
involuntarily
crooning
inexhaustible
sumped
perilously
ignominy
sulkily

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

One of the great sports on the Western plains is the "breaking in" of wild horses. Men grow to be experts in riding and the things they can do on the backs of these horses, which have never been ridden before and which buck, rear, bite and struggle furiously, are astonishing.

Some people have special power over animals, and seem to soothe them by their very presence and touch. They win the animal's confidence by their manner and then have less difficulty in training them. Such a person was the man who helped the author and his partner "break in" the "ugly red roan." Calm but masterful, he conquered the rebel horse not by cruelty but by sheer force of character.

This story is a good illustration of the ease and joy with which a native Westerner handles the wildest of horses.

HORSE MAGIC

OUR TASK was the breaking in of the horses we had so fortunately secured, the lighter ones to the saddle and the heavier ones to harness.

Streaming with perspiration, half blinded by dust, and clinging with numbed but tenacious fingers to the end of a hard twist rope, my partner and I were dragged around the corral for the second time.

"Let go," gasped my partner. "We shall have to snub him to the fence."

"And break his neck," I suggested, "not much. Stay with it!" And again we made a protesting, ignominious circle, the ugly red roan at the end of the rope still untired, and still apparently revelling in the ease with which he could drag mere man in the dust.

"Why?" he was probably asking himself, "Why did his brethern capitulate to such feeble antagonists?"

But the feeble antagonists were fortified by the anger of humiliation and for a brief moment held their victim captive with legs spread wide, nostrils distended, and head held obstinately low.

We breathed again, and my partner commenced to work his way gingerly up the rope towards the horse's head in approved fashion. In a flash it went up—and still up, and the fore feet with it striking frenziedly at the air and descending with a thud of obstinate defiance. Then, as though some fresh caprice had seized on its equine imagination, the horse turned, pirouetting on its hind legs like a ballet dancer, and dashed up the center of the corral, leaving us seated in the dust.

"He's a corker," said my partner.

"He is that!" said I.

It was at this unfortunate moment that I became aware of our audience. He sat perched on the topmost rail of the corral in a blue shirt and tattered angora chaparejos, and not even smiling.

I nodded. So did he.

"Had dinner?" I queried.

He had not.

"Put your horse in," said I, and we adjourned to our fifteen-by-twenty Indian-built house.

Our guest spoke twice during the meal, a fair average of table conversation for the Westerner; then we returned to the corral.

The roan was amusing himself by trailing the hard twist rope at a gentle trot until it touched his heels, and then stopping to kick it viciously.

"Say," said the visitor in a weary drawl, "you want this plug broke, don't you?"

We admitted that such had been our intention, though he might not have thought it from our efforts.

"Waal, I'll fix him," he said slowly, and without the least assumption; "you go and sit down some place."

And we did.

He stooped leisurely and picked up the rope's end, carrying it round to the small of his back with his right hand

grasping it firmly in front of him with the left. Then he braced his short, fur-clad legs and waited to be jerked into the dust.

But there was a vital error somewhere in our calculations. The jerk came, but the man stood firm, and the horse swung involuntarily around to face his adversary. He, too, seemed to doubt the evidence of his eyes—the thing was so obviously impossible. But again and again it was repeated, the frightened rush to right or left always ending in a sudden check and turn so that man faced horse.

Presently, hand over hand, without haste or hesitation the man felt his way up the rope toward's the horse's head, and with secret satisfaction we watched the roan answer these tactics as he had our own, rearing, striking with his fore feet, and descending with legs as unresisting as granite pillars. But the man had given no rope, and now he was halfway to the horse's head, clear by perhaps a yard of the beating hoofs, and crooning some horse language in a low, persuasive undertone.

The animal stood stock-still, seeming to listen, with ears pricked and legs set wide while the man's hand crept out and touched its nose, stroking it gently with a finger, two fingers, the palm of the hand, finally working up the side of the head to the tight-drawn noose about the neck, for all the world as one would tickle a trout. Very gingerly this was loosened, the slack rope formed into a loop, passed through it and over the animal's nose. And so, for the first time in his life, Mr. Roan felt the unwelcome pressure of a head halter.

He did his best to show his disapproval, but it was an easy matter to hold him now, and to pull him first this way, then that, protesting every foot of lost ground, but always forced to concede it at last.

The patience of the man was inexhaustible. At the end

of a full half-hour's apparently fruitless pulling, with slow movements and unruffled brow he would again feel his way along the rope to soothe the frenzied animal with murmured encouragement and gentle strokings.

The end came suddenly as it often does. In answer to a more than usually severe pull, the horse advanced two steps, stopped and took three more of its own accord. It had discovered that by this means it could not only slacken the pressure of the rope on its nose, but apparently satisfy the detestable little man with the furry legs, for he promptly turned a nonchalant back and strode round and round the corral with the horse following like a dog.

"Get my saddle and bridle," he said as he passed us.

But the roan found it necessary to draw the line somewhere. The halter, though undesirable, had been bearable, but for an ungainly structure of leather to be strapped to one's back, converting one's grace of line into the slumped ugliness of a dromedary, was sheer insult, he reared and struck, snorted and kicked.

Very well. The detestable little man seemed equally content. He snubbed the rope to a corral post, felt his way along it, and after rubbing the bridle over the animal's face, slipped the bit between its teeth. Then he unbuckled the rawhide lariat from his saddle. A turn of the wrist and the horse's fore feet were in the noose. A quick jerk and they were drawn together so that he stood, swaying perilously. In a twinkling the rawhide was snubbed to the fence, the saddle cinched into position, and the roan stood tasting for the first time the vile discomfort of a tightly buckled girth.

He shook his mane defiantly, beat the air with his trussed fore legs, and finally resorted to the buck—ducking his head, hunching his back and leaping into the air. Twice this was repeated, and then, oh ignominy! The detestable little man's puny weight was thrown on the

rawhide rope and the roan landed sprawling in the dust.

By the time he had scrambled to his feet, the halter was slipped from about his neck and the man was in the saddle.

For a full minute the horse stood sulkily digesting this surprising condition of affairs. The weight of him was a mere nothing, neither did his furry legs press unduly; what more simple than to throw him from the leather hump and trample him in the dust? But at the first buck something pricked the horse's ribs; at the second the process was repeated, and at the third a black felt hat descended and "dusted" him from ear to tail.

Round and round the corral they sped, the horse bucking, twisting, and squealing with rage; the man shaken and jolted like a rag doll, yet whooping triumphantly.

When the horse had bucked himself out, and settled into a steady, obedient trot, the man drew rein, slid off over his flank and came towards us with the rolling, bandy-legged gait of the born rider.

"Got any *bad* horses?" he inquired.

—*Ralph Stock*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without rereading the story, answer the following questions:

1. What kind of men first tried to conquer the red roan?
2. How did the horse deal with them?
3. Who was the "audience?"
4. How is the conversation of the Westerner described?
5. How did he approach the horse?
6. Tell in your own words how the horse was broken in.
7. What did the cowboy say when it was all over?

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

Look over this list of words, and if there are any which you do not know look them up in **Words to Learn**.

allusion	ascribing	wapiti
incapable	prowess	reluctant
specific	ferocity	wariness
identity	burly	hibernates
harass	lethargic	torpid
molestation	capricious	ravages
ravenous	enmeshed	kinnikinnic
coulies	swerved	flinched
obliquely	provocation	tenacity
cavity	incurred	alert
quarry	intergradation	

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Theodore Roosevelt will always be remembered as a great President, a great citizen, and a mighty hunter. He spent many years on the trails of all kinds of game in all parts of the world, and he wrote many volumes containing interesting accounts of his personal experiences with the animals he hunted.

He was a keen student of natural history and carefully studied the habits and lives of the game he hunted. His books are read for the natural history they contain as well as for the story of his own adventures.

Many men out West still tell of his daring on the trail of wild animals in the woods, on the plains and on the mountains. This is the story of one of his personal experiences with a bear. Many men have had adventures with bears, but few can write of them as vividly as Roosevelt did.

As you read this story, think of Roosevelt the sportsman and see if you think he himself lives up to his description of the ideal sportsman in the next to the last paragraph.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR

THE KING of the game beasts of temperate North America, because the most dangerous to the hunter, is the grizzly bear, known to the few remaining old-time trappers of the Rockies and the Great Plains, sometimes as "Old Ephraim" and sometimes as "Moccasin Joe"—the last in allusion to his queer, half-human footprints, which look as if made by some misshapen giant, walking in moccasins.

Bear vary greatly in size and color, no less than in temper and habits. Old hunters speak much of them in their endless talks over the camp-fires and in the snow-bound winter huts. They insist on many species; not merely the black and the grizzly, but the brown, the cinnamon, the gray, the silver-tip, and others with names known only in certain localities, such as the range bear, the roach-back and the smut-face.

But in spite of popular opinion to the contrary, most old hunters are very untrustworthy in dealing with points of natural history. They usually know only so much about any given game animal as will enable them to kill it. They study its habits solely with this end in view; and once slain they only examine it to see about its condition and fur. With rare exceptions they are quite incapable of passing judgment upon questions of specific identity or difference.

When questioned, they not only advance perfectly impossible theories and facts in support of their views, but they rarely even agree as to the views themselves. One hunter will assert that the true grizzly is only found in California, heedless of the fact that the name was first used by Lewis and Clark as one of the titles they applied to the large bears of the plains country round the Upper Missouri, a quarter of a century before the California grizzly was known to fame. Another hunter will call any

big brindled bear a grizzly no matter where it is found; and he and his companions will dispute by the hour as to whether a bear of large, but not extreme, size is a grizzly or a silver-tip.

In Oregon the cinnamon bear is a phase of the small black bear; in Montana it is the plains variety of the large mountain silver-tip. I have myself seen the skins of two bears killed on the upper waters of Tongue River; one was that of a male, one of a female, and they had evidently just mated; yet one was distinctly a "silver-tip" and the other a "cinnamon." The skin of one very big bear which I killed in the Bighorn has proved a standing puzzle to almost all the old hunters to whom I have shown it; rarely do any two of them agree as to whether it is a grizzly, a silver-tip, a cinnamon or a "smut-face." Any bear with unusually long hair on the spine and shoulders, especially if killed in the spring, when the fur is shaggy, is forthwith dubbed a "roach-back."

The average sporting writer, moreover, joins with the more imaginative members of the "old hunter" variety in ascribing wildly various traits to these different bears. One comments on the superior prowess of the roach-back; the explanation being that a bear in early spring is apt to be ravenous from hunger. The next insists that the California grizzly is the only really dangerous bear; while another stoutly maintains that it does not compare in ferocity with what he called the "smaller" silver-tip or cinnamon. And so on, and so on, without end. All of which is mere nonsense.

Nevertheless, it is no easy task to determine how many species or varieties of bear actually do exist in the United States, and I cannot even say without doubt that a very large set of skins and skulls would not show a nearly complete intergradation between the most widely separated individuals. However, there are certainly two very

distinct types, which differ almost as widely from each other as a wapiti does from a mule deer, and which exist in the same localities in most heavily timbered portions of the Rockies.

One is the small black bear, a bear which will average about two hundred pounds weight, with fine, glossy, black fur, and the foreclaws but little longer than the hinder ones; in fact, the hairs of the forepaw often reach to their tips. This bear is a tree climber. It is the only kind found east of the great plains, and it is also plentiful in the forest-clad portions of the Rockies, being common in most heavily timbered tracts throughout the United States.

The other is the grizzly, which weighs three or four times as much as the black, and has a pelt of coarse hair, which is in color gray, grizzled, or brown of various shades. It is not a tree climber, and the foreclaws are very long, much longer than the hinder ones. It is found from the great plains west of the Mississippi to the Pacific coast. This bear inhabits indifferently lowland and mountain; the deep woods and the barren plains where the only cover is the stunted growth fringing the streams. These two types are very distinct in every way, and their differences are not at all dependent upon mere geographical considerations; for they are often found in the same district. Thus I found them both in the Bighorn Mountains, each type being in extreme form, while the specimens I shot showed no trace of intergradation. The huge, grizzled, long-clawed beast, and its little, glossy-coated, short-clawed, tree-climbing brother roamed over exactly the same country in those mountains; but they were as distinct in habits, and mixed as little together as moose and caribou.

On the other hand, when a sufficient number of bears from widely separated regions are examined, the various distinguishing marks are found to be inconstant and to

show a tendency—exactly how strong I cannot say—to fade into one another. The differentiation of the two species seems to be as yet scarcely completed; there are more or less imperfect connecting links, and as regards the grizzly it almost seems as if the specific characters were still unstable. In the far Northwest, in the basin of the Columbia, the “black” bear is as often brown as any other color; and I have seen the skins of two cubs, one black and one brown, which were shot when following the same dam.

When these brown bears have coarser hair than usual their skins are with difficulty to be distinguished from those of certain varieties of the grizzly. Moreover, all bears vary greatly in size; and I have seen the bodies of very large black or brown bears with short foreclaws which were fully as heavy as, or perhaps heavier than, some small but full-grown grizzlies with long foreclaws. These very large bears with short claws are very reluctant to climb a tree; and are almost as clumsy about it as is a young grizzly. Among the grizzlies the fur varies much in color and texture even among bears of the same locality; it is of course richest in the deep forest, while the bears of the dry plains and mountains are of a lighter, more washed-out hue.

A full-grown grizzly will usually weigh from five to seven hundred pounds; but exceptional individuals undoubtedly reach more than twelve hundredweight. The California bears are said to be much the largest. This I think is so, but I cannot say it with certainty—at any rate, I have examined several skins of full-grown Californian bears which were no larger than those of many I have seen from the northern Rockies.

The Alaskan bears, particularly those of the peninsula, are even bigger beasts. The skin of one which I saw in the possession of Mr. Webster, the taxidermist, was a good

deal larger than the average polar bear skin; and the animal when alive, if in good condition, could hardly have weighed less than fourteen hundred pounds. Bears vary wonderfully in weight, even to the extent of becoming half as heavy again, according as they are fat or lean; in this respect they are more like hogs than like any other animals.

The grizzly is now chiefly a beast of the high hills and heavy timber; but this is merely because he has learned that he must rely on cover to guard him from man, and has forsaken the open ground accordingly. In old days, and in one or two very out-of-the-way places almost to the present time, he wandered at will over the plains. It is only the wariness born of fear which nowadays causes him to cling to the thick brush of the large river bottoms throughout the plains country.

When there were no rifle-bearing hunters in the land, to harass him and make him afraid, he roved hither and thither at will, in burly self-confidence. Then he cared little for cover, unless as a weather-break, or because it happened to contain food he liked. If the humor seized him he would roam for days over the rolling or broken prairie, searching for roots, digging up gophers, or perhaps following the great buffalo herds either to prey on some unwary straggler which he was able to catch at a disadvantage in a washout, or else to feast on the carcasses of those which died by accident.

Old hunters, survivors of the long-vanished ages when the vast herds thronged the high plains and were followed by the wild red tribes, and by bands of whites who were scarcely less savage, have told me that they often met bears under such circumstances; and these bears were accustomed to sleep in a patch of rank sage bush, in the niche of a washout, or under the lee of a boulder, seeking their food abroad even in full daylight.

The bears of the Upper Missouri basin—which were so light in color that the early explorers often alluded to them as gray or even as “white”—were particularly given to this life in the open. To this day that close kinsman of the grizzly known as the bear of the barren grounds continues to lead this same kind of life, in the far north. My friend, Mr. Rockhill, of Maryland, who was the first white man to explore eastern Tibet, describes the large grizzly-like bear of those desolate uplands as having similar habits.

However, the grizzly is a shrewd beast and shows the usual bear-like capacity for adapting himself to changed conditions. He has in most places become a cover-haunting animal, sly in his ways, wary to a degree, and clinging to the shelter of the deepest forests in the mountains and of the most tangled thickets in the plains. Hence he has held his own far better than such game as the bison and elk. He is much less common than formerly, but he is still to be found throughout most of his former range; save, of course, in the immediate neighborhood of the large towns.

In most places the grizzly hibernates, or, as old hunters say, “holes up,” during the cold season, precisely as does the black bear; but, as with the latter species, those animals which live farthest south spend the whole year abroad in mild seasons. The grizzly rarely chooses that favorite den of his little black brother, a hollow tree or log, for his winter sleep, seeking or making some cavernous hole in the ground instead. The hole is sometimes in a slight hillock in a river bottom, but more often on a hill-side, and may be either shallow or deep. In the mountains it is generally a natural cave in the rock, but among the foot-hills and on the plains the bear usually has to take some hollow or opening, and then fashion it into a burrow to his liking with his big digging claws.

Before the cold weather sets in, the bear begins to grow

restless, and to roam about seeking for a good place in which to hole up. One will often try and abandon several caves or partially dug-out burrows in succession before finding a place to its taste. It always endeavors to choose a spot where there is little chance of discovery or molestation, taking great care to avoid leaving too evident trace of its work. Hence it is not often that the dens are found.

Once in its den the bear passes the cold months in lethargic sleep; yet, in all but the coldest weather, and sometimes even then, its slumber is but light, and if disturbed it will promptly leave its den, prepared for fight or flight as the occasion may require. Many times when a hunter has stumbled on the winter resting-place of a bear and has left it, as he thought, without his presence being discovered, he has returned only to find that the crafty old fellow was aware of the danger all the time, and sneaked off as soon as the coast was clear. But in very cold weather hibernating bears can hardly be wakened from their torpid lethargy.

The length of time a bear stays in its den depends of course upon the severity of the season and the latitude and altitude of the country.

When the bear first leaves its den the fur is in very fine order, but it speedily becomes thin and poor, and does not recover its condition until the fall. Sometimes the bear does not betray any great hunger for a few days after its appearance; but in a short while it becomes ravenous. During the early spring, when the woods are still entirely barren and lifeless, while the snow yet lies in deep drifts, the lean, hungry brute, both maddened and weakened by long fasting, is more of a flesh eater than at any other time.

It is at this period that it is most apt to turn true beast of prey, and show its prowess either at the expense of the wild game, or of the flocks of the settler and the herds

of the ranchman. Bears are very capricious in this respect, however. Some are confirmed game and cattle killers; others are not; while yet others either are or are not, accordingly as the freak seizes them, and their ravages vary almost unaccountably, both with the season and the locality.

The Fighting Grizzly

I spent much of the fall of 1889 hunting on the headwaters of the Salmon and Snake in Idaho, and along the Montana boundary line from the Big Hole Basin and the head of the Wisdom River to the neighborhood of Red Rock Pass and to the north and west of Henry's Lake.

During the last fortnight my companion was the old mountain man named Griffeth or Griffin—I cannot tell which, as he was always called either "Hank" or "Griff". He was a crabbedly honest old fellow, and a very skillful hunter; but he was worn out with age and rheumatism, and his temper had failed even faster than his bodily strength. He showed me a greater variety of game than I had ever seen before in so short a time; nor did I ever before or after make so successful a hunt. But he was an exceedingly disagreeable companion on account of his surly, moody ways. I generally had to get up first, to kindle the fire and make ready breakfast, and he was very quarrelsome. Finally, during my absence from camp one day, while not very far from Red Rock Pass, he found my whiskey-flask, which I kept purely for emergencies, and drank all the contents. When I came back he was quite drunk. This was unbearable, and after some high words I left him, and struck off homeward through the woods on my own account.

We had with us four pack and saddle horses; and of these I took a very intelligent and gentle little bronco mare, which possessed the invaluable trait of always stay-

ing near camp, even when not hobbled. I was not hampered with much of an outfit, having only my buffalo sleeping-bag, a fur coat, and my washing-kit, with a couple of spare pairs of socks and some handkerchiefs. A frying-pan, some salt, flour, baking-powder, a small chunk of salt pork, and a hatchet made up a light pack, which, with the bedding, I fastened across the stock saddle by means of a rope and a spare packing cinch. My cartridges and knife were in my belt; my compass and matches, as always, in my pocket. I walked, while the little mare followed almost like a dog, often without my having to hold the lariat which served as halter.

The country was for the most part fairly open, as I kept near the foot-hills where glades and little prairies broke the pine forest. The trees were of small size. There was no regular trail, but the course was easy to keep, and I had no trouble of any kind save on the second day. That afternoon I was following a stream which at last "canyoned up"—that is, sank to the bottom of a canyon-like ravine impassable for a horse. I started up a side valley, intending to cross from its head coulies to those of another valley which would lead in below the canyon.

However, I got enmeshed in the tangle of winding valleys at the foot of the steep mountains, and as dusk was coming on I halted and camped in a little open spot by the side of a small, noisy brook, with crystal water. The place was carpeted with soft, wet, green moss, dotted red with the kinnikinnic berries, and at its edge, under the trees where the ground was dry, I threw down the buffalo bed on the mat of sweet-smelling pine needles. Making camp took but a moment. I opened the pack, tossed the bedding on a smooth spot, knee-haltered the little mare, dragged up a few dry logs, and then strolled off, rifle on shoulder, through the frosty gloaming, to see if I could pick up a grouse for supper.

For half a mile I walked quickly and silently over the pine needles, across a succession of slight ridges separated by narrow, shallow valleys. The forest here was composed of lodge-pole pines, which on the ridges grew close together, with tall slender trunks, while in the valleys the growth was more open. Though the sun was behind the mountains there was yet plenty of light by which to shoot, but it was fading rapidly.

At last, as I was thinking of turning toward camp, I stole up to the crest of one of the ridges, and looked over into the valley some sixty yards off. Immediately I caught the loom of some large, dark object; and another glance showed me a big grizzly walking slowing off with his head down. He was quartering to me, and I fired into his flank, the bullet, as I afterward found, ranging forward and piercing one lung. At the shot he uttered a loud, moaning grunt and plunged forward at a heavy gallop, while I raced obliquely down the hill to cut him off.

After going a few hundred feet he reached a laurel thicket, some thirty yards broad, and two or three times as long, which he did not leave. I ran up to the edge and there halted, not liking to venture into the mass of twisted, close-growing stems and glossy foliage. Moreover, as I halted, I heard him utter a peculiar, savage kind of whine from the heart of the brush. Accordingly, I began to skirt the edge, standing on tiptoe and gazing earnestly to see if I could not catch a glimpse of his hide. When I was at the narrowest part of the thicket, he suddenly left it directly opposite, and then wheeled and stood broadside to me on the hill-side, a little above. He turned his head stiffly toward me; scarlet strings of froth hung from his lips; his eyes burned like embers in the gloom.

I held true, aiming behind the shoulder, and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a harsh

roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim.

I waited until he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body, but he neither swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another second was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, entering his open mouth, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw as he made a vicious side blow at me.

The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding only four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up, but as he did so his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first three bullets had inflicted a mortal wound.

It was already twilight, and I merely opened the carcass, and then trotted back to camp. Next morning I returned and with much labor took off the skin. The fur was very fine, the animal being in excellent trim, and unusually bright-colored. Unfortunately, in packing it out I lost the skull, and had to supply its place with one of plaster. The beauty of the trophy, and the memory of the circumstances under which I procured it, make me value it perhaps more highly than any other in my house.

This is the only instance in which I have been regularly

charged by a grizzly. On the whole, the danger of hunting these great bears has been much exaggerated. At the beginning of the present century, when white hunters first encountered the grizzly, he was doubtless an exceedingly savage beast, prone to attack without provocation, and a redoubtable foe to persons armed with the clumsy, small-bore, muzzle-loading rifles of the day. But at present, bitter experience has taught him caution.

He has been hunted for sport, and hunted for his pelt, and hunted for the bounty, and hunted as a dangerous enemy to stock, until, save in the very wildest districts, he has learned to be more wary than a deer, and to avoid man's presence almost as carefully as the most timid kind of game. Except in rare cases he will not attack of his own accord, and, as a rule, even when wounded his object is escape rather than battle.

Still, when fairly brought to bay, or when moved by a sudden fit of ungovernable anger, the grizzly is beyond peradventure a very dangerous antagonist. The first shot, if taken at a bear a good distance off and previously unwounded and unharried, is not usually fraught with much danger, the startled animal being at the outset bent merely on flight. It is always hazardous, however, to track a wounded and worried grizzly into thick cover, and the man who habitually follows and kills this chief of American game in dense timber, never abandoning the bloody trail whithersoever it leads, must show no small degree of skill and hardihood, and must not too closely count the risk to life or limb.

Bears differ widely in temper, and occasionally one may be found who will not show fight, no matter how much he is bullied; but, as a rule, a hunter must be cautious in meddling with a wounded animal which has retreated into a dense thicket, and has been once or twice roused; and such a beast, when it does turn, will usually charge again

and again, and fight to the last with unconquerable ferocity. The short distance at which the bear can be seen through the underbrush, the fury of its charge, and its tenacity of life make it necessary for the hunter on such occasions to have steady nerves and a fairly quick and accurate aim.

It is always well to have two men in following a wounded bear under such conditions. This is not necessary, however, and a good hunter, rather than lose his quarry, will, under ordinary circumstances, follow and attack it, no matter how tangled the fastness in which it has sought refuge; but he must act warily and with the utmost caution and resolution, if he wishes to escape a terrible and probably fatal mauling.

An experienced hunter is rarely rash, and never heedless; he will not, when alone, follow a wounded bear into a thicket, if by the exercise of patience, skill, and knowledge of the game's habits he can avoid the necessity; but it is idle to talk of the feat as something which ought in no case to be attempted. While danger ought never to be needlessly incurred, it is yet true that the keenest zest in sport comes from its presence, and from the consequent exercise of the qualities necessary to overcome it.

The most thrilling moments of an American hunter's life are those in which, with every sense on the alert, and with nerves strung to the highest point, he is following alone into the heart of its forest fastness the fresh and bloody footprints of an angered grizzly; and no other triumph of American hunting can compare with the victory to be thus gained.

—*Theodore Roosevelt*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the story again, answer the following questions:

1. What is the king of game beasts in temperate North America?

2. How do bears differ from one another?
3. Are old hunters as a rule to be relied upon for scientific information concerning animals?
4. How can you tell a "grizzly?"
5. Is the grizzly bear a dangerous foe?
6. Describe in your own words an "experienced hunter" according to the author.
7. What advice does the author give to hunters?

CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN WITH JOHN MUIR

WORDS TO LEARN

Before you read this story look up these words in **Words to Learn**, so that you will be able to understand their meanings. If there are other words you do not know look them up in your dictionary.

sinewy	inmost	withal
ulster	minor	projected
tweed	culminated	pulpit
naturalist	Cassiar	rotunda
coalesce	augmented	Matterhorn
enchancing	askance	mon
sicht	mair	gowd
gnomes	vista	lure
phalanx	obstinate	luxuriance
campanulas	cassiope	subtle
lingo	niche	polysyllables
unerring	dynamically	negative
caribou moss	lichens	moraine
crevasses	communion	metamorphic
veto	humerus	precision
imperishable	undulating	elongated
slake	cyclops	precarious
instantaneous	inflate	receding
scapula	luxation	unencumbered
anecdote	infusing	indomitable
infirmities	compass	self-abandon

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The author of this story, Dr. S. Hall Young, spent most of his life in Alaska and knows its beauties and perils as well as anyone

can know them. He has written many books about his personal adventures among the wild beauties of the Alaskan wilderness which are interesting for their geographical information as well as their entertaining stories.

John Muir, the hero of this adventure, was one of our great naturalists, who did more than any other person to awaken the people of our country to the great need for preserving our natural wonders and beauties. In this story we see the naturalist in his glory—enjoying the beauties of Nature, ready to undergo any hardship to view them better. And we see John Muir the hero, too—able to figure out how to rescue a man from death when the need comes—clear-headed, quick-acting, utilizing his knowledge of nature to save a friend.

This is a real experience, told by one who knew and understood Alaska, and it is a living portrait of John Muir in one of the great moments of his career.

CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN WITH JOHN MUIR

JOHN MUIR was standing a little apart as the steamboat drew to the dock, his peering blue eyes already eagerly scanning the islands and mountains. He was a lean, sinewy man of forty, with waving, reddish-brown hair and beard, and shoulders slightly stooped. He wore a Scotch cap and a long, gray tweed ulster, which I have always since associated with him, and which seemed the same garment, unsoiled and unchanged, that he wore later on his northern trips. He was introduced as Professor Muir, the Naturalist. A hearty grip of the hand, and we seemed to coalesce at once in a friendship which, to me at least, has been one of the very best things I have known in a life full of blessings. From the first he was the strongest and most attractive of fine personalities to me, and I began to recognize him as my Master who was to lead me into enchanting regions of beauty and mystery, which without his aid must forever have remained unseen by the eyes of my soul. I sat at his feet; and at the feet of his spirit I still sit, a student, absorbed, surrendered to

this "priest of Nature's inmost shrine," with whom I was soon to climb the mountain.

Minor excursions culminated in the chartering of the little steamer *Cassiar*, on which our party, augmented by two or three friends steamed between the tremendous glaciers and through the columned canyons of the swift Stickeen River through the narrow strip of Alaska's cup-handle to Glenora, in British Columbia, one hundred and fifty miles from the river's mouth. Our captain was Nat Lane, a grandson of the famous Senator Joseph Lane of Oregon. Stocky, broad-shouldered, muscular, and eying askance our group as we struck the bargain, he was withal a genial, good-natured man, and a splendid river pilot.

Dropping down from Telegraph Creek (so named because it was a principal station of the great projected trans-American and trans-Siberian line of the Western Union, that bubble pricked by Cyrus Field's cable), we tied up at Glenora about noon of a cloudless day.

"Amuse yourselves," said Captain Lane at lunch. "Here we stay till two o'clock tomorrow morning. This gale, blowing from the sea makes safe steering through the Canyon impossible, unless we take the morning's calm." I saw Muir's eyes light up with a peculiar meaning as he glanced quickly at me across the table.

"Where is it?" I asked, as we met behind the pilot house a moment later.

He pointed to a little group of jagged peaks rising right up from where we stood—a pulpit in the center of a vast rotunda of magnificent mountains.

"One of the finest viewpoints in the world," he said.

"How far to the highest point?"

"About ten miles."

"How high?"

"Seven or eight thousand feet."

That was enough. Pocketing two hardtacks apiece, we

were off, keeping in shelter of house and bush till out of sight of the council-house, and the flower-picking ladies. Then we broke out. What a matchless climate! What sweet, lung-filling air! Sunshine that had no weakness in it—as if we were springing plants. Our sinews like steel springs, muscles like India rubber, feet soled with iron to grip the rocks. Ten miles! Why, I felt equal to forty miles and the Matterhorn!

“Er, mon!” said Muir, lapsing into the broad Scotch he was so fond of using when enjoying himself, “ye’ll see the sicht o’ yer life the day. Ye’ll get that’ll be o’ mair use than a’ the gowd o’ Cassiar.”

From the first, it was a hard climb. Fallen timber at the mountain’s foot covered with thick brush swallowed us up and plucked us back. Beyond, on the steeper slopes, grew dwarf evergreens, five or six feet high—the same fir that towers a hundred feet with a diameter of three or four on the river banks, but here stunted by icy mountain winds. The curious blasting of the branches on the side next to the mountain gave them the appearance of long-armed, hump-backed, hairy gnomes, bristling with anger, stretching forbidding arms downwards to bar our passage to their sacred heights. Sometimes an inviting vista through the branches would lure us in, when it would narrow, and at its upper angle we would find a solid phalanx of these grumpy dwarfs. Then we had to attack boldly, scrambling over the obstinate, elastic arms and against the clusters of stiff needles, till we gained the upper side and found another green slope.

Muir led, of course, picking with sure instinct the easiest way. Three hours of steady work brought us suddenly beyond the timber-line, and the real joy of the day began. Nowhere else have I seen anything approaching the luxuriance and variety of the delicate blossoms shown by these high, mountain pastures of the North. “You scarce could

see the grass for the flowers." Everything that was marvelous in form, fair in color, or sweet in fragrance seemed to be represented there, from daisies and campanulas to Muir's favorite, the cassiope, with its exquisite little pink-white bells shaped like lilies-of-the-valley and its subtle perfume. Muir at once went wild when we reached this fairyland. From cluster to cluster of flowers he ran, falling on his knees, babbling in unknown tongues, prattling a curious mixture of scientific lingo and baby talk, worshipping his little blue-and-pink goddesses.

"Ah! my blue-eyed darlin', little did I think to see you here. How did you stray away from Shasta?"

"Well, well! Who'd 'a' thought that you'd have left that niche in the Merced Mountains to come here!"

"And who might you be, now, with your wonder look? Is it possible that you can be (two Latin polysyllables)? You're lost, my dear; you belong in Tennessee."

"Ah! I though I'd find you, my homely little sweetheart," and so on unceasingly.

Hours had passed in this entrancing work and we were progressing upwards but slowly. We were on the southeastern slope of the mountain, and the sun was still staring at us from a cloudless sky. Suddenly we were in the shadow as we worked around a spur of rock. Muir looked up, startled. Then he jammed home his last handful of plants, and hastened up to where I stood.

"Man!" he said, "I was forgetting. We'll have to hurry now or we'll miss it, we'll miss it."

"Miss what?" I asked.

"The jewel of the day," he answered; "the sight of the sunset from the top."

Then Muir began to *slide* up that mountain. I had been with mountain climbers before, but never one like him. A deer-lope over the smoother slopes, a sure instinct for the easiest way into a rocky fortress, an instant and uner-

ring attack, a serpent-glide up the steep; eye, hand and foot all connected dynamically; with no appearance of weight to his body—as though he had Stockton's negative gravity machine strapped on his back.

We were now beyond the flower garden of the gods, in a land of rocks and cliffs, with patches of short grass, caribou moss and lichens between. Along a narrowing arm of the mountain, a deep canyon flumed a rushing torrent of icy water from a small glacier on our right. Then came moraine matter, rounded pebbles and boulders, and beyond them the glacier. Once a giant, it is nothing but a baby now, but the ice is still blue and clear, and the crevasses many and deep. And that day it had to be crossed, which was a ticklish task. A misstep or slip might land us at once fairly into the heart of the glacier, there to be preserved in cold storage for the wonderment of future generations. But glaciers were Muir's special pets, his intimate companions, with whom he held sweet communion. Their voices were plain language to his ears, their work, as God's landscape gardeners, of the wisest and best that Nature could offer.

No Swiss guide was ever wiser in the habits of glaciers than Muir, or proved to be a better pilot across their deathly crevasses. Half a mile of careful walking and jumping and we were on the ground again, at the base of the great cliff of metamorphic slate that crowned the summit.

A quick glance to the right and left, and Muir, who had steered his course wisely across the glacier, attacked the cliff, simple saying,

“We must climb cautiously here.”

Now came the most wonderful display of his mountain-craft. Had I been alone at the feet of these craigs I should have said, “It can't be done,” and have turned back down the mountain. But I never thought of doing anything else

but follow him. He thought he could climb up there and that settled it. He would do what he thought he could. And such climbing! There was never an instant when both feet and hands were not in play, and often elbows, knees, thighs, upper arms, and even chin must grip and hold.

My task was the lighter one; he did the head-work, I had but to imitate. The thin fragment of projecting slate that stood the weight of his one hundred and fifty pounds would surely sustain my hundred and thirty. As far as possible I did as he did, took his hand-holds, and stepped in his steps.

But I was handicapped in a way that Muir was ignorant of, and I would not tell him for fear of his veto upon my climbing. Ten years before I had been fond of breaking colts—till the colts broke me. On successive summers in West Virginia, two colts had fallen with me and dislocated first my left shoulder, then my right. Since that, both arms had been out of joint more than once. My left was especially weak. It would not sustain my weight, and I had to favor it constantly. Now and again, as I pulled myself up some difficult reach I would feel the head of the humerus move from its socket.

Muir climbed so fast that his movements were almost like flying, legs and arms moving with perfect precision and unfailing judgment. I must keep close behind him or I would fail to see his points of vantage. But the pace was a killing one for me. As we neared the summit my strength began to fail, my breath to come in gasps, my muscles to twitch. The overwhelming fear of losing sight of my guide, of being left behind and failing to see that sunset, grew upon me, and I hurled myself blindly at every fresh obstacle, determined to keep up. At length we climbed upon a little shelf, a foot or two wide, that corkscrewed to the left. Here we paused a moment to take

breath and look around us. We had ascended the cliff some nine hundred and fifty feet from a glacier, and were within forty or fifty feet of the top.

Among the much-prized gifts of this good world one of the very richest was given to me in that hour. It is securely locked in the safe of my memory and nobody can rob me of it—an imperishable treasure.

Striking boldly across our front was the deep valley of the Stickeen, a line of foliage, light green cottonwoods and darker alders, sprinkled with black fir and spruce, through which the river gleamed with a silvery sheen, now spreading wide among its islands, now foaming white through narrow canyons. Beyond, among the undulating hills, was a marvelous array of lakes. There must have been thirty or forty of them, from the pond of an acre to the wide sheet two or three miles across.

The strangely elongated and rounded hills had the appearance of giants in bed, wrapped in many-colored blankets, while the lakes were their deep, blue eyes, lashed with dark evergreens, gazing steadfastly heavenward.

Muir was the first to awake from his trance. Like Schiller's king in "The Diver," "Nothing could slake his wild thirst of desire."

"The sunset," he cried; "we must have the whole horizon."

Then he started running along the ledge like a mountain goat, working to get around the vertical cliff above us to find an ascent on the other side. He was soon out of sight, although I followed as fast as I could. I heard him shout something, but could not make out his words. I know now he was warning me of a dangerous place. Then I came to a sharp-cut fissure which lay across my path—a gash in the rock, as if one of the Cyclops had struck it with his axe. It sloped very steeply for some twelve feet below, opening on the face of the precipice above the

glacier, and was filled to within about four feet of the surface with flat, slaty gravel. It was only four or five feet across, and I could easily have leaped it had I not been so tired. But a rock the size of my head projected from the slippery stream of gravel. In my haste to overtake Muir, I did not stop to make sure this stone was a part of the cliff, but stepped with springing force upon it to cross the fissure. Instantly the stone melted away beneath my feet, and I shot with it down towards the precipice. With my peril sharp upon me, I cried out as I whirled on my face, and struck out both hands to grasp the rock on either side.

Falling forward hard, my hands struck the walls of the chasm, my arms were twisted behind me, and instantly both shoulders were dislocated. With my paralyzed arms flopping helplessly above my head, I slid swiftly down the narrow chasm. Instinctively I flattened down on the sliding gravel, digging my chin and toes into it to check my descent; but not until my feet hung out over the edge of the cliff did I feel that I had stopped. Even then I dared not breathe or stir, so precarious was my hold on that treacherous shale. Every moment I seemed to be slipping inch by inch to the point when all would give way and I would go whirling down to the glacier.

After the first wild moment of panic when I felt myself falling, I do not remember any sense of fear. But I know what it is to have a thousand thoughts flash through the brain in a single instant—an anguished thought of my young wife at Wrangell; an indignant thought of the insurance companies that refused me policies on my life; a thought of wonder as to what would become of my poor flocks of Indians among the islands; recollections of events far and near in time, important and trivial; but each thought printed upon my memory by the instantaneous photography of deadly peril. I had no hope of escape at

all. The gravel was rattling past me and piling up against my head. The jar of a little rock, and all would be over.

The situation was too desperate for actual fear. Dull wonder as to how long I would be in the air, and the hope that death would be instant—that was all. Then came the wish that Muir would come before I fell, and take a message to my wife.

Suddenly I heard his voice right above me. "Grab that rock, man, just by your right hand."

I gurgled from my throat, not daring to inflate my lungs, "My arms are out."

There was a pause. Then his voice rang out again, cheery, confident, unexcited:

"Hold fast; I'm going to get you out of this. I can't get to you on this side; the rock is sheer. I'll have to leave you now and cross the rift high up and come down to you on the other side by which we came. Keep cool."

Then I heard him going away, whistling "The Blue Bells of Scotland," singing snatches of Scotch songs, calling to me, his voice now receding, as the rocks intervened, then sounding louder as he came out on the face of the cliff. But in me hope surged at full tide. I entertained no more thoughts of last messages. I did not see how he could possibly do it, but he was John Muir, and I had seen his wonderful rock-work. So I determined not to fall and made myself as flat and heavy as possible, not daring to twitch a muscle or wink an eyelid, for I still felt myself slipping, slipping down the greasy slate. And now a new peril threatened. A chill ran through me of cold and nervousness, and I slid an inch. I suppressed the growing shivers with all my will. I would keep perfectly quiet until Muir came back. The sickening pain in my shoulders increased till it was torture, and I could not ease it.

It seemed like hours, but it was really only about ten minutes before he got back to me. By that time I hung so

far over the edge of the precipice that it seemed impossible that I could last another second. Now I heard Muir's voice, low and steady, close to me, and it seemed a little below.

"Hold steady," he said. "I'll have to swing you out over the cliff."

Then I felt a careful hand on my back, fumbling with the waistband of my pants, my vest and my shirt, gathering all in a firm grip. I could see only with one eye, and that looked upon but a foot or two of gravel on the other side.

"Now!" he said, and I slid out of the cleft with a rattling shower of stones and gravel. My head swung down, my impotent arms dangling, and I stared straight at the glacier, a thousand feet below. Then my feet came against the cliff.

"Work downwards with your feet."

I obeyed. He drew me close to him by crooking his arm and as my head came up past his level he caught me by the collar with his teeth! My feet struck the little two-inch shelf on which he was standing, and I could see Muir, flattened against the face of the rock and facing it, his right hand stretched up and clasping a little spur, his left holding me with an iron grip, his head bent sideways, as my weight drew it. I felt as alert and cool as he.

"I've got to let go of you," he hissed through his clenched teeth. "I need both hands here. Climb upward with your feet."

How he did it, I know not. The miracle grows as I ponder it. The wall was almost perpendicular and smooth. My weight on his jaws dragged him outwards. And yet, holding me by his teeth as a panther her cub and clinging like a squirrel to a tree, he climbed with me straight up ten or twelve feet, with only the help of my iron-shod feet scrambling on the rock. It was utterly impossible, yet he did it!

When he landed me on the little shelf along which we had come, my nerve gave way and I trembled all over. I sank down exhausted, Muir only less tired, but supporting me.

The sun had set; the air was icy cold and we had no coats. We would soon chill through. Muir's task of rescue had only begun and no time was to be lost. In a minute he was up again, examining my shoulders. The right one had an upward dislocation, the ball of the humerus resting on the process of the scapula, the rim of the cup. I told him how, and he soon snapped the bone into its socket. But the left was a harder proposition. The luxation was downward and forward, and the strong, nervous reaction of the muscles had pulled the head of the bone deep into my armpit. There was no room to work on that narrow ledge. All that could be done was to make a rude sling with one of my suspenders and our handkerchiefs, so as to both support the elbow and keep the arm from swinging.

Then came the task to get down that terrible wall to the glacier, by the only practicable way down the mountain that Muir, after a careful search, could find.

Again I am at loss to know how he accomplished it. For an unencumbered man to descend it in the deepening dusk was a most difficult task; but to get a tottery, nerve-shaken, pain-wracked cripple down was a feat of positive wonder.

My right arm, though in place, was almost helpless. I could only move my forearm; the muscles of the upper part simply refusing to obey my will. Muir would let himself down to a lower shelf, brace himself, and I would get my right hand against him, crawl my fingers over his shoulder until the arm hung in front of him, and falling against him would be eased down to his standing ground. Sometimes he would pack me a short distance on his back. Again, taking me by the wrist, he would swing me down

to a lower shelf, before descending himself. My right shoulder came out three times that night, and had to be reset.

It was dark when we reached the base; there was no moon and it was very cold. The glacier provided an operating table, and I lay on the ice for an hour while Muir, having slit the sleeve of my shirt to the collar, tugged and twisted at my left arm in a vain attempt to set it. But the ball was too deep in its false socket and all his pulling only bruised and made it swell. So he had to do up the arm again, and tie it tight to my body. It must have been near midnight when we left the foot of the cliff and started down the mountain.

We had ten hard miles to go, and no supper, for the hardtack had disappeared ere we were half-way up the mountain. Muir dared not take me across the glacier in the dark; I was too weak to jump the crevasses. So we skirted it and came, after a mile, to the head of a great slide of gravel, the fine moraine matter of the receding glacier. Muir sat down on the gravel. I sat against him with my feet on either side and my arm over his shoulder. Then he began to hitch and kick, and presently we were sliding at great speed in a cloud of dust. A full half-mile we flew, and were almost buried when we reached the bottom of the slide. It was the easiest part of our trip.

Now we found ourselves in the canyon, down which tumbled the glacial stream, and far beneath the ridge along which we had ascended. The sides of the canyon were sheer cliffs.

"We'll try it," said Muir. "Sometimes these canyons are passable."

But the way grew rougher as we descended. The rapids became falls and we often had to retrace our steps to find a way around them. After we reached the timber-line, some four miles from the summit, the going was still

harder, for we had a thicket of alders and willows to fight. Here Muir offered to make a fire and leave me while he went forward for assistance, but I refused.

"No," I said, "I'm going to make it to the boat."

All that night this man of steel and lightning worked, never resting a minute, doing the work of three men, helping me along the slopes, easing me down the rocks, pulling me up cliffs, dashing water on me when I grew faint with the pain; and always cheery, full of talk and anecdote, cracking jokes with me, infusing me with his own indomitable spirit. He was eyes, hands, feet, and heart to me—my caretaker, in whom I trusted absolutely. My eyes brim with tears even now when I think of his utter self-abandon as he ministered to my infirmities.

About four o'clock in the morning we came to a fall that we could not compass, sheer a hundred feet or more. So we had to attack the steep walls of the canyon. After a hard struggle we were on the mountain ridges again, traversing the flower pastures, creeping through openings in the brush, scrambling over the dwarf fir, then down through the fallen timber. It was half-past seven o'clock when we descended the last slope and found the path to Glenora.

—*S. Hall Young*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the story again, answer the following questions:

1. Describe John Muir as the author first saw him.
2. Name the changes that they found in the mountain as they climbed it. Which stages of the climb were the most difficult?
3. How did John Muir climb the mountain?
4. Why did the author have such difficulty in keeping up?
5. In your own words, describe the author's fall and how he was finally rescued.
6. Why did John Muir whistle as he started to rescue the author?

THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

WORDS TO LEARN

You cannot appreciate this selection unless you understand all the words. Some of the difficult ones are listed here, and can be found in **Words to Learn**. If there are others which you do not know look them up in your dictionary.

Haverford	secretary	international
Lusitania	dynamo	disaster
Titanic	regulation	C. Q. D.
S. O. S.	amidships	Frankfurt
Carpathia	list	Olympic
collapsible	awash	stoker
international	suction	Baltic
wrenched	appropriate	capacity
crisis	splutter	jolt

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

On Sunday night, April 14, 1912, the great passenger steamer *Titanic* while making a trip from Liverpool to New York struck an iceberg while going at full speed—and sank in only four hours.

There were twenty-two hundred passengers aboard and, only seven hundred were saved.

The following story tells of the confusion, suffering, and in many cases, tragic death of the passengers after the crash. Throughout the story of the disaster, however, you will find one bright spot, the courage of the men who did their duty, even in the face of almost certain death.

THE SINKING OF THE TITANIC

TO BEGIN at the beginning, I was born at Nunhead, England, twenty-two years ago, and joined the Marconi forces last July. I first worked on the *Haverford*, and then on the *Lusitania*. I joined the *Titanic* at Belfast.

I didn't have much to do aboard the *Titanic* except to relieve Phillips from midnight until some time in the morning when he should be through sleeping. On the night of the accident I was not sending, but was asleep.

I was due to be up and relieve Phillips earlier than usual. And that reminds me—if it hadn't been for a lucky thing, we never could have sent any call for help.

The lucky thing was that the wireless broke down early enough for us to fix it before the accident. We noticed something wrong on Sunday, and Phillips and I worked seven hours to find it. We found a "secretary" burned out, at last, and repaired it just a few hours before the iceberg was struck.

Phillips said to me as he took the night shift, "You turn in, boy, and get some sleep, and get up as soon as you can and give me a chance. I'm all done for."

There were three rooms in the wireless cabin. One was a sleeping room, one a dynamo room, and one an operating room. I took off my clothes and went to sleep in bed. Then I was conscious of waking up and hearing Phillips sending to Cape Race. I read what he was sending. It was traffic matter.

I remembered how tired he was, and I got out of bed without my clothes on to relieve him. I didn't even feel the shock. I hardly knew it had happened until the captain had come to us. There was no jolt whatever.

I was standing by Phillips, telling him to go to bed, when the captain put his head in the cabin.

"We've struck an iceberg," the captain said, "and I'm having an inspection made to tell what it has done for us. You'd better get ready to send out a call for assistance. But don't send it until I tell you."

The captain went away and in ten minutes, I should estimate the time, he came back. We could hear a terrible confusion outside, but there was not the least thing to indicate that there was any trouble. The wireless was working perfectly.

"Send the call for assistance," ordered the captain, barely putting his head in the door.

"What call should I send?" Phillips asked.

"The regulation international call for help. Just that."

Then the captain was gone. Phillips began to send "C Q D." He dashed away at it and we joked while he did so. All of us made light of the disaster.

We joked that way while he flashed signals for about five minutes. Then the captain came back.

"What are you sending?" he asked.

"C Q D," Phillips replied.

The humor of the situation appealed to me. I cut in with a little remark that made us all laugh, including the captain.

"Send 'S O S,' " I said. "It's the new call, and it may be your last chance to send it."

Phillips with a laugh changed the signal to "S O S." The captain told us we had been struck amidships, or just back of amidships. It was ten minutes, Phillips told me, after he had noticed the iceberg that the slight jolt that was the collision's only signal to us occurred. He thought we were a good distance away.

We said lots of funny things to each other in the next few minutes. We picked up first the steamship *Frankfurt*. We gave her our position and said we had struck an iceberg and needed assistance. The *Frankfurt* operator went away to tell his captain.

He came back, and we told him we were sinking by the head. By that time we could observe a distinct list forward.

The *Carpathia* answered our signal. We told her our position and said we were sinking by the head. The operator went to tell the captain, and in five minutes returned and told us that the captain of the *Carpathia* was putting about and heading for us.

Our captain had left us at this time and Phillips told me to run and tell him what the *Carpathia* had answered.

I did so, and I went through an awful mass of people to his cabin. The decks were full of scrambling men and women. I saw no fighting but I heard tell of it.

I came back and heard Phillips giving the *Carpathia* fuller directions. Phillips told me to put on my clothes. Until that moment I forgot that I was not dressed. I went to my cabin and dressed. I brought an overcoat to Phillips. It was very cold. I slipped the overcoat on him while he worked.

Every few minutes Phillips would send me to the captain with little messages. They were merely telling how the *Carpathia* was coming our way, and gave her speed.

I noticed as I came back from one trip that they were putting off women and children in lifeboats. I noticed that the list forward was increasing.

Phillips told me the wireless was growing weaker. The captain came and told us our engine rooms were taking water and that the dynamos might not last much longer. We sent that word to the *Carpathia*.

I went out on deck and looked around. The water was pretty close up to the boat deck. There was a great scramble aft; how poor Phillips worked through it I don't know.

He was a brave man. I learned to love him that night, and I suddenly felt for him a great reverence to see him standing there, sticking to his work while everybody else was raging about. I will never live to forget the work of Phillips for the last awful fifteen minutes.

I thought it was about time to look about and see if there was anything detached that would float. I remembered that every member of the crew had a special life belt and ought to know where it was. I remembered mine was under my bunk. I went and got it. Then I thought how cold the water was.

I remembered I had some boots, and I put those on, and an extra jacket, and I put that on. I saw Phillips standing

out there still sending away, giving the *Carpathia* details of just how we were doing.

We picked up the *Olympic* and told her we were sinking by the head and were about all down. As Phillips was sending the message I strapped his life belt to his back. I had already put on his overcoat.

I wondered if I could get him into his boots. He suggested with a sort of laugh that I look out and see if all the people were off in the boats, or if any boats were left, or how things were.

I saw a collapsible boat near a funnel and went over to it. Twelve men were trying to boost it down to the boat deck. They were having an awful time. It was the last boat left. I looked at it longingly a few minutes. Then I gave them a hand, and over she went. They all started to scramble in on the boat deck, and I walked back to Phillips. I said the last raft had gone.

Then came the captain's voice: "Men, you have done your full duty. You can do no more. Abandon your cabin. Now it's every man for himself. You look out for yourselves. I release you. That's the way of it at this kind of a time. Every man for himself."

I looked out. The boat deck was awash. Phillips clung on, sending and sending. He clung on for about ten minutes, or maybe fifteen minutes, after the captain had released him. The water was then coming into our cabin.

While he worked something happened I hate to tell about. I was back in my room getting Phillips's money for him, and as I looked out the door I saw a stoker, or somebody from below decks, leaning over Phillips from behind. He was too busy to notice what the man was doing. The man was slipping the life belt off Phillips's back.

He was a big man, too. As you can see, I am very small. I don't know what it was I got hold of. I remembered in

a flash the way Phillips had clung on—how I had to fix that life belt in place because he was too busy to do it.

I knew that man from below decks had his own life belt and should have known where to get it.

I suddenly felt a passion not to let that man die a decent sailor's death. I wished he might have stretched rope or walked a plank. I did my duty. I hope I finished him. I don't know. We left him on the cabin floor of the wireless room, and he was not moving.

From aft came the tunes of the band. It was a ragtime tune, I don't know what. Then there was *Autumn*. Phillips ran aft, and that was the last I saw him alive.

I went to the place I had seen the collapsible boat on the boat deck, and to my surprise I saw the boat, and the men still trying to push it off. I guess there wasn't a sailor in the crowd. They couldn't do it. I went up to them and was just lending a hand when a large wave came awash of the deck.

The big wave carried the boat off. I had hold of an oarlock, and I went off with it. The next I knew I was in the boat.

But that was not all. I was in the boat, and the boat was upside down, and I was under it. And I remember realizing that I was wet through, and that whatever happened I must not breathe, for I was under water.

I knew I had to fight for it and I did. How I got from under the boat I do not know, but I felt a breath of air at last.

There were men all around me—hundreds of them. The sea was dotted with them, all depending on their life belts. I felt I simply had to get away from the ship. She was a beautiful sight then.

Smoke and sparks were rushing out of her funnel. There must have been an explosion, but we had heard none. We only saw the big stream of sparks. The ship

was gradually turning on her nose—just like a duck does that goes down for a dive. I had only one thing on my mind—to get away from the suction. The band was still playing. I guess all of the band went down.

They were playing *Autumn* then. I swam with all my might. I suppose I was one hundred and fifty feet away when the *Titanic*, on her nose, with her after quarter sticking straight up in the air, began to settle—slowly.

When at last the waves washed over her rudder there wasn't the least bit of suction I could feel. She must have kept going just as slowly as she had been.

I forgot to mention that, beside the *Olympic* and *Carpathia*, we spoke some German boat, but I don't know which, and told them how we were. We also spoke the *Baltic*. I remembered those things as I began to figure what ships would be coming toward us.

I felt, after a little while, like sinking. I was very cold. I saw a boat of some kind near me and put all my strength into an effort to swim to it. It was hard work. I was all done when a hand reached out from the boat and pulled me aboard. It was our same collapsible. The same crowd was on it.

There was just room for me to roll on the edge. I lay there, not caring what happened. Somebody sat on my legs. They were wedged in between slats and were being wrenched. I had not the heart to ask the man to move. It was a terrible sight—men swimming and sinking.

I lay where I was, letting the man wrench my feet out of shape. Others came near. Nobody gave them a hand. The bottom-up boat already had more men than it would hold and it was sinking.

At first the larger waves splashed over my clothing. Then they began to splash over my head, and I had to breathe when I could.

As we floated around on our capsized boat, and I kept

straining my eyes for a ship's light, somebody said, "Don't the rest of you think we ought to pray?" The man who made the suggestion asked what the religion of the others was. Each man called out his religion. One was a Catholic, one a Methodist, one a Presbyterian.

It was decided the most appropriate prayer for all was the Lord's Prayer. We spoke it over in chorus, with the man who first suggested that we pray as the leader.

Some splendid people saved us. They had a right-side-up boat, and it was full to capacity. Yet they came to us and loaded us all into it. I saw some lights off in the distance and knew a steamship was coming to our aid.

I didn't care what happened. I just lay and gasped when I could and felt the pain in my feet. At last the *Carpathia* was alongside and the people were being taken up a rope ladder. Our boat drew near and one by one the men were taken off it.

One man was dead. I passed him and went to the ladder, although my feet pained terribly. The dead man was Phillips. He had died on the raft from exposure and cold, I guess. He had been all in from work before the wreck came. He stood his ground until the crisis had passed, and then he had collapsed, I guess.

But I hardly thought that then. I didn't think much of anything. I tried the rope ladder. My feet pained terribly, but I got to the top and felt hands reaching out to me. The next I knew a woman was leaning over me in a cabin and I felt her hand waving back my hair and rubbing my face.

I felt somebody at my feet and felt the warmth of a jolt of liquor. Somebody got me under the arms. Then I was hustled down below to the hospital. That was early in the day, I guess. I lay in the hospital until near night, and they told me the *Carpathia's* wireless man was getting "queer," and would I help.

After that I never was out of the wireless room, so I don't know what happened among the passengers. I saw nothing of Mrs. Astor or any of them. I just worked wireless. The splutter never died down. I knew it soothed the hurt and felt like a tie to the world of friends and home.

—*Harold Bride*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Write a short paragraph telling the kind of man you think Phillips was.
 2. In which part of this story were you most interested? Give reasons for your answer.
 3. Divide the story into three parts.
 - a. Life on shipboard before the disaster.
 - b. The collision.
 - c. The rescue.
- Plan three or more sub-headings for each part, and write them in.
4. Open your book, see if you have omitted any particularly interesting phase of the story, and write it in.
 5. Using this outline, tell the story orally.

WANTED

God give us men! The time demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and willing hands:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And face his treacherous flatteries without winking,
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking.

—*J. G. Holland*

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The habit of remembering is as important as the habit of investigating."

Now that you have finished reading Part Three test yourself to see how well you remember what you have read.

In the opening section a famous American author told about a "Battle of the Ants," and a famous English author told of the "Sagacity of a Spider." Do you remember the essential facts of these two selections and the name of the author of each? Does what you remember of this section make you want to know more of the wonders and beauties of Nature?

The next section was full of the "Spirit of Adventure." There was the story of the taming of a wild horse, an exciting adventure with a bear, an account of the tragic sinking of the *Titanic*, when it struck an iceberg on the Newfoundland banks, and the story of climbing a mountain with John Muir the great naturalist. Test yourself to see how well you remember these four thrilling stories by telling them in your own words, emphasizing the incidents that impressed you most. If you should someday have an adventure such as these, would you be prepared to meet it as bravely as these men did?

You will probably find it easy to keep in mind the following central thoughts of Part Three—1. The wonder and the beauty that lie all about us in Nature. 2. The courage it takes to meet danger in a great adventure, or to face death calmly.

More About "The Great Out-Doors"

The Great Out-Doors is a place of action, of adventure and of freedom. The more we live in the open, and study Nature at first hand, the healthier, wiser and happier we will be. After reading the stories in this section you will want to read all of these books, which tell you more of the Great Out-Doors.

1. "Stickeen" (A dog story), by John Muir. 2. "Our National Parks," by John Muir. 3. "Daniel Boone," by J. S. C. Abbott. 4. "Adventures in Alaska," by S. Hall Young. 5. "Alaska Days with John Muir," by S. Hall Young. 6. "How to Train Wild Animals," by F. C. Bostock. 7. "Freckles," by Gene Straton Porter. 8. "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt," by John Burroughs.

PART FOUR

LITERATURE OF THE IMAGINATION

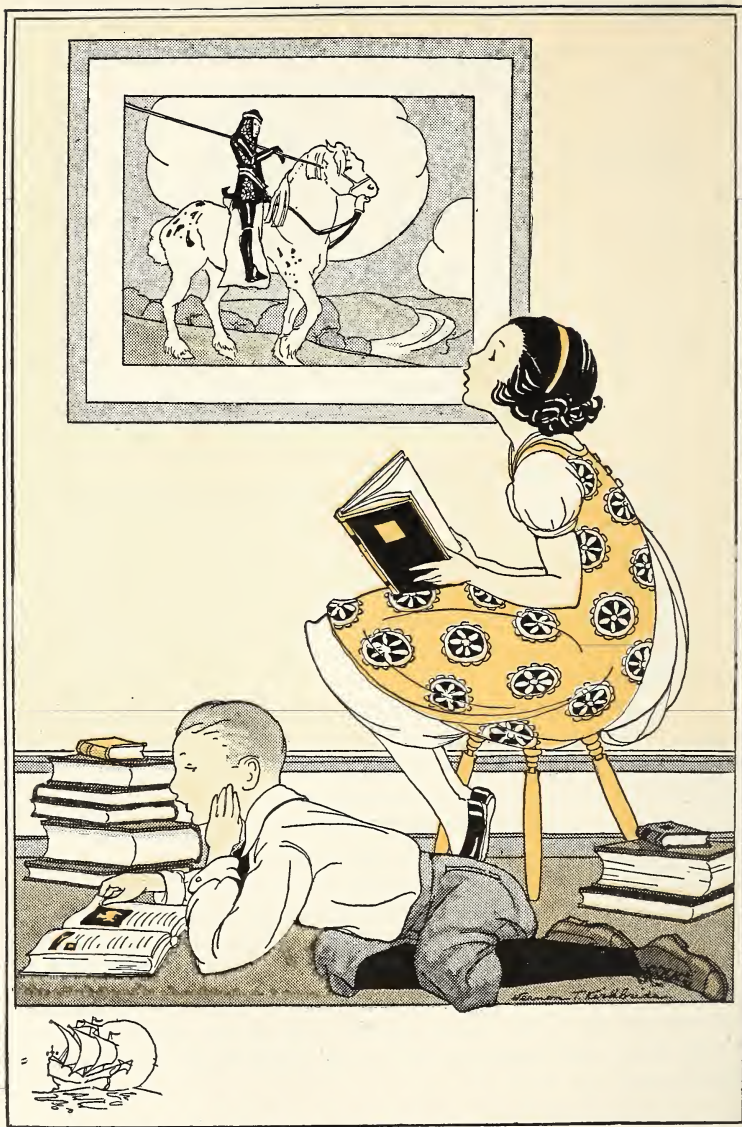
Ideals That Inspire

HAVE you ever stopped to think what your life would be, and what the world would be, without the play of the imagination? Of all the gifts of God to man, this is one of the divinest. Without it mankind and all the world would have stood still.

Imagination has been the Torch which has gone before the progress of the world. It has inspired heroes, and poets and painters. It has conceived and built all the great towers and bridges and canals of the world. It has forever dreamed of a better and less selfish world, a world of human brotherhood. Man is the only animal endowed with imagination and if we fail to use it we live in a world of things, devoid of beauty and spiritual values.

It is sometimes said that ideals are impractical. As a matter of fact ideals are the most real things in this world. They last longer, they influence more people, they make for better living, and are the basis—the very foundation of our developing civilization. If a man wishes to be really practical he will invest his life where it will render the largest and longest service. Most of the monuments and statues in the world have been raised to men who were inspired to great deeds by lofty ideals.

In this Section you will find some of the choicest selections from the literature of the imagination—both in prose and verse. There is inspiration in “The Thinker” by Berton Braley, brotherhood in “The House by the Side of the Road” by Sam Walter Foss, and beauty in the “Great Stone Face” by Nathaniel Hawthorne.



*"There is no frigate like a book to take us leagues away,
No courser like a page of prancing poetry."*



INSPIRATIONAL LITERATURE

The Central Thought

The reading of a single book or a single poem has changed the life of many a boy and girl and many a man and woman. There is something magical in the power of a great thought to stir ambition and inspire to lofty action. Every boy and every girl should seek the inspiration of great thoughts and the uplift of noble ideals, if they hope to become the kind of men and women of whom America will be proud. The companionship of a good book is better than the company of a thousand men.

THE HERITAGE

WORDS TO LEARN

Before reading the poem be sure you know the meaning and pronunciation of the following words, which can be found in **Words to Learn**.

inherits
heritage
fee
fare

sated
hinds
sinewy
hardy

adjudged
benign
heirship
merit

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

James Russell Lowell was one of our great essayists, but he also wrote many beautiful poems. He was a great believer in the brotherhood of man and the principles of democracy, and felt that each one had a certain duty toward his fellow men.

In this poem he draws a sharp contrast between the heritage of two boys—one the son of wealth; the other of poverty. As you read the poem, notice how sure the author feels that each one of us has a chance to make his or her mark in the world.

THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And make rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,

Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring again to the poem, answer the first five questions:

1. What disadvantages often come to a boy who inherits riches?
2. What responsibilities go with wealth?
3. What heritage does a poor boy gain?
4. In what way are the rich and the poor alike?
5. How should one prove title to his heirship?
6. Explain: "King of two hands;" "a rank adjudged by toil-worn merit;" "a breath may burst his bubble shares."

SOMEBODY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE

WORDS TO LEARN

If you do not know the pronunciation and meaning of these words refer to **Words to Learn**.

prophecy

assail

buckle

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This poem has such a message of cheer and helpful assurance that it has been illuminated, framed, and widely used as a "gift motto."

You can read it without difficulty, for Mr. Guest uses the language you use in the classroom or on the playground. But can you remember his message and make use of it in your lessons, in your home and in your sports? It is doing the things that people said could not be done that has made thousands of boys and girls successful men and women.

It is great fun. Try it!

SOMEBODY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE

SOMEBODY said it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
He waded right in with a trace of a grin
On his face—if he worried he hid it,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody said, "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat
And the first thing we knew, he'd begun it.
With a lift of the chin and a bit of a grin
Without any doubting or "quit it,"
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophecy failure,
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one;
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a lift of the chin,
Take off your coat and go to it,
Starting to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done—and you'll do it.

—Edgar A. Guest

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the poem answer the first question.

1. Tell the **spirit** in which Mr. Guest urges us to approach our tasks?
2. What is the difference between the first two stanzas and the last?
3. Memorize the entire poem.

STEP BY STEP

(*Gradatim*)

WORDS TO LEARN

Before reading this poem be able to explain the meaning of each of the following words. You will find then in **Words to Learn**.

vaulted
summit
deposed
sapphire

passion
vanquished
aspire
recall

resolve
sordid
sensual
sod

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Undoubtedly you would like to become a great athlete, a prominent statesman, a famous soldier, or a great writer but there are many steps to be taken, one by one, before the goal is achieved. Many steps may be painful and very often you may seem to be only "marking time," but remember "the longer the road, the higher the top." As you read the poem, see if you can find a deeper meaning between the lines.

STEP BY STEP

H EAVEN is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,

But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dream departs, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound:
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—*J. G. Holland*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Why do you suppose Mr. Holland had the first and last stanzas the same?
2. Select the stanza which has the message that interests you most.
3. Write a short paragraph telling in your own words what the poem is about.
4. Read these paragraphs in class and see which "interpretation" the class thinks is most complete.

THE BUILDERS

WORDS TO LEARN

In order to appreciate this poem you must know the meanings of the words in it. Those listed here can be found in **Words to Learn**.

architects

massive

ornaments

structure

ample

ascending

turrets

boundless

attain

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Perhaps you have watched the building of some large brick or stone structure. If so, you have noticed how carefully each corner stone is laid, then how accurately each brick is placed one upon another, so that when the tall wall is completed it will be perfectly "true."

Mr. Longfellow makes a plea for us to build our lives just as carefully, and reminds us that "our todays and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build"—and that a lifetime is given us to complete the structure.

THE BUILDERS

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rime.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen,

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Stumble as they seek to climb.
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build today, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure
Shall tomorrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Select the stanza in the poem that contains the greatest inspiration for you. Give your reasons for your choice.
2. Who are the "architects" referred to in this poem? What are the materials used?

3. What is the reward for building "strong and sure."
4. Write a paragraph of at least twenty lines telling what you think Mr. Longfellow would want you to remember after you have finished studying his poem.

OPPORTUNITY

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day—
At sunrise every soul is born again!

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous Retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell;
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

—Walter Malone

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

WORDS TO LEARN

You cannot enjoy this poem unless you understand the meaning of each word. Those listed here are given in **Words to Learn**.

hermit
firmament
ardor

pioneer
blaze
infinite

scorner
cynic
self-content

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This poem breathes a spirit of friendliness and brotherhood that has made it famous. It is simple and direct, and makes a strong appeal to the universal human heart. We can all understand it.

As you read it try to see the different word pictures the poet paints. Remember that if you choose to do so, you too can live in a "house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

THERE are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife,
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead,
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
And still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
It's here the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

—*Sam Walter Foss*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the poem, answer the following questions:

1. Why does the author want to live "by the side of the road"?
2. Where else might he live?
3. Tell in your own words what he sees.
4. Commit the entire poem to memory, and recite it.



GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

The Central Thought

One of the secrets of getting on in the world is the acquiring of right habits. Parents and teachers can help in their formation, but it is really up to each boy and each girl. Not until he **takes command** of his life and by self-discipline and self-control forms right habits of thinking, working and living can he hope to make the most of himself. The way other people have succeeded will help us in getting on in the world—if we will profit by their experience.

JUST A JOB

WORDS TO LEARN

These words must be known before you can understand this poem. You will find them in **Words to Learn**.

goal
loom
drudgery

gaudy
sullenly
circumstance

confined
grim
dreariness

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

“A job, or a golden chance?”—that question demands an answer from each one of us every day of our lives. Will we go on doing what we did yesterday and the day before yesterday, or will we make the tasks of today stepping-stones to the success of tomorrow.

All the great leaders in the fields of business, statesmanship and finance have had a “greater goal in view” as they did each day’s work. They struggled hard against all difficulties to “make tomorrow better than today.” Of such stuff is Success made.

Read this poem thoughtfully to get its message **to you**. And, as you do your work from day to day, ask yourself the question that the poet asks you: “Is it just a job, or a golden chance?”

JUST A JOB

IS IT just a job that is yours to hold,
A task that offers you so much gold,
Just so much work that is yours to do,
With never a greater goal in view?
What do you see, at your desk or loom,
Or the spot you fill in life's busy room,
Merely a flickering lamp that burns
With a sickly light as the mill-wheel turns,
And the same old grind in the same old ways,
With all the to-morrows like yesterdays?

Is it just a job, just a task to do,
So many pieces to build anew?
So many figures to add, and then
Home for awhile and back again?
Are you just a clerk in a gaudy shop,
Pleased when a customer fails to stop,
Finding no joy in the things you sell,
Sullenly waiting the quitting-bell?
Are your thoughts confined to the narrow space
And the dreariness of your present place?

Is it just a job, or a golden chance?
The first grim post of a fine advance,
The starting place on the road which leads
To the better joys and the bigger deeds?
Do your thoughts go out to the days to be,
Can your eyes look over the drudgery
And see in the distance the splendid flow
Of the broader life that you, too, may know?
What is your view of your circumstance:
Is it just a job or a golden chance?

—*Edgar A. Guest*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. State in your own words the lesson of this poem.
2. How would the lesson help to make a man or woman successful in life?
3. Explain how each small task may be a stepping-stone to greater work.

STAND ON YOUR OWN FOOTING

WORDS TO LEARN

Can you pronounce and explain the meaning of all the words in this list. If not look them up in **Words to Learn**.

nobility	acquisition	indolence
adverse	sagacity	incentive
goad	stamina	dissipated
accessible	lethargy	unsullied
capsized	depression	endeavor
Croesus	macadamized	artificer

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The following article is really a collection of short narratives illustrating in different ways the need and value of "standing on your own feet."

This article is taken from a book "Pushing to the Front," by Orison Swett Marden, of which nearly a million copies have been sold. Theodore Roosevelt said it should be read by every boy and girl in America.

As you read this article look for the central thought which these various incidents illustrate.

STAND ON YOUR OWN FOOTING

IT IS not the men who have inherited most, except it be in nobility of soul and purpose, who have risen highest; but rather the men with "no start" who have won fortunes, and have made adverse circumstances a spur to goad them up the steep mount, where

"Fame's proud temple shines afar."

To such men, every possible goal is accessible, and honest ambition has no height that genius or talent may tread, which has not felt the impress of their feet.

You may leave your millions to your son, but have you really given him anything? You cannot transfer the discipline, the experience, the power, which the acquisition has given you; you cannot transfer the delight of achieving, the joy felt only in growth, the pride of acquisition, the character which trained habits of accuracy, method, promptness, patience, dispatch, honesty of dealing, politeness of manner have developed. You cannot transfer the skill, sagacity, prudence, foresight, which lie concealed in your wealth. It meant a great deal for you, but means nothing to your heir. In climbing to your fortune, you developed the muscle, stamina, and strength which enabled you to maintain your lofty position; to keep your millions intact.

You had the power which comes only from experience, and which alone enables you to stand firm on your dizzy height. Your fortune was experience to you, joy, growth, discipline, and character; to him it will be a temptation, an anxiety, which will probably dwarf him. It was wings to you, it will be a dead weight to him. To you it was education and expansion of your highest powers; to him it may mean inaction, lethargy, indolence, weakness, ignorance. You have taken the priceless spur—necessity—away from him, the spur which has goaded men to nearly all the great achievements in the history of the world.

You thought it a kindness to deprive yourself in order that your son might begin where you left off. You thought to spare him the drudgery, the hardships, the deprivation, the lack of opportunities, the meager education, which you had on the old farm. But you have put a crutch into his hand instead of a staff; you have taken away from him the incentive to self-development, to self-elevation, to self-

discipline and self-help, without which no real success, no real happiness, no great character is ever possible. His enthusiasm will evaporate, his energy will be dissipated, his ambition, not being stimulated by the struggle for self-elevation, will gradually die away. If you do everything for your son and fight his battles for him, you will have a weakling on your hands at twenty-one.

"My life is a wreck," said the dying Cyrus W. Field, "my fortune gone, my home dishonored. Oh, I was so unkind to Edward when I thought I was being kind. If I had only had firmness enough to compel my boys to earn their living, then they would have known the meaning of money."

His table was covered with medals and certificates of honor from many nations, in recognition of his great work for civilization in mooring two continents side by side in thought, of the fame he had won and could never lose. But grief shook the sands of life as he thought only of the son who had brought disgrace upon a name before unsullied; the wounds were sharper than those of a serpent's tooth.

During the great financial crisis of 1857, Maria Mitchell, who was visiting England, asked an English lady what became of daughters when no property was left them.

"They live on their brothers," was the reply.

"But what becomes of the American daughters," asked the English lady, "when there is no money left?"

"They earn it," was Miss Mitchell's reply.

Men who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsized turtles, or unhorsed men in armor. Many a frontier boy has succeeded beyond all his expectations simply because all props were early knocked

out from under him and he was obliged to stand upon his own feet.

"A man's best friends are his ten fingers," said Robert Collyer, who brought his wife to America in the steerage.

There is no manhood mill which takes in boys and turns out men. What you call "no chance" may be your only chance. Don't wait for your place to be made for you; make it yourself. Don't wait for somebody to give you a lift; lift yourself. Henry Ward Beecher did not wait for a call to a big church with a large salary. He accepted the first pastorate offered him, in the little town of Lawrenceburg, Indiana. He became literally the light of the church, for he trimmed the lamps, kindled the fires, swept the rooms and rang the bell. His salary was only about two hundred dollars a year, but he knew that a fine church and great salary cannot make a great man. It was work and opportunity that he wanted. He felt that if there were anything in him work would bring it out.

When Beethoven was examining the work of Moscheles, he found written at the end, "Finis, with God's help." He wrote under it "Man, help yourself."

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At length, approaching a basket filled with fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I would be happy. I could sell them and buy food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the fish snapped greedily at the hook, and he

lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in. When the owner returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the youth, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need to waste no time in foolish wishing but cast a line for yourself."

A white squall caught a party of tourists on a lake in Scotland, and threatened to capsize the boat. When it seemed that the crisis had really come, the largest and strongest man in the party, in a state of intense fear, said, "Let us pray."

"No, no, my man," shouted the bluff old boatman; "let the little man pray. You take an oar."

The grandest fortunes ever accumulated or possessed on earth were and are the fruit of endeavor that had no capital to begin with save energy, intellect, and the will. From Croesus down to Rockefeller the story is the same, not only in the getting of wealth, but also in the acquirement of eminence; those men have won most who relied most upon themselves.

"The male inhabitants in the Township of Loaferdom, in the County of Hatework," said a printer's squib, "found themselves laboring under great inconvenience for want of an easily traveled road between Poverty and Independence. They therefore petitioned the Powers that be to levy a tax upon the property of the entire county for the purpose of laying out a macadamized highway, broad and smooth, and all the way down hill to the latter place."

"Every one is the artificer of his own fortune," said Sallust.

Man is not merely the architect of his own fate, but he must lay the bricks himself. Bayard Taylor, at twenty-three, wrote: "I will become the sculptor of my own

mind's statue." His biography shows how often the chisel and hammer were in his hands to shape himself into his ideal.

Labor is the only legal tender in the world to true success. The gods sell everything for that, nothing without it. You will never find success "marked down." The door to the temple of success is never left open. Every one who enters makes his own door, which closes behind him to all others.

—*Orison Swett Marden*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Answer the first three questions without referring to the book:

1. Write a short paragraph telling why Mr. Marden thinks that all should stand on their own feet.

2. Retell in your own words the one incident that you think most truly proves the point of the selection.

3. Illustrate "standing on your own feet" by one of your own experiences. (Perhaps you had help with your Arithmetic problems when it would have been better if you had done them yourself.)

4. Look up in an encyclopedia and write a short article on any two of the following: Cyrus W. Field, Maria Mitchell, Robert Collyer, Henry Ward Beecher, Beethoven, Moscheles, Sallust, Bayard Taylor. Read these reports in class, so all may have a definite idea of who each person was.

SAM PASCO AND NAPOLEON

WORDS TO LEARN

A knowledge of the meaning of the following words is necessary before you can read this selection intelligently. Look up those which you do not know in Words to Learn.

dandled
puppets
phantom

usurped
meads
Austerlitz

battailous
campaigning
solitudes

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Napoleon will long be remembered as one of the leading characters of the world's history. In this poem Sam Pasco, an unknown

farmer, is compared with Napoleon to the disadvantage of Napoleon!

As you read this poem, notice the reasons which the author gives for considering Sam Pasco of "equal size" with Napoleon.

SAM PASCO AND NAPOLEON

NAPOLEON took Europe and tossed down toppling
 thrones,
And strewed its ghastly hillsides with white and
bleaching bones;
And dandled kings like puppets and made his world uproar,
And played his battailous music, passed, and was heard no
more.

Sam Pasco took a run-down farm, a run-down farm, alas!
Where stretched unbroken solitudes between each spear of
grass,

And moss usurped its hillsides and flags usurped its meads,
And both its hills and meadows were a tragedy of weeds.

Sam Pasco's hard campaigning! Long waged the stubborn
fray;

And Sam grew bowed and battered, and Sam grew seamed
and gray;

But those bald hills grew green with grass, and apple-
blossoms fair

Stormed, as with storms of winter, the fragrant summer
air.

Napoleon took Europe and played his mighty game,
And sowed its fields with corpses and wrapped its towns
in flame.

Sam Pasco took his run-down farm and greened its moss-
gray soil,

And one small plot of this wide earth was fairer through
his toil.

Sam Pasco and Napoleon! Wide are the midnight skies.
And in the wideness of the world men seem of equal size;
And from some star may each look down, each stretch his
phantom arm,

Napoleon toward Austerlitz, Sam Pasco toward his farm.

—*Sam Walter Foss*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Napoleon destroyed wealth; Sam Pasco created it. Which in your opinion was the greater man?
2. Find the stanza in which you are told of Sam Pasco's "campaign."
3. Tell what you think the last stanza means.
4. Do you agree with the author's high opinion of Sam Pasco? Give your reasons.

GET OUT OR GET IN LINE

WORDS TO LEARN

Can you give the meaning and pronunciation of the following words? If not, look them up in **Words to Learn**.

index	infinite	cerebral
frankness	waives	elephantiasis
diplomacy	deference	indispensable
thwarted	meritorious	dictator
vigilance	carping	vilified
contumely	resentment	dissension
curmudgeon	preposterous	disparage
tendrils	superseded	railed

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

We are all a little inclined to criticize the "other fellow," especially if he is a little above us, whether at school, in the business world, or in social life.

If there is something that you feel you can do better than someone else has done; do it. If you cannot do a thing better than someone else has done it, do not criticize. There are many difficulties

that may have stood in the way of the "other fellow" which you do not know about. Try to feel that the "other fellow" did his best, and give him credit for his effort. Be a helper not a knocker.

GET IN LINE OR GET OUT

IF all the letters, messages, and speeches of Lincoln were destroyed except that one letter to Hooker, we should still have a good index to the heart of "The Rail-splitter."

In this letter we see that Lincoln ruled his own spirit; and we also behold the fact that he could rule others. The letter shows frankness, kindness, wit, tact, wise diplomacy, and infinite patience.

Hooker had harshly and unjustly criticized Lincoln, his commander-in-chief, and he had embarrassed Burnside, his ranking officer. But Lincoln waives all this in deference to the virtues that he believes Hooker possesses, and promotes him to succeed Burnside. In other words, the man who had been wronged promotes the man who had wronged him over the head of a man whom the promotee had wronged and for whom the promoter had a warm personal friendship.

But all personal considerations were sunk in view of the end desired. Yet it was necessary that the man promoted should know the truth, and Lincoln told it to him in a way that did not humiliate nor fire to foolish anger, but which certainly prevented the attack of cerebral elephantiasis to which Hooker was liable.

Perhaps we had better give the letter entire, and so here it is:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, January 26, 1863.
Major-General Hooker:
General:—

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me

to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.

I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right.

You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not indispensable, quality.

You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer.

I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it. And now beware of rashness; beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. Lincoln"

One point in this letter is especially worth our consideration, for it suggests a condition that springs up like

deadly nightshade from a poisonous soil. I refer to the habit of sneering, carping, grumbling at, and criticizing those who are above us.

The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticized, vilified, and misunderstood. This is a part of the penalty for greatness and every great man understands it; and understands, too, that it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment. Lincoln did not resent criticism; he knew that every life must be its own excuse for being; but look how he calls Hooker's attention to the fact that the dissension Hooker has sown is going to return and plague him! "Neither you nor Napoleon, were he alive, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it." Hooker's fault falls on Hooker—others suffer, but Hooker suffers most of all.

Not long ago I met a college student, home on a vacation. I am sure he did not represent the true college spirit, for he was full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution. The president of the college came in for his share, and I was supplied items, facts, data, with times and places, for a "peach of a roast."

Very soon I saw the trouble was not with the college, the trouble was with the young man. He had mentally dwelt on some trivial slights until he had to go so out of harmony with the institution that he had lost the power to derive any benefit from it. No college is a perfect institution—a fact, I suppose, that most college presidents and college men are quite willing to admit; but a college does supply certain advantages, and it depends upon the students whether they will avail themselves of these advantages or not.

If you are a student in a college, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the in-

stitution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers—they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can. Mind your own business.

If the concern where you are employed is all wrong, and the Old Man is a curmudgeon, it may be well for you to go to the Old Man and confidentially, quietly, and kindly tell him that he is a curmudgeon. Explain to him that his policy is absurd and preposterous. Then show him how to reform his ways, and you might offer to take charge of the concern and cleanse it of its secret faults.

Do this, or if for any reason you should prefer not, then take your choice of these: Get Out or Get in Line. You have got to do one or the other—now make your choice. If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him!

If he pays you wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him—speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him; I would not work for him a part of the time, and the rest of the time work against him. I would give an undivided service or none. If put to the pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, kick to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part you disparage yourself.

More than that, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the bliz-

zard's track—and probably you will never know why. The letter only says "Times are dull and we regret there is not enough work," et cetera.

Everywhere you find those out-of-a-job fellows. Talk with them and you will find that they are full of railing, bitterness, and condemnation. That was the trouble—through a spirit of faultfinding they got themselves swung around so they blocked the channel and had to be dynamited. They are out of harmony with the concern, and no longer being a help they had to be removed.

Every employer is constantly looking for people who can help him; naturally he is on the lookout among his employees for those who do not help, and everything and everybody that is a hindrance has to go. This is the law of trade—do not find fault with it; it is founded on nature. The reward is only for the man that helps, and in order to help, you must have sympathy.

You cannot help the Old Man so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude, that he is a curmudgeon and his system dead wrong. You are not necessarily menacing him by stirring up discontent and warming envy into strife, but you are doing this: You are getting yourself upon a well-greased chute that will give you a quick ride down and out.

When you say to other employees that the Old Man is a curmudgeon, you reveal the fact that you are one; and when you tell that the policy of the institution is "rotten," you surely show that yours is.

Hooker got his promotion even in spite of his failings; but the chances are that your employers does not have the love that Lincoln had—the love that suffereth long and is kind. But even Lincoln could not protect Hooker forever, Hooker failed to do the work, and Lincoln had to try some one else. So there came a time when Hooker was super-

seded by a Silent Man, who criticized no one, railed at nobody—not even the enemy. And this Silent Man, who ruled his own spirit, took the cities. He minded his own business and did the work that no man ever can do unless he gives absolute loyalty, perfect confidence, and untiring devotion.

Let us mind our own business and work for self by working for the good of all.

—*Elbert Hubbard*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Tell in your own words the story of the incident between Lincoln and Hooker.
2. What quality of Lincoln's character dictated the spirit of the letter to Hooker?
3. What instances does the author give of criticism that was not wisely given?
4. What paragraph best brings out the meaning of the entire selection?
5. Was the title for this selection well chosen? Why?
6. What does the author give as a reason why one should be loyal? What is a higher reason?

THE THINKER

WORDS TO LEARN

If there are any words in this list with which you are not familiar, look them up in Words to Learn.

wrought

drudge

cranes

clamor

fret

stress

disaster

saber

tinker

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The following poem is a ringing call for more "thinkers" and "dreamers" in the whirring world of industry. As you read it, notice why the need is so great—and what the reward is.

The heading of this section shows a drawing of a famous statue called "The Thinker," by the great French sculptor Rodin.

THE THINKER

BACK of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought;
The thought that is ever Master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!
The drudge may fret and tinker,
Or labor with lusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole
Must go the brains of labor
Which gives the work a soul.
Back of the motor's humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammer's drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the Eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!
Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the Dreamer,
Who's making the dream come true!

—*Berton Braley*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to your book, answer the first two questions:

1. In this poem the Thinker and the Dreamer "are making the dream come true." Explain how.
2. Write a short paragraph giving your idea of the central thought of the poem.
3. Find the stanza in which there is a tribute paid to the might of labor.
4. With your book open, write a brief description of one of the many word pictures found in each stanza.
5. Show how this entire poem is a plea for co-operation.

LOOK AT THE FISH AGAIN!

WORDS TO LEARN

The following words, which are given in *Words to Learn*, must be learned before you can read this selection intelligently:

Agassiz	explicit	precincts
antecedents	besmeared	aversion
energetic	begrimed	interdicted
specimens	loathsome	symmetrical
resuscitate	mortified	inestimable
piqued	subsequent	haemulon
injunction	entomology	ichthyology

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Have you ever felt, as did the student in this story, that you were asked to spend too much time doing a thing over and over when you could see no particular object to be gained by it? If so, you can sympathize with the student who was told so many times to "look at the fish again."

This story shows what a great deal of patience Agassiz, one of our greatest naturalists, thought a student of natural history should possess in order to gain accurate knowledge about anything. Not once, but a hundred times, did he study an object to learn all that could be learned about it.

This story has a lesson for you—perhaps you can profit by looking at your "fish" again.

LOOK AT THE FISH AGAIN

A Life Lesson from Agassiz

IT WAS a number of years ago that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz and told him I had enrolled my name in the scientific school as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterwards proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and finally whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that, while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoölogy, I proposed to devote myself specially to insects.

"When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

"Now," I replied.

This seemed to please him, and with an energetic "Very well," he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol.

"Take this fish," said he, "and look at it; we call it a *hæmulon*; by and by I will ask you what you have seen."

With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object intrusted to me. "No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally to moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground-glass stoppers and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge, neckless, glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects and begrimed with cellar dust.

Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious.

Though the alcohol had "a very ancient and fishlike smell," I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, and treated the alcohol as though it were pure water. Still, I was conscious of a passing feeling of disappointment, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist.

In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the professor, who had, however, left the museum; and when I returned after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal sloppy appearance.

This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but to return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed—an hour—another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face—ghastly; from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at a three-quarters view—just as ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

On my return I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the museum, but had gone and would not return for several hours. My fellow students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my two eyes, and the fish. It seemed a most limited field.

I pushed my fingers down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows, until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me—I would draw the fish;

and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the professor returned.

"That is right," said he, "a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet and your bottle corked."

With these words, he added, "Well, what is it like?"

He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me: the fringed gill arches, the pores of the head, fleshy lips, and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins, and forked tail; the compressed and arched body.

When I had finished he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment, remarked, "You have not looked very carefully; why," he continued more earnestly, "you haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!" and he left me to my misery.

I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish! But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new thing after another until I saw how just the professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly, and when, toward its close, the professor inquired, "Do you see it yet?"

"No," I replied; "I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before."

"That is next best," said he, earnestly, "but I won't hear you now. Put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish."

This was disconcerting; not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be, but also, without reviewing my new discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad mem-

ory; so I walked home by the Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

The cordial greeting from the professor the next morning was reassuring. Here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I that I should see what he saw.

"Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides and paired organs?"

His thoroughly pleased "Of course! of course!" repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night.

After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically, as he always did, upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

"Oh, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again.

In a little more than an hour he returned and heard my new catalogue.

"That is good! that is good!" he repeated, "but that is not all; go on"; and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look!" was his repeated injunction.

This was the best entomological lesson I ever had, a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study—a legacy the professor has left to me, as he left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy and with which we cannot part.

—*Samuel H. Scudder*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without rereading the story, answer the following questions:

1. Describe in your own words what the student thought when he was left alone with the fish. How did he make use of his time?
2. What was it about the young student that pleased the great Agassiz? What did he tell him to do after he heard his report?
3. What lesson did the student learn from this study? Tell in your own words what he said about it.



MASTERPIECES IN SHORT STORIES

The Central Thought

Some of the finest imaginative writing in the literature of all nations is found in their short stories. When stories are so written that they make a universal and continuous appeal either because of their style, their plot, or their sentiment, they are called masterpieces. Each succeeding generation should know the great short stories of the past in order to understand the life of that period and properly appreciate its own literary heritage.

THE WHISTLE

WORDS TO LEARN

If you do not know the meaning and pronunciation of the following words look them up in **Words to Learn**:

contracts
vexation
chagrin

laudable
corporeal
equipages

popularity
benevolent
estimates

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

You will hear it said many times that experience is a hard teacher. It can also be a good teacher, as this story shows.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the wise men of his time. He realized that what we amount to in after life is largely the result of the **kind of habits** we form when we are young.

This story is about one of the lessons he learned as a boy, and you can see how it influenced his life. Perhaps there are lessons that you are learning today or have already learned, which will affect your future as much as the lesson of "the whistle" affected Franklin's life.

THE WHISTLE

WHEN I was a child seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and being charmed with the sound of a whistle, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family.

My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation. The reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, "Don't give too much for the whistle"; and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, "He pays, indeed," said I, "too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you pay too much for your whistle."

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to

mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, "Alas!" say I, "he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle."

In short, I conceive that a great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

—*Benjamin Franklin*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

* Without referring to your book, answer the first four questions:

1. How old was Franklin when he bought the whistle?
2. How did his brothers and sisters show him that he had made a bad bargain?
3. What great lesson did Franklin learn from this experience?
4. Who are the men of whom Franklin would say: "They paid too much for their whistle"?
5. Select the paragraph in the story in which Franklin says that we should save what we can.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

WORDS TO LEARN

This story is one of the most interesting that you will find. You cannot understand it, though, unless you look up these words in **Words to Learn**. If there are others which you do not know look them up in your dictionary.

majestic
Titanic
discern

portico
beneficence
benign

caper
tranquilly
cavalcade

obscure
reverentially
perpendicular
visage
architect
variegated
benignant
ignoble

epaulets
imbibed
buoyantly
grandeur
diffused
Titan
veneration
edifice

harbingers
shrewdness
volunteer
vesture
involuntarily
barouche
tapestry
irresistible

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

In the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains in New Hampshire there is a peculiar rock formation on a high cliff which at a distance so closely resembles a human face that it is called the "Old Man of the Mountain."

Mr. Hawthorne has let his imagination play about this section of New Hampshire and in the following selection has told a beautiful story about it. Read *The Great Stone Face* carefully for its story interest, but read between the lines for its real message. It is one of the stories in Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales."

I

The Story Told To Ernest

ONE afternoon when the sun was going down, a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face? The Great Stone Face was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain, by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in

height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

"Mother," said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, "I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly."

"If an old prophecy should come to pass," answered his mother, "we may see a man, sometime or other, with exactly such a face as that."

"What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?" eagerly inquired Ernest. "Pray tell me all about it!"

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, they believed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree tops. The story said that at some future day a child should be born hereabouts who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

"O mother, dear mother!" cried Ernest, clapping his

hands above his head, "I do hope that I shall live to see him!"

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the hopes of her little boy. She only said to him, "Perhaps you may."

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet thoughtful child, he grew to be a mild, quiet, modest boy, sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence in his face than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him.

When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement in response to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the Face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than at all the world besides. For the secret was that the boy's tender simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his alone.

II

The Rich Man

About this time, there went a rumor throughout the valley that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before,

a young man had left the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where, after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name—but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life—was Gathergold.

It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened and grew yellow, and was changed at once into coin. And when Mr. Gathergold had become so rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skillful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the person so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable likeness of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse.

The exterior was of marble, so dazzling white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young playdays, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were each composed of but one enormous pane of glass.

Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior

of this palace; but it was reported to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so accustomed to wealth that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset.

Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to appear in his native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face.

Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

"Here he comes!" cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. "Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!"

A carriage, drawn by four horses, dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window,

appeared the face of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as gold. He had a low forehead, small sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

"The very image of the Great Stone Face!" shouted the people. "Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and the great man has come at last!"

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar woman and two little beggar children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity.

A yellow claw—the very same that had clawed together so much wealth—poked itself out of the coach window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed:

"He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!"

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that visage and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

"He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!"

III

The Warrior

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He

had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley, for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart, and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face.

According to their idea of the matter, however, it was a pardonable folly, for Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the example of other human lives.

Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul—simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy—he beheld the marvelous features beaming down the valley, and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally allowed that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic face upon the mountain side.

So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly forgot him after his decease. Once in a while,

it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came, every summer, to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. The man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now weary of a military life and the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it.

The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically because it was believed that at last the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. A friend of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover, the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that, to the best of their recollection, the general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period.

Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, and all the

other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of green boughs and laurel surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories.

Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tiptoes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply; and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of a modest character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's face than if it had been still blazing on the battlefield.

To console himself he turned toward the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain side.

"'Tis the same face, to a hair!" cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

"Wonderfully like, that's a fact!" responded another.

"Like! Why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself, in a monstrous looking-glass!" cried a third. "And why

not? He's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt."

"The general! The general!" was now the cry. "Hush! Silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech."

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it! He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage.

"This is not the man of prophecy," sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. "And must the world wait longer yet?"

The mists had gathered about the distant mountain side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting the thin vapors that had swept between him and the object that he had gazed at. But—as it always did—the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

"Fear not, Ernest," said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering to him—"fear not, Ernest."

IV

The Orator

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By slow degrees he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide, green margin all along its course.

Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech.

He uttered truths that molded the lives of those who heard him. His hearers, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but thoughts came out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder and the benign visage on the mountain side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great

Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics.

Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he that, whatever he might choose to say, his hearer had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong. His voice, indeed, was a magic instrument: sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music.

In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success—when it had been heard in halls of state and in the courts of princes—after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore—it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the presidency. Before this time—indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated—his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz.

While his friends were doing their best to make him president, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election.

Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the state, and all the

people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the members of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back.

It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious statesman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring with the loud triumph of its strains, so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest.

But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting with such enthusiasm that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat and shouted as loudly as the loudest, "Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!" But as yet he had not seen him.

"Here he is now!" cried those who stood near Ernest. "There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin brothers!"

In the midst of all this gallant array came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

"Confess it," said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, "the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!"

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were bold and strong. But the grand expression of a divine sympathy that illuminated the mountain visage might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

"Confess! Confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?"

"No!" said Ernest, bluntly, "I see little or no likeness."

"Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!" answered his neighbor. And again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent: for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to

behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, and the barouches swept past him, with the shouting crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

"Lo, here I am, Ernest!" the benign lips seemed to say. "I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come."

V

The Poet

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made wrinkles across his forehead and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old; more than the white hairs on his head were the wise thoughts in his mind. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly.

College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple farmer had ideas unlike those of other men, and a tranquil majesty as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had marked him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together, his face would kindle and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. When his guests took leave and went their way, and

passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, they imagined that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into the clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for he had celebrated it in a poem which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

"O majestic friend," he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, "is not this man worthy to resemble thee?"

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life.

One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpetbag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt,

and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

"Good evening," said the poet. "Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?"

"Willingly," answered Ernest. And then he added, smiling, "Methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger."

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet conversed with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

"Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?" he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

"You have read these poems," said he. "You know me, then—for I wrote them."

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned toward the Great Stone Face; then back to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

"Wherefore are you sad?" inquired the poet.

"Because," replied Ernest, "all through life I have awaited the fulfillment of a prophecy; and when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you."

"You hoped," answered the poet, faintly smiling, "to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For—in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest—I am not worthy."

"And why?" asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. "Are not those thoughts divine?"

"You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song," replied the poet. "But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived—and that, too, by my own choice—among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even—shall I dare to say it?—I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?"

The poet spake sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

VI

Ernest Fulfills the Prophecy

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to speak to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills,

with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling over them. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so full of benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted:

“Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!”

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

—*Nathaniel Hawthorne*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first five questions without referring to the book?

1. Make a list of the principal characters in the story.
2. Make a list of the titles of the six sections in the story. Under each title write at least three sub-heads outlining the incidents of each section.
3. How much of Ernest's beautiful character do you think he owed to his mother?
4. By what act did Gathergold reveal his character?
5. How did Ernest receive his final triumph? What does this indicate about him?
6. Write a brief paragraph giving your idea of the real meaning of the story.
7. Find and read the passage in which the poet explains his failure to Ernest.

RIP VAN WINKLE

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

In order thoroughly to enjoy this story, you must understand the meaning of every word in it. If you need to look up some of the words listed below you will find them in **Words to Learn**,

martial	assiduity	connubial
obsequious	rubicund	metamorphosed
malleable	patriarch	disputatious
tribulation	virago	impunity
termagant	amphitheater	junto
aversion	roisterers	corroborate

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Washington Irving was the first author to invest American history and an American locality with the charm of legendary romance. As a boy he roamed along the Hudson in the vicinity of the Catskill Mountains which was first settled by the Dutch.

In these stories Dutch characters, living in their small yellow brick houses, have been made so quaint, humorous and altogether human that you will keenly enjoy reading about them. Rip Van Winkle is one of the most famous of these characters.

As you read the story you will be interested in his odd experiences, but if you read "between the lines" you will find pictures of home life in these early Dutch colonies, and happenings of historic significance to you—an American.

I

RIP VAN WINKLE

WHETHER has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country.

Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green

of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!); and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small, yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors.

I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and, if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed,

whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle.

The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble.

He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm. It was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country. Everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields

than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins; which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house,—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle

regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell; his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs; he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on. A tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade of a long, lazy, summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster,—a dapper, learned man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary! and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place!

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord

of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions.

When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but, when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution.

"Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!"

Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and, if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he recipi-

cated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice.

From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene. Evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long, blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing:

"Rip Van Winkle; Rip Van Winkle!"

He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air.

"Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"

At the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and, giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him. He looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but, supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion,—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, and several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent.

As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but, supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded.

Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure

sky and the bright evening clouds. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for, though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion. Some wore short doublets; others, jerkins, with long knives in their belts; and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar. One had a large head, broad face, and small, piggyish eyes. The face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance. He wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling. They quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

II

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes. It was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes; and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze.

"Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night."

He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep,—the strange man with a keg of liquor, the mountain ravine, the wild retreat among the rocks, the woe-begone party at ninepins, the flagon.

"Oh, that wicked flagon!" thought Rip: "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean,

well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had tricked him badly, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared; but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and, if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity.

"These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip; "and, if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle."

With some difficulty he got down to the glen. He found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but, to his astonishment, a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witchhazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no trace of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest.

Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog. He was only answered

by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice, and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning had passed away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun, he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew; which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and, whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip involuntarily to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long.

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed.

The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors, strange faces at the windows: everything was strange. His mind now misgave him. He began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains; there ran the silver Hudson at a distance; there was every hill and

dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed.

"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly."

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay,—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name; but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut, indeed.

"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children: the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety, wooden building stood in its place, with great, gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was deco-

rated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "General Washington."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about the rights of citizens, election, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was a Federal or a Democrat.

Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and, planting himself before Van Winkle,—with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane; his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul,—demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and

whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject to the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders: "A Tory, a Tory! A spy! A refugee! Hustle him! Away with him!"

It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a ten-fold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! Why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point; others say he was drowned in the squall at the foot of Anthony's Nose. I don't know: he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars, too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he

could not understand,—war, Congress, Stony Point.

He had no courage to ask after any more friends but cried out in despair:—

“Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?”

“Oh, Rip Van Winkle!” exclaimed two or three. “Oh, to be sure! that’s Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree.”

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain, apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

“God knows!” exclaimed he, at his wits’ end. “I’m not myself: I’m somebody else. That’s me yonder. No, that’s somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night: but I fell asleep on the mountain; and they’ve changed my gun; and everything’s changed; and I’m changed; and I can’t tell what’s my name, or who I am!”

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry.

“Hush, Rip!” cried she. “Hush, you little fool! The old man won’t hurt you.”

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. “What is your name, my good woman?” asked he.

“Judith Gardenier.”

“And your father’s name?”

“Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle. It’s twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since. His dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl.”

Rip had but one question more to ask, but he put it with a faltering voice:

“Where’s your mother?”

“Oh, she too died but a short time since. She broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler.”

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. “I am your father!” cried he,—“young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?”

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed:

“Sure enough! It is Rip Van Winkle! It is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?”

Rip’s story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it. Some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head, upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the

road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestors the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings; that it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half Moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name; that his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses, playing ninepins in the hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm, but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that

happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor,—how that there had been a revolutionary war; that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George III, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician,—the changes of states and empire made but little impression on him,—but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was, petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end. He had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related; and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked hus-

bands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

—*Washington Irving*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

The way you answer Questions 2, 3 and 4 will indicate just how valuable your reading of this story has been.

1. Read in a school history of the events which probably transpired during Rip Van Winkle's sleep.
2. Tell in your own words the legend of Hendrick Hudson and his crew of the *Half Moon*.
3. Write a paragraph of at least fifty words describing Rip Van Winkle before he went into the mountains for his long sleep.
4. Which characters in the story seem to you most life-like? Give your reasons.

THE CONCORD HYMN

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The ability to separate the essential from the non-essential is the first step toward remembering."

There were many different selections in Part Four but they were arranged in three groups each to represent an idea. Before you go on with your reading check up to see if you have remembered the point and the message of each section in this part.

The first section was made up wholly of poems that had an inspirational quality—poems that told of boys who had made good, of men who had done things that people said "couldn't be done," of a friendly man who lived by the side of the road, of opportunities that come only once in a life time. Do you remember how Longfellow in "The Builders" told how all are "architects of Fate" building the "house" in which we live, and how J. G. Holland said that we build the ladder by which we rise and mount it "step by step"?

You must have liked the selections in the second section for they told you how to "Get on in the World." Do you remember Sam Pasco who "made good on a run-down farm"? And the student who was told to "look at the fish again"? Do you remember Dr. Marden's account of people who had "stood on their own feet"? And Elbert Hubbard's advice to "get out or get in line"? Will you remember Edgar Guest's poem? When you are ready, will you look for "just a job," or will it be "a golden chance"?

In the last section you read three famous short stories by three great American writers. They are all worth remembering. Test yourself to see if you recall the important incidents in each story and the names of the three authors.

It will pay you if you can always keep in mind the central thought of each of these sections—1. The necessity for having ideals and trying to live up to them. 2. That the secret of getting on in the world is in doing the little daily tasks as well as you know how. 3. That there is a lesson to be learned from every good story we read.

More About "Literature of the Imagination"

Some books hold up ideals that inspire, or tell us how to get on in the world—and make us want to get on! These are books that are really worth reading. You will enjoy the following books:

1. "Pushing to the Front," by O. S. Marden; 2. "Making the Most of Yourself," by Calvin Dill Wilson; 3. "Self-Help," by Samuel Smiles; 4. "Wee Willie Winkle," by Rudyard Kipling.

PART FIVE

LITERATURE THAT NEVER GROWS OLD

What Makes Great Literature Great

THE report of a football game in a newspaper is written for those who could not see the game itself. Most newspaper writing is valuable only as a record of the days events and is forgotten before the next issue appears.

The articles in the monthly magazines are prepared more carefully but the life of a magazine is only about thirty days.

When writing of any kind, however, is presented in book form it at once becomes more permanent, although there are thousands of books published every year that attract little attention and quickly disappear. Out of all this writing only a very small fragment survives, and lives on from generation to generation to take its place with the great literature of the world.

One of the qualities that makes great literature great is its sincerity or truthfulness. It must "ring true." Nothing that is artificial or an imitation of something else is ever great.

Another quality of all great literature is its appeal to the simple and universal instincts of the human heart. It must present universal sentiments with sincerity.

Still another quality that makes great literature great is its manner of presentation. There must be something about the style that gives pleasure that satisfies the hunger for the beautiful.

All great literature has a timeless quality. Literature that is merely timely is never timeless—and never great.



THE LITERATURE OF HOME LIFE

The Central Thought

The oldest institution in the world is the home. It is also the most sacred. For this reason much of the literature that has grown up about the home is among the literature that never grows old. It deals with the things of everyday life, with things known and loved, and is touched with sentiments that are common to the universal heart.

MOTHER

WORDS TO LEARN

In order for you to understand fully the meaning of this story you must know the meaning of the words. Look up the following in Words to Learn:

dint	pursuits	depict
unremitting	fatal	inestimable
abreast	prostrate	raiment
serene	humiliating	remorse
vividness	unheralded	tribute

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

"Mother" has been idealized in the literature, art and music of the world. Most of us, however, will not be able to paint a famous picture for her, or write a wonderful poem or compose music in her memory, but each day we can show her in the little things we do, how much we care for her.

The following article is a plea for the little kindnesses, and the thoughtful courtesies of everyday life that are due mother—and which she will appreciate.

MOTHER

"All that I have ever accomplished in life," declared Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, "I owe to my mother."

"To the man who has had a good mother, all women are sacred for her sake," said Jean Paul Richter.

SOME time ago I heard of a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor, who married and had four children. Her husband died penniless, and the mother made the most heroic efforts to educate the children. By dint of unremitting toil and unheard of sacrifices and privations she succeeded in sending the boys to college and the girls to a boarding-school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their times, she was a worn-out, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions.

She lingered unappreciated among them for two or three years, and then died, of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock of her fatal illness woke them to consciousness of the truth. They hung over her, as she lay prostrate, in an agony of grief.

The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried: "You have been a good mother to us!"

Her face brightened, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered: "You never said so before, John." Then the light died out, and she was gone.

Many men spend more money on expensive caskets, flowers, and emblems of mourning than they ever spent on their poor, loving, self-sacrificing mothers for many years while alive. Men who, perhaps, never thought of carrying flowers to their mothers in life, pile them high on their coffins.

Who can ever depict the tragedies that have been enacted in the hearts of American mothers, who have suffered un-

told tortures from neglect, indifference, and lack of appreciation?

What a pathetic story of neglect many a mother's letters from her grown-up children could tell! A few scraggy lines, a few sentences now and then, hurriedly written and mailed—often to ease a troubled conscience—mere apologies for letters, which chill the mother's heart.

I know men who owe their success in life to their mother; who have become prosperous and influential, because of the splendid training of the self-sacrificing mother, and whose education was secured at an inestimable cost to her, and yet they seldom think of carrying to her flowers, confectionery, or little delicacies, or of taking her to a place of amusement, or of giving her a vacation or bestowing upon her any of the little attentions and favors so dear to a woman's heart. They seem to think she is past the age for these things, that she no longer cares for them, that about all she expects is enough to eat and drink, and the simplest kind of raiment.

These men do not know the feminine heart which never changes in these respects, except to grow more appreciative of the little attentions, the little considerations, and thoughtful acts which meant so much to them in their younger days.

Not long ago I heard a mother, whose sufferings and sacrifices for her children during a long and trying struggle with poverty should have given her a monument, say, that she guessed she'd better go to old ladies' home and end her days there. What a picture that was! An aged woman with white hair and a sweet, beautiful face; with a wonderful light in her eye; calm, serene, and patient, yet dignified, whose children, all of whom are married and successful, made her feel as if she were a burden. They live in luxurious homes, but have never offered to provide a home for the poor, old rheumatic mother, who for so many years

slaved for them. They put their own homes, stocks, and other property in their wives' names, and while they pay the rent of their mother's meagerly furnished rooms and provide for her actual needs, they apparently never think what joy it would give her to own her own home, and to possess some pretty furnishings, and a few pictures.

In many cases men through thoughtlessness do not provide generously for their mothers even when well able to. They seem to think that a mother can live most anywhere, and most anyway; that if she has enough to supply her necessities she is satisfied. Just think, you prosperous business men, how you would feel if the conditions were reversed, if you were obliged to take the dependent, humiliating position of your mother!

Whatever else you are obliged to neglect, take no chances of giving your mother pain by neglecting her, and of thus making yourself miserable in the future.

The time may come when you will stand by her bedside, in her last sickness, or by her coffin, and wish that you had exchanged a little of your money for more visits and more attentions and more little presents to your mother; when you will wish that you had cultivated her more, even at the cost of making a little less money.

There is no one else in this world who can take your mother's place in your life. And there is no remorse like that which comes from the remembrance of ill-treating, abusing, or being unkind to one's mother. These things stand out with awful vividness and terrible clearness when the mother is gone forever from sight, and you have time to contrast your treatment with her long suffering, tenderness, and love, and her years of sacrifice for you.

When you are away from her, write a good, loving letter, or telephone or telegraph to the best mother who ever lived—your mother. Send her some flowers, an appropriate present; go and spend the day with her, or in some

other way make her heart glad. Show her that you appreciate her, and that you give her credit for a large part of your success.

Let us do all we can to make up for past neglect of the little-known, half-appreciated, unheralded mothers who have had so little credit in the past, and are so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers, by openly, and especially in our hearts, paying our own mothers every tribute of honor, respect, devotion, and gratitude that love and a sense of duty can suggest. —*Orison Swett Marden*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first three questions without referring to the book?

1. Make a list of five ways in which you can show that you appreciate your mother.

2. What, according to this article, is the greatest remorse of a life time?

3. Retell in your own words the incident described in the first four paragraphs of the story.

4. Select the paragraph in this article which you think contains the best suggestion and read it orally. Give reasons for your choice.

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

WORDS TO LEARN

Be sure you know these words before you read the poem. You can find them in **Words to Learn**.

Suffern
tragic

staring
haunted

scythe
mournful

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Joyce Kilmer, whose career was cut short by his death during the World War, will always be remembered for his beautiful poems about things which are dear to the hearts of all of us. One of the most perfect of these is his poem on "Trees" which ends,

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

Have you ever thought of a house as something that can feel glad or sorry? That an unoccupied house was really lonesome and wanted people in it?

This poem tells some of the things which Joyce Kilmer thought as he passed the house with nobody in it. As you read the poem try to put yourself in the poet's place, so you can see the picture he paints of the house with the "broken heart."

THE HOUSE WITH NOBODY IN IT

WHENEVER I walk to Suffern along the Erie track,
I go by a poor old farmhouse with its shingles
broken and black.

I suppose I've passed it a hundred times, but I always stop
for a minute,
And look at the house, the tragic house, the house with no-
body in it.

I never have seen a haunted house, but I hear there are
such things;
That they hold the talk of spirits, their mirth and sor-
rowings.

I know this house isn't haunted, and I wish it were, I do;
For it wouldn't be so lonely if it had a ghost or two.

This house on the road to Suffern needs a dozen panes of
glass,
And somebody ought to weed the walk and take a scythe
to the grass.

It needs new paint and shingles, and the vines should be
trimmed and tied;
But what it needs the most of all is some people living
inside.

If I had a lot of money and all my debts were paid,
I'd put a gang of men to work with brush and saw and
spade.

I'd buy that place and fix it up the way it used to be,

And I'd find some people who wanted a home and give it
to them free.

Now, a new house standing empty, with staring window
and door,

Looks idle, perhaps, and foolish, like a hat on its block in
the store.

But there's nothing mournful about it; it cannot be sad
and lone

For the lack of something within it that it has never
known.

But a house that has done what a house should do, a house
that has sheltered life,

That has put its loving wooden arms around a man and
his wife,

A house that has echoed a baby's laugh and held up his
stumbling feet,

Is the saddest sight, when it's left alone that ever your
eyes could meet.

So whenever I go to Suffern along the Erie track,

I never go by the empty house without stopping and look-
ing back,

Yet it hurts me to look at the crumbling roof and the shut-
ters fallen apart,

For I can't help thinking the poor old house is a house with
a broken heart.

—*Joyce Kilmer*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without rereading the poem answer the following questions:

1. What does the poet say is the thing a house should do?
2. What was the most tragic thing about this house?
3. Describe in your own words the appearance of the house.
4. What did the poet want to do when he saw the house?
5. Why is a new house standing idle not sad?

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Here is another famous poem about a house, written by Tom Hood, the English poet and humorist. As you read it see how many of the word pictures you have yourself already seen.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born;
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer's pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

—Tom Hood

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

WORDS TO LEARN

Look up these unusual words in Words to Learn.

lower

banditti

dungeon

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Mr. Longfellow the author of this poem is often called the "Children's Poet." As you read this poem you will understand why. He wrote of home, and the things we all love—of simple living and high ideals in a way we all can understand. The "Mouse-Tower on the Rhine," referred to in the seventh stanza, was so called because of a legend that Archbishop Hatto in the year 969 was eaten by mice while imprisoned there.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me:
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Write a paragraph of at least twenty lines telling in your own words the story of the poem.
2. Where did Mr. Longfellow say he was going to imprison his three children?



IDEALS IN LITERATURE

The Central Thought

Life without ideals is lived on a low plane. So literature that does not hold up high ideals is not worthy to live. There are many kinds of ideals in literature—ideals of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of friendship, of service, of beauty, of kindness, of generosity, of square dealing, and many others. The broadcasting of right ideals is one of the largest services that literature can render.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

WORDS TO LEARN

Do not fail to look up the difficult words before reading this poem. Those given here are in **Words to Learn**.

feign

venturous

enchanted

Siren

unfurl

irised

crypt

spiral

Triton

stately

forlorn

mansions

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

The chambered Nautilus is a small creature, which lives in salt water in a spiral shell much like that of a snail. This shell is divided into chambers or sections, and each season the little creature builds a new chamber, larger than the one in which it has lived before. It then moves into the new chamber, to start life all over again.

As you read the poem, try to discover the lesson which the poet has drawn from the habits of this tiny sea-creature to apply to our lives.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings,
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Select the stanza which you think contains the lesson of the poem.
2. Make a list of ten of the most beautiful word pictures in the poem.
3. Memorize the entire poem.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

WORDS FOR YOU TO LEARN

This poem has many difficult words which you must know before you can get the full meaning of the story. The words listed here are given in **Words to Learn**; if there are any others which you do not know look them up in your dictionaries.

doublet	Pecksuot	Wattawamat
Cordovan	trysting-place	peltries
cutlass	Astaroth	ruminate
corselet	ravenous	transgression
Damascus	defrauded	chaffer
fowling-piece	stripling	Squanto
matchlock	howitzer	Tokamahamon
diligent	orthodox	subdued
arcabucero	sagamore	foundering
morasses	sachem	exhalation
ensigns	pow-wow	retribution
adapted	Aspinet	avowal
discreetly	Samoset	ponderous
relinquish	Corbitant	comely
delusions	gules	Iberian
Baal	magnanimous	resplendent
dexterous	apocalyptic	argent

embellish	Bathsheba	blazon
dilated	espousal	archly
pennyroyal	Hainault	chrysolite
pomegranates	choleric	importunate
wattled	Midianites	contrition
placable	bivouac	Brabant
serried	ethereal	sinister
subterranean	Og	incursions
austere	contemptuous	Philistines
adamantine	decorum	constellation
Bashan	trenchant	glebe
demeanor	gunwale	redoubtable
sinuous	Goliath	apprehension

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has written many beautiful poems which will always be dear to the hearts of his countrymen, but few are more popular than his three long poetic narratives: *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

These three poems are based on a combination of history and legend which makes them delightful reading for young and old. Of the three, *The Courtship of Miles Standish* is especially interesting because of the fact that Longfellow was himself a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden.

The setting of this poem is "in the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims," and it paints a stirring picture of early colonial life and customs. We see the settlers at their daily tasks, both men and women, each with a duty to perform, and now and again we see them marching bravely away to give battle to their enemies among the Indian tribes.

The historical characters with which Longfellow peoples this setting are most real. They are Puritans, but they are lifelike, understandable Puritans. You will like Miles Standish, the bluff old Captain, who preaches on every occasion that if you want a thing well done you must do it yourself, and who then sends John Alden to Priscilla because he is afraid to ask her to marry him. You will be sorry for John Alden as he goes to carry out the Captain's wishes, for he is torn between his love for Priscilla and his loyalty and love for the Captain; and you will laugh with Priscilla as she gives John Alden her reply, which is now famous: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

As you read this story-poem, notice the humor with which it sparkles here and there; the realistic account it gives of the hardships and joys of the early colonists; and the clever character sketches it draws. If you can discover all of these, you will understand why this poem is, and always will be a favorite of all classes and all ages.

I

Miles Standish and John Alden

IN THE Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,

To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,

Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.

Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him,
and pausing

Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,

Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,

While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket,
and matchlock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window.

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as
the captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles,
but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May-
flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe inter-
rupting,

Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Cap-
tain of Plymouth.

"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that
hang here

Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade of in-
spection!

This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders;
this breastplate,

Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;

Here in front you can see the very dint of the bullet

Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.

Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles
Standish

Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the
Flemish morasses."

Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from
his writing:

"Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed
of the bullet;

He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our
weapon!"

Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the
stripling:

“See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal
hanging;
That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to
others.
Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent
adage;
So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your
inkhorn.
Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his
matchlock,
Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,
And, like Caesar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!”
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the
sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a
moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued:
“Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer
planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to
the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the
heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the
better—
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or
pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon!”

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the
landscape,

Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapory breath of the
east-wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the
ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadows and sun-
shine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the
landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light; and his voice was subdued
with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded:
"Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose
Standish;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside!
She was the first to die of all who came in the Mayflower!
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have
sown there.
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our
people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already
have perished!"
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down, and was
thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and
among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for
binding;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Caesar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing
the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused as
if doubtful

Which of the three he should choose for his consolation
and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns
of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous
Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and
in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks
thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of
the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the Mayflower,
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God
willing!
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible
winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla!

II

Love and Friendship

Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of
the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the laboring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvelous words and achievements of Julius
Caesar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hands,
palm downwards,
Heavily on the page: "A wonderful man was this Caesar!

You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally
skillful!"

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely,
the youthful:

"Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and
his weapons.

Somewhere have I read, but where I forget, he could
dictate

Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his
memoirs."

"Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the
other,

"Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar!

Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,

Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when
he said it.

Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many
times after;

Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he
conquered;

He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded;

Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus!

Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in
Flanders,

When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giv-
way too,

And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely
together

There was no room for their swords? Why, he seized a
shield from a soldier,

Putting himself straight at the head of his troops, and
commanded the captains,

Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns;

Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their
weapons;
So he won the day, the battle of something-or-other.
That's what I always say: if you wish a thing to be well
done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"

All was silent again; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of
the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May-
flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of
Priscilla!
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous
cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his
musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain
of Plymouth:
"When you have finished your work, I have something
important to tell you.
Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be im-
patient!"
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his
letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:
"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to
listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:

“’Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures. This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it; Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it. Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship. Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming, Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven, Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,

Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,
All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered,
Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,
Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,
Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning,
Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered:
"Such a message as that I am sure I should mangle and mar it;
If you would have it well done—I am only repeating your maxim—
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!"
But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,
Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth:
"Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it;
But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.
Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.

I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a
cannon,
But of a thundering 'No!' point-blank from the mouth of
a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to con-
fess it!
So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant
scholar,
Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of
phrases."
Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and
doubtful,
Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he
added:
"Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling
that prompts me;
Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our
friendship!"
Then made answer John Alden: "The name of friendship
is sacred;
What you demand in that name, I have not the power to
deny you!"
So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the
gentler,
Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his
errand.

III The Lover's Errand

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his
errand,
Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the
forest,
Into the tranquil woods, where bluebirds and robins were
building

Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of
verdure,
Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom.
All around him was calm, but within him commotion and
conflict,
Love contending with friendship, and self with each gen-
erous impulse.
To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and
dashing,
As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel,
Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean!
"Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation,
"Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshiped in
silence?
Was it for this I have followed the flying fleet and the
shadow
Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New Eng-
land?
Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of cor-
ruption
Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion;
Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.
All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly!
This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and de-
vices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retri-
bution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his
errand;

Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
“Puritan flowers,” he said, “and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver.”
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, somber, and cold with the comfortless breath of the east-wind;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden

Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-
drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous
spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in
its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a
church-yard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puri-
tan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of home-
spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her
being!
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and
relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and
woe of his errand;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had
vanished,
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
“Let not him that putteth his hand to the plow look back-
wards;
Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to
its fountains,
Though it pass o’er the graves of the dead and the hearts
of the living,
It is the will of the Lord; and his mercy endureth forever!”

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and
the singing
Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the
threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of
welcome,
Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the
passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spin-
ning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him
had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the
maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an
answer,
Finding no words for his thoughts. He remembered that
day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the
village,
Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encum-
bered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house,
and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the
fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the
snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he
spoken;
Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an
answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the
beautiful Springtime,
Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that
sailed on the morrow.
"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan
maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-
rows of England—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a
garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and
the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with
the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the
church-yard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old
England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it; I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and
wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth:—"Indeed I do not con-
demn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible
winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to
lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of
marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain
of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of
letters—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful
phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a
schoolboy;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more
bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan
maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered
her speechless;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous
silence:
"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed
me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to
woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the
winning!"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the
matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was
busy—
Had no time for such things;—such things! the words
grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made
answer:
"Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he
is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us,
you cannot.

When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this
one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden
avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that
a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have
been climbing.
This is not right nor just; for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he
loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might
have won me,
Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in
Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of
Plymouth;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,
England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston
de Standish;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,

Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock
argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how dur-
ing the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and head-
strong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable al-
ways,
Not to the laughed at and scorned, because he was little of
stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courage-
ous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles
Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and elo-
quent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with
laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for your-
self, John?"

IV John Alden

Into the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the sea-
side;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the
east wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.

Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendors,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sap-
phire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the
city.

“Welcome, O wind of the East!” he exclaimed in his wild
exultation,
“Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty
Atlantic!
Blowing o’er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of
seagrass,
Blowing o’er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens
of ocean!
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and
wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within
me!”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and
tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-
shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions
contending;
Love triumphant and crowned, and friendship wounded and
bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of
duty!
“Is it my fault,” he said, “that the maiden has chosen be-
tween us?
Is it my fault that he failed—my fault that I am the
victor?”

Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of
the Prophet:
"It hath displeased the Lord!"—and he thought of David's
transgression,
Bathsheba's beautiful face, and his friend in the front of
the battle!
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-
condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once; and he cried in the deepest
contrition:
"It hath displeased the Lord! It is the temptation of
Satan!"

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and be-
held there
Dimly the shadowy form of the Mayflower riding at
anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of
cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sail-
ors' "Ay, ay, sir!"
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the
twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at
the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning
shadow.
"Yes, it is plain to me now," he murmured; "the hand of
the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of
error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters
around me,

Hiding me, cutting me off from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.

Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.

Better to me in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,

Close by my mother's side, and among the dust of my kindred;

Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonor!

Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber

With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers

Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness—

Yes, as the marriage ring of the great espousal hereafter!"

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,

Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,

Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and somber,

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.

Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.

"Long have you been on your errand," he said with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.

“Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;

But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming

I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city. Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal. But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,

Words so tender and cruel: “Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion, Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: “John Alden! you have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler;

Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor?

Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to
friendship!

You who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved
as a brother;

You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to
whose keeping

I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred
and secret—

You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship here-
after!

Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but hence-
forward

Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable
hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in
the chamber,

Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins
on his temples.

But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the
doorway,

Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent import-
ance,

Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of In-
dians!

Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further
question or parley,

Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scab-
bard of iron,

Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely,
departed.

Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the dis-
tance.

Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the
darkness,

Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with
the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens and, folding his hands as
in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in
secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to
the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this
planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation;
So say the chronicles old, and such is the faith of the
people!
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and
defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect;
While on the table before them was lying unopened a
Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattlesnake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows; a signal and challenge
of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues
of defiance.

This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them
debating

What were an answer befitting the hostile message and
menace,

Talking of this and that, contriving, suggesting, objecting;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,

Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian
behavior!

Then outspoke Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of
Plymouth,

Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with
anger:

“What! do you mean to make war with milk and the water
of roses?

Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth
of the cannon!”

Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,

Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language:

“Not so though St. Paul, nor yet the other Apostles;
Not from the cannon’s mouth were the tongues of fire they
spake with!”

But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discouraging:

“Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!”

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: "Here, take it! this is your answer!"
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

V

The Sailing of the Mayflower

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth:
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative,
"Forward!"
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David,
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.

Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morn-
ing;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, ad-
vancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.
Many a mile had they marched, when at length the vil-
lage of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold
labors.
Sweet was the air and soft, and slowly the smoke from
the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked
of the weather.
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for
the Mayflower;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers
that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his
absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the house-
hold.
Out of the sea rose the sun, the billows rejoiced at his
coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountans;
Beautiful on the sails of the Mayflower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the
winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her
canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the
sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang

Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the
people!

Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the
Bible,

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent en-
treaty!

Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims
of Plymouth,

Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the
seashore,

Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the Mayflower.
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in
the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain
without slumber,

Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his
fever.

He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from
the council,

Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and mur-
mur;

Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded
like swearing.

Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment
in silence;

Then he had turned away, and said: "I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more
talking!"

Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down
on his pallet,

Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the
morning—

Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders—

Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him

Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.

Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,

Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon,
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions.

But his pride overmastered the noble nature within him—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.

So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!

Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,

Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,

Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,

And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the seashore,

Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep

Into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient

Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the
eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean
about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters
and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the
gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the
sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for start-
ing.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or
canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise
and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of
Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that
was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his in-
tention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and
patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its
purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is de-
struction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious
instincts!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,

Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine.

"Here I remain!" he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,

Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.

"Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,

Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.

There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,

Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.

Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!

Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me! I heed not

Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!

There is no land so sacred, nor air so pure and so wholesome,

As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.

Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;

Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,

So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!"

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,

Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the
weather,
Walked about on the sands; and the people crowded around
him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful re-
membrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a
tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his
vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and
sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but
Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the
Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the May-
flower!
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this
plowing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the
sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous
anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-
wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the Mayflower sailed from
the harbor.
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the
southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First En-
counter,

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open
Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of
the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the
vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and hu-
man;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision
prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, "Let us pray!" and they prayed and thanked the
Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and
above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and
their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer
that they uttered.
Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a grave-
yard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an
Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with
each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, "Look!" he
had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Alden lingered a
little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the
billows

Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the
sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

VI Priscilla

Thus for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the
ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla;
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the
loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,
Lo! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside
him.

“Are you so much offended you will not speak to me?”
said she.
“Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were
pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and
wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spoke out, forgetful perhaps of
decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for
saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it;
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of
emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a
pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered to-
gether.

Yesterday I was shocked, when I heard you speak of
Miles Standish,
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into
virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting
in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your
hero.

Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship
between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of
Miles Standish:

"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keep-
ing."

"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and
decisive;

"No; you are angry with me, for speaking so frankly and
freely.

It was wrong, I acknowledge; for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is
speechless,

Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen,
and unfruitful,

Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless
murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover
of women:

“Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me
always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of
Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah
flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the
garden!”
“Ah, by these words, I can see,” again interrupted the
maiden,
“How very little you prize me, or care for what I am say-
ing.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret
misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and
kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and
direct and in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with
flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is
in you;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is
noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the
more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among
many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary
phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with
women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting.”

Mute and amazed was Alden; and listened and looked at
Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in
her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain
for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward
and speechless.
“Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think,
and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions
of friendship.
'Tis not a secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it:
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you
always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear
you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain
Miles Standish.
For I must tell you the truth: much more to me is your
friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you
think him.”
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly
grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and
bleeding so sorely,
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice
full of feeling:
“Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you
friendship

Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the Mayflower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked, with a strange, indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said very archly:
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the Mayflower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened—

All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,

“Truly I thank you for this; how good you have been to me always!”

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,

Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,

Urged by importunate zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition;

Slowly but steadily onward, receding yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,

Urged by the fervor of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII

The March of Miles Standish

Meanwhile the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,

Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the seashore,

All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odor of powder

Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.

Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort;

He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,

Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most
he had trusted!

Ah! 't was too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed
in his armor!

"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the
folly.

What has a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the
harness,

Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of
maidens?

'Twas but a dream—let it pass—let it vanish like so many
others!

What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worth-
less;

Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and
henceforward

Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and wooer of dangers!"

Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discom-
fort,

While he was marching by day or lying at night in the
forest,

Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond
them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encamp-
ment

Pitched on the edge of a meadow, between the sea and the
forest;

Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with
war-paint,

Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together;

Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the
white men,

Saw the flash of the sun on breast-plate and saber and
musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two, from among
them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a
present;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was
hatred.
Braves of the tribe were these, and brothers gigantic in
stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of
Bashan;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wat-
tawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scab-
bards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a
needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and
crafty.
“Welcome, English!” they said—these words they had
learned from the traders
Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for
peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with
Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the
white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets
and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the
plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man!
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them
the Bible,

Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster.

Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,

And, with a lofty demeanor, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain:

“Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,

Angry is he in his heart; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat

Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman, But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,

Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,

Shouting, ‘Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat?’ ”

Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,

Held it aloft and displayed a woman’s face on the handle, Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning:

“I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle;

By and by they shall marry; and there will be plenty of children!”

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish;

While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,

Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered:

“By and by it shall see; it shall eat; ah, ha! but shall speak not!

This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to
destroy us!

He is a little man; let him go and work with the women!"
Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of
Indians

Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-
strings,

Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their
ambush.

But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them
smoothly;

So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the
fathers.

But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and
the insult,

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston
de Standish,

Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his
temples.

Headlong he leaped on the boaster, and, snatching his knife
from its scabbard,

Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness
upon it.

Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of
the warhoop,

And, like a flurry of snow on the whistling wind of De-
cember,

Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery ar-
rows.

Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came
the lightning,

Out of the lightning thunder; and death unseen ran be-
fore it.

Frightened, the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket.

Hotly pursued and beset; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,

Fled not; he was dead. Answering and swift had a bullet Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward,

Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,

Silent, with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.

Smiling at length, he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth:

“Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature—

Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man; but I see now

Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you!”

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.

When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,

And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,

All who behold it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.

Only Priscilla averted her face from his specter of terror, Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish;

Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his
battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of
his valor.

VIII The Spinning-Wheel

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the
ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for
the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace; the men were intent on their
labors.
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with
merestead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and moving the grass in the
meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the
forest.
All in the village was peace; but at times the rumor of war-
fare
Filled the air with alarm, and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land
with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times the remorse and
contrition
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rising tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current awhile, but making it bitter and
brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habita-
tion,

Solid, substantial, of timber roughhewn from the firs of the forest.

Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes;

Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,

Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded. There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard; Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.

Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,

Raghorn, the snow-white bull, that had fallen to Alden's allotment

In the division of cattle, might ruminate in the night-time Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Of when his labor was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer

Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,

Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy, Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.

Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling;

Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden;

Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday

Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs—

How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,

How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not
evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with
gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the
distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her house-
hold,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth
of her weaving!

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous
fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and
his fortune,
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the
spindle.
“Truly, Priscilla,” he said, “when I see you spinning and
spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a
moment;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful
Spinner.”
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter;
the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in
her fingers;
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief,
continued:
“You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the queen of
Helvetia;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of South-
ampton,

Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow
and mountain,
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her
saddle.
She was so thrifty and good that her name passed into a
proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall
no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with
music.
Then shall the mothers, reproving, relate how it was in
their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the
spinner!"

Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan
maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise
was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spin-
ning,
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases
of Alden:

"Come, you must not be idle; if I am a pattern for house-
wives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of hus-
bands.
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it, ready for
knitting;
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have
changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of
John Alden!"

Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she
adjusted,

He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it?—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

Lo! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes; Miles Standish was dead!—an Indian had brought them the tidings—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered!
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own, and had sundered
Once and forever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom,

Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing.

Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,

Pressing her close to his heart, as forever his own, and exclaiming:

"Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!"

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,

Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing

Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing
asunder,

Parted by barriers strong but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX The Wedding Day

Forth from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,

Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,

Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.

Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath him

Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was
a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan
maiden.

Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magis-
trate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the
Law and the Gospei,

One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing
of heaven.

Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of
Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of
betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's
presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plym-
outh

Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded
that day in affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedic-
tions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the
threshold,

Clad in armor of steel, a somber and sorrowful figure!

Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange
apparition?

Why does the bride turn pale, and hide her face on his
shoulder?

Is it a phantom of air—a bodiless spectral illusion?

It is a ghost from the grave, that has come to forbid the
betrothal?

Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwel-
comed;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expres-
sion
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden
beneath them,
As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its
brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was
silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last
benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amaze-
ment
Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of
Plymouth!
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
"Forgive me!
I have been angry and hurt—too long have I cherished
the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of
Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of
John Alden."
Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be for-
gotten between us—
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older
and dearer!"
Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla,
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in
England,

Something of camp and of court, of town and of country,
commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her
husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered
the adage—
If you would be well served, you must serve yourself; and
moreover,
No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of
Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their
rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Cap-
tain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and
crowded about him,
Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of
bridegroom,
Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting
the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered
and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment,
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been
invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the
bride at the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful
morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the
sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;

There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste
of the seashore,
There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the
meadows;
But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of
Eden,
Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound
of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of
departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of
longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left
uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of
Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its
master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a
saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of
the noon-day;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a
peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of
her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said, with a smile, "but the
distaff;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful
Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new
habitation,
Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford
in the forest,
Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love
through its bosom,
Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure
abysses.
Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his
splendors,
Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above
them suspended,
Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and
the fir-tree,
Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of
Eshcol.
Like a picture it seemed of the primitive pastoral ages.
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca
and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.
So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal
procession.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

After you have finished the first reading of this poem, see if you can answer the following questions without referring to your book:

1. Write a character sketch of at least two pages of any two of the following characters: Miles Standish, Priscilla, John Alden, the

Elder. Bring in as many of the incidents of the poem as you can to illustrate points of character.

2. Why was wheat planted over the graves of the early settlers?

3. What great test was made in this poem of loyalty to a friend?

4. Tell in your own words how John Alden presented the Captain's case to Priscilla. Do you think he did his best? Give your reasons for your reply.

5. Do you think that Miles Standish was justified in calling John Alden his Brutus? Explain this reference to Brutus in your own words.

6. What event took place after the report of Miles Standish's death had been reported to the settlement?

7. Describe in your own words the scene at the wedding. What effect did the coming of Miles Standish have upon the bride and the groom?

8. When did you like Miles Standish the most? Why?

EACH DAY IS A NEW BEGINNING

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

We have all made mistakes, have disappointed our friends and failed in our lessons or our sports—but each day is a new beginning! It gives us a chance to try again!

In the poem which follows Susan Coolidge tells us how to forget past disappointments and how to succeed today where we failed yesterday.

EACH DAY IS A NEW BEGINNING

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover—

Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight—
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone,
God in His mercy receive and forgive them!
Just the new days are our own—
Today is ours and today alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrows and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.
—*Susan Coolidge*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Can you answer the first question without referring to the book?

1. Write a short paragraph giving the central thought of the poem.
2. Select the stanza which you like best. Memorize it.

WILLIAM TELL AND THE APPLE

WORDS TO LEARN

In order to understand and appreciate this selection you will have to look up the meaning and pronunciation of all the words you do not know. You will find those listed here in **Words to Learn**. If there are others be sure to look them up in the dictionary.

traitor	mutiny	abhorred
homage	sentinel	gauntlet
Viceroy	monstrous	archer
flimsy	anguish	cloven
revolt	forfeit	shaft
sacristan	endured	tyranny

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This is the first time you have been given a section of a play to read in dramatic dialogue form.

As you read it do two things. First, keep the details of the scene in mind. Never for one moment, lose the mental picture of **where** the events are taking place. Second, be sure to hold in your mind the different speeches by the same character. Only by knowing **who** is talking and **where**, can you keep the outline of the play in mind.

The play of William Tell was written by Friederich Schiller, a German poet, and is translated here into English so you can read it. William Tell actually lived in a small village not far from Lucerne, Switzerland, and one can still see the quaint old church where he and his family worshipped.

WILLIAM TELL AND THE APPLE

THIS scene is from "William Tell." Gessler was an Austrian, governor of Switzerland. He was so brutal that the people hated him. He tried to humiliate the citizens by placing a cap on a pole and demanding that everyone who passed bow to it.

SCENE: A meadow near Altdorf. Trees in the foreground. At the back, a cap upon a pole, and behind it FRIESSHARDT and LEUTHOLD, two Austrian men at arms.

TELL enters, carrying his crossbow and leading his young son WALTER.

Walter. Oh, father, see the cap upon the pole!

Tell. What is the cap to us? Let us begone.

(FRIESSHARDT, presenting his pike, blocks the way.)

Friesshardt. Halt! I command you, for the Emperor!

Tell (seizing the pike). What would you? Wherefore do you block my way?

Friesshardt. You've disobeyed the order. Follow us.

Leuthold. You have not bowed your head before the cap.

Tell. Friend, let me pass.

Friesshardt. Nay, off to prison, quick!

Walter. What! Father go to prison? Help, oh, help!

(Calling to the people in the background)

Good people, help! They're dragging him away!

(Enter ROSSELMANN the pastor and PETERMANN the sacristan, with three others.)

Petermann. What now?

Rosselmann. Ay, wherefore have you seized this man?

Friesshardt. He is a traitor to the Emperor.

Tell (seizing him violently). What! I, a traitor!

Rosselmann. Friend, you're wrong. That's Teli.

A loyal subject and an honest man.

Walter (seeing his grandfather FURST and running to his side). Grandfather, help! they do my father wrong.

Friesshardt. Away to prison!

Fürst. Stay, I offer bail.

In heaven's name, what is the matter, Tell?

(Enter MELCHTHAL and STAUFFACHER, friends of TELL.)

Leuthold. He would not pay his homage to the cap.

Fürst. Must he for this be sent to prison, friend?

Come, take my bail for him and let him go.

Friesshardt. Best keep your bail yourself; you'll need it soon.

We only do our duty. Off with him!

Melchthal (to the people). Oh! This is tyranny;

Shall we stand by

And see Tell dragged away before our eyes?

Petermann. We are the stronger; friends, endure it not!

Our countrymen will stand behind us here.

Friesshardt. Who dares to disobey the Viceroy's word?

Three Peasants (running up). We'll help you!

Come, all hands, and put them down!

Tell. Nay, nay, good people, I can help myself.

Think you that if I chose to practice force

I should be frightened by their flimsy pikes?

Melchthal (to FRIESSHARDT). Try, if you dare, to take him from our midst.

Fürst and Stauffacher. Peace, peace, friends; peace!

Friesshardt (shouting). Ho! Riot and revolt!

(Hunting horns are heard outside.)

Women. Hark! 'Tis the Viceroy.

Friesshardt (shouting more loudly). Riot! Mutiny!

Stauffacher. Shout till you burst, base knave!

*Rosselmann and Melchthal.** Hold! hold your tongue!

Friesshardt (still louder). Help, help! Come help the servants of the law!

Fürst. The Viceroy comes! Now we shall smart for this!

(Enter GESSLER on horseback with a falcon on his wrist.

RUDOLPH DER HARRAS, Gessler's master of horse; BERTHA, a noble Austrian lady; RUDENZ, a young Swiss noble; and other attendants and men at arms follow him, forming, with their spears, a circle around the entire group.)

Rudolph. Room for the Viceroy!

Gessler. Drive the clowns apart!

Why do they throng together? Who said "Help"?

Who was it? I *will* know. (All are still.)
(To FRIESSHARDT.) And who are you,
And wherefore have you seized this man?

(He gives his falcon to an attendant.)

Friesshardt. O mighty lord, I am a soldier true,
And standing sentinel beside the cap,
I caught this fellow in the very act
Of passing by without saluting it;
And so I seized him, as was your command,
But now the people try to rescue him.

Gessler (after a pause). Tell, do you hold the Emperor
in scorn,

And me, his Viceroy, who directs the State,
That you refuse to bow before the cap?

Tell. Pardon me, good my lord! The act was done
From carelessness, and not from willful scorn.

Gessler (after a longer pause). I hear you are a master
with the bow

And can outshoot all others at a mark.

Walter. 'Tis true, my lord, for at a hundred yards
Father can strike an apple off the tree.

Gessler. Tell, is that boy your son?

Tell. He is, my lord.

Gessler. Have you another?

Tell. Yes, my lord, one more.

Gessler. Which do you love the better of the twain?

Tell. I do not know; I love them both alike.

Gessler. Then, Tell, if at a hundred yards you strike
An apple from the tree, let's prove your skill.
Take up your bow—you have it there I see—
And shoot an apple from the youngster's head;
But I must warn you, take good aim, and hit
The apple at the first shot from your bow,
For if you miss, your head shall pay the price.

Tell. My lord, what monstrous thing is this you ask?

That from the head of my own darling boy—
No, no, kind sir, you cannot mean it so!
May God forbid! You surely could not ask
A father to perform a deed like that!

Gessler. You are to shoot an apple from his head.
I have commanded, and will be obeyed.

Tell. What! Point my crossbow at the darling head
Of my own child! No, rather let me die.
Must I become the murderer of my boy?
You have no children, sire; you do not know
The love that dwells within a father's heart.

Gessler. Ah, Tell, you have grown prudent all at once.
They told me that you were a dreamy soul
And were not molded like the common herd,
But loved unusual things; so I have now
Thought out for you a strange and daring deed;
Another man might shrink from it, but you
Will doubtless brace yourself and do it well.

Bertha. Oh, do not jest, my lord, with these poor souls!
See how they tremble; see how pale they grow!
So little are they used to jests from thee.

Gessler. Who told you 't was a jest?

(Seizing a branch above his head.)

The apple's here.

Make room, and let him pace the distance off
Just eighty paces—as the custom is—
No more, no less. Remember 't was his boast
That at a hundred he could hit the mark.
Now, bowman, shoot, and see you miss it not.

Bertha. This is enough, my lord. It is not kind
To trifle with a father's anguish thus.
If this poor man had given up his life
For his offense, it were not near so hard.
He has endured tenfold more than death.
Come now, and let him go in safety home.

Gessler (to TELL). Open the way there! Wherefore do you wait?

Your life is forfeit; I might slay you now,
But see, I mercifully rest your fate
Upon the skill of your own practiced hand
One surely cannot say his doom is harsh
Who thus is made the master of his lot.
You said you had a steady eye. 'T is well.
See to it, bowman, that you show your skill.

Rosselmann. Bethink you, sir, there is a God in heaven
To whom you must account for all your deeds.

Gessler. Bind him to yonder linden tree.

Walter.

Bind me!

Nay, I will not be bound. I'll stand as still
As any lamb—nor even draw my breath;
But if you bind me, I can not be still,
For I should have to struggle with my bonds.

Rudolph. But let them put a bandage on your eyes.

Walter. Why bind my eyes? No! Do you think I fear
An arrow from my father's bow? Not I!
I'll wait it firmly and not even wink
Come, father, let the Viceroy see your skill.

(He goes to the tree and the apple is placed upon his head.)

Gessler (to TELL). Now do your work!

Tell (bending his bow and fitting an arrow to it). Make
room there! Give me room!

Stauffacher. Nay, Tell, you must not. No, not now, at
least!

You tremble, and your hands and knees are weak.

Tell (lowering the bow). The apple seems to swim before my eyes!

(To GESSLER) Release me from this shot! Here is my
heart! *(Tears open his coat)*

Call for your soldiers. Let them strike me down.

Gessler. I do not want your life; I want the shot.

You are a marksman, Tell; you have no fear.
You rescue others; rescue now yourself.

(TELL stands struggling fearfully with his feelings. His hands clutch convulsively. His eyes are now fixed on GESSLER and now raised to heaven. Suddenly he grasps his quiver and takes from it a second arrow, which he places in his belt.)

Walter. Shoot, father, shoot! I do not fear.

Tell. I must.

(He collects himself and levels his crossbow.)

Rudenz. My lord, you will not urge this matter more.
I know you will not. It was but a test.

You've gained your object. Sternness pushed too far
Is like to miss its mark, though wisely aimed;
The bow that's overstrained will often snap.

Gessler. Be silent till you're asked.

Rudenz.

Nay, I will speak!

I will be bold. I love the Emperor,
But deeds like this will make his name abhorred;
'T is not his will to cause such needless pain.
In doing thus, you go beyond your powers.

Gessler. Ha! You are bold, I think.

Rudenz.

I've held my peace

At all the cruel deeds that I have seen,
But to be silent longer were to be
A traitor to my country and my king.

Bertha (throwing herself between RUDENZ and GESSLER). For Heaven's sake, do not anger him still more!

Gessler. Rash youth, do you dare speak so to your lord?

Rudenz. The Emperor's my lord, not you! I am
As free, by birth, as you are, and as strong
In every virtue that becomes a knight.
Did you not represent the Emperor—
Whose name I honor, though it is abused—
I'd throw my gauntlet down before your face

And make you take my challenge as a knight.
Ay! Beckon to your soldiers! Here I stand
But not, like these, unarmed. I wear a sword.
Let him who dares, approach!

Stauffacher (calling). The apple's fallen!

(While the attention of the crowd has been turned toward RUDENZ and GESSLER, TELL has shot.)

The boy still lives!

Many Voices. The apple has been hit!

(FÜRST staggers and is about to fall. BERTHA supports him.)

Gessler (astonished). What! Has he shot? The mad-man! Has he shot?

Bertha (to FÜRST). The boy is safe, good father; have no fear.

Walter (bounding forward, with the apple). Here is the apple, father! I was sure

You could not miss your shot and hurt your boy!

(TELL stands leaning forward, as if still following with his eye the flight of the arrow. The bow falls from his hand. Seeing WALTER advance, he meets him with outstretched arms and embracing him sinks down, exhausted, to the ground.)

Stauffacher. Let God be praised!

Gessler. By heaven! the apple's cloven through the core!

That was a master shot, I must allow.

Stauffacher. Be of good courage, Tell! You've freed yourself.

Now go in peace and seek your quiet home.

Gessler. Stop, Tell!

Tell.

What is your pleasure?

Gessler.

You did place

A second arrow in your belt. Ay, ay,

I marked it well. Say, wherefore did you so?

Tell (confused). It is a custom with all archers, sire.

Gessler. No, Tell. That answer will not pass with me. There was some other purpose, I am sure.

Tell me the truth, freely and fearlessly.

Whate'er it be, I promise you your life.

Why was this second shaft?

Tell. Well, then, my lord,
Since you have promised not to take my life,
I'll tell you all the truth, without reserve.

(He draws the arrow from his belt and fixes his eyes sternly upon GESSLER.)

If I had chanced to hit my darling child,
This second arrow should have pierced your heart,
And be assured, I should not then have missed.

Gessler. Well, Tell, 't is true I promised you your life;
I pledged my knightly word, and that I'll keep,
But since I've now unveiled your evil mind
I'll put you safely in a dungeon cell
Where neither sun nor moon shall reach your eyes;
So from your arrows I shall be secure.

Seize him, guards, and bind him with your chains.

(TELL is bound and led away amid hostile demonstrations from the people.)

—Friederich Schiller

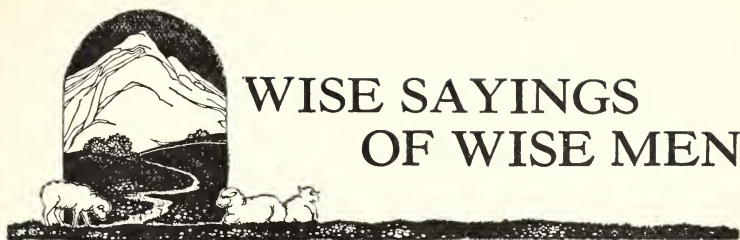
TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Write a paragraph of at least twenty lines telling what kind of a man you think Gessler was.

2. Find that section of the play in which Walter indicates his pride in his father, and read it silently.

3. Class Exercise: The class should plan to present this selection as a play. Let the pupils themselves become responsible for choosing the characters and assigning the parts, the teacher taking part only in an advisory capacity. Others in the class may be prepared to describe the scenes in which the action takes place.

4. Do you approve of William Tell's final answer to Gessler? Why?



WISE SAYINGS OF WISE MEN

The Central Thought

Ever since the world began there have been wise men who seemed to have a better knowledge of the meaning of life, and a surer insight into the future than others of their time. The wise sayings of these wise men are worth learning by heart, and putting into daily practice. They tell us how to live.

SAYINGS ON THRIFT

WORDS TO LEARN

The words in this list must be learned before you read these sayings. They are given in **Words to Learn**.

mickle
prolific
creditor

generating
beget
shillings

offspring
debtor
scores

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Benjamin Franklin was one of the wisest and most practical men that ever lived in America. He saw the waste that was going on around him in life, money, effort and time, and he determined to find the cause of that waste.

He soon saw that there were reasons why some men were successful and others failures, and trying to discover what these reasons were he found that there were certain foundation habits which had to be built up if a life was to be worthwhile.

One of these foundation habits he found to be **thrift**. The following are some of the things he said about the value of it. As you read these Sayings, think what they mean and whether they are useful today.

SAYINGS ON THRIFT

EVERY little makes a mickle.

Be industrious and free; be frugal and free.

All things are cheap to the saving, dear to the wasteful.

Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.

Remember that money is of the prolific, generating nature.

Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more.

Beware of small expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

Buy what thou has no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.

For age and want save while you may;

No morning sun lasts a whole day.

The borrower is a slave to the lender and the debtor to the creditor.

He that murders a pound [five dollars] destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds.

He that loses five shillings not only loses that sum, but all the advantage that might be made by turning it dealing, which by the time that a young man becomes old will amount to a considerable sum of money.

Remember that time is money. He that can earn ten shillings a day by his labor, and sits idle one half that day, though he spends but six pence during his idleness, has really spent or thrown away five shillings beside.

He that by the plough would thrive,

Himself must either hold or drive.

—*Benjamin Franklin*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. Give an illustration of a "small leak sinking a big ship."
2. Why does Franklin say that the borrower and the debtor are slaves?

3. What is the thought behind each of the rhymed sayings? Give an illustration to bring out the meaning of each of them.

4. Memorize ten of these sayings which you think will help you most in forming good foundation habits.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

WORDS TO LEARN

Some of these words are not in everyday use. You will find many such words in the Bible and early English writings.

restoreth
anointest

runneth
righteousness

rod
staff

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

This shepherd Psalm was written by David the shepherd boy, who became a great leader, a great poet and a great king.

You have heard it read, and have recited it many times, but as you read it now see if you can understand more of its meaning. David thought of God as a good shepherd who leads his sheep into green pastures, and beside pure streams of water; a shepherd who lets no harm come to his sheep, although they walk through places of great danger,—his rod and his staff protect them; a shepherd who finds food for his sheep even in the presence of their enemies, who when the day is done leads his flock back to the sheep fold and stands at the gate, as the custom was, with his horn of clive oil ready to bathe the wounded and the lame; a shepherd whose goodness and mercy follow his sheep all the days of their life, so that when the night comes and they are safe from harm under the starry sky, they long to stay in the good shepherd's fold forever.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

THE Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of

death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—*The Bible*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

Without referring to the book, answer the first question.

1. Make a list of four word pictures which are found in this psalm.
2. Turn to the book and list all the word pictures you can find.
3. Memorize the psalm.

GOLDEN SAYINGS OF EPICTETUS

WORDS TO LEARN

If you wish to get the complete thought of these sayings you must know the meaning of each word. You can find those in this list in **Words to Learn**.

invigorating
tonic
prone
defilement

hinder
revenge
savagery
aught

tractable
stalwart
antagonist
tranquility

AIDS TO UNDERSTANDING

Epictetus was a Greek, born about the middle of the first century A. D. His early history is unknown till we find him in Rome, the slave of Epaphroditus, a freedman of Nero's. Tradition tells us that Epictetus was so severely punished by his master that it made him lame.

He taught that man should cultivate complete independence of external circumstances and that he should find happiness within himself. He also taught men to reverence the voice of reason in the soul.

The teachings of Epictetus are bracing and invigorating and the tonic quality of his utterances has been recognized ever since his own day by Pagan and Christian alike. The sayings of Epictetus are golden because they have been so helpful to mankind.

GOLDEN SAYINGS OF EPICTETUS

I.

IF YOU do not wish to be prone to anger, do not feed the habit; give it nothing which may tend to its success. At first, keep quiet, and count the days when you were not angry. "I used to be angry every day, then every other day, next every two, next every three days!" and if you succeed in passing thirty days, render thanks to God.

II.

No man can rob us of our will—no man can lord it over that.

III.

Pittacus, wronged by one whom he had it in his power to punish, let him go free, saying: "Forgiveness is better than revenge. The one shows native gentleness, the other savagery."

IV.

"My brother ought not to have treated me thus." True, but he must see to that. However he may treat me, I must deal rightly by him. This is what lies with me, what none can hinder.

V.

Asked how a man should best grieve his enemy, Epictetus replied, "By setting himself to live the noblest life himself."

VI.

If you seek Truth, you will not seek to gain a victory by every possible means; and when you have found Truth, you need not fear being defeated.

VII.

But what says Socrates? "One man finds pleasure in improving his land; another his houses. My pleasure lies in seeing that I myself grow better day by day."

VIII.

First of all, condemn the life thou art now leading; but when thou hast condemned it, do not despair of thyself. Be not like them of mean spirit, who when once they have yielded, abandon themselves entirely and as it were allow the torrent to sweep them away. No; learn what the wrestling masters do. Has the boy fallen? "Rise," they say; "wrestle again, till thy strength comes to thee." Even thus should it be with thee. For know that there is nothing more tractable than the human soul. It needs but to will and the thing is done; the soul is set upon the right path; as on the contrary it needs but to nod over the task and all is lost. For ruin and recovery alike are from within.

IX.

It is the critical moment that shows the man. So when the crisis is upon you, remember that God, like a trainer of wrestlers, has matched you with a rough and stalwart antagonist. "To what end?" you ask. That you may prove the victor at the Great Games. Yet without toil and sweat this may not be!

X.

You may rest assured that be a man ever so pure himself, he cannot escape defilement if his associates are impure.

XI.

If you are told that such an one speaks ill of you, make no defense against what was said, but answer, "He surely knew not my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these only!"

XII.

In company avoid frequent and undue talk about your own actions and dangers. However pleasant it may be to you to enlarge upon the risks you have run, others may not find such pleasure in listening to your adventures.

XIII.

When you have decided that a thing should be done, and you are doing it, never shun being seen doing it, even though the multitude should be likely to judge the matter amiss. For if you are not acting rightly shun the act itself; if rightly, why fear misplaced censure.

XIV.

Asked, Who is the rich man? Epictetus replied, "He who is content."

XV.

What wouldst thou be doing when overtaken by Death? If I might choose, I would be found doing some deed of true humanity, of wide import, beneficent and noble. But if I may not be found engaged in aught so lofty, let me hope, at least for this—which none may hinder, and which is surely in my power—that I may be found raising up that which has fallen; learning to deal more wisely with the things of sense; working out my own tranquility, and thus rendering that which is its due to every relation of life.

—*Epictetus*

TEST AND STUDY ACTIVITIES

1. These "golden sayings" were uttered over two thousand years ago. Select the ones that you think still apply to our lives today.
2. Rewrite each rule in your own words. Be sure to get the **true** meaning of each one. Read them in class and let the class select the best interpretation of each rule.
3. Which of these rules do you think will help you most? Why?
4. Are any of these teachings like those of the Bible?

THINGS TO REMEMBER

"The mind can be trained to remember as well as the eye to see, the ear to hear and the hand to do."

In Part Five you have been reading some of the literature that never grows old; selections that your father and mother read when they were boys and girls in school, and which the next generation after you will probably read and enjoy. Test yourself to see if you remember the main points which the authors have presented in Part Five.

In the first section you read selections about home life. Do you remember Dr. Marden's fine article about "Mother"—your mother? When we are very little we take our mother's love and care as a matter of course. Boys and girls of your age ought to begin to realize how much they owe their mothers. Not until you are a full grown man, however, will you understand all that your mother has meant in your life. Tom Hood, a famous English poet, wrote the poem about remembering **the house** where he was born, many years ago. Why do you think **the poem** itself has been remembered all these years? The poem about the house with nobody in it was written by a young American poet who was killed in the World War. Longfellow's "Children Hour" is one of the most famous poems by this famous poet. It has been read and loved by three generations.

The next section contained several masterpieces. The first told the beautiful story of the Nautilus that each year lives a larger life in a new "house." Another told the story of the courtship of Miles Standish as related by Longfellow. There was a little poem reminding you that with each day you have a chance to make a fresh beginning.

In the last section you read a few wise sayings of some wise men.

You ought to carry away with you the three central thoughts of Part Five—1. The blessing of a good home. 2. The beauty of literature that has ideals. 3. The value of wisdom—and how to get it.

More About "Literature That Never Grows Old"

1. **Boy Life on the Prairie**, by Hamlin Garland; 2. **Little Men**, by Louisa May Alcott; 3. **Little Women**, by Louisa May Alcott; 4. **Little Colonel** (series), by Anna Fellows Johnston; 5. **Prince and the Pauper**, by Mark Twain; 6. **Hero Stories from the Bible**, by Mrs. Ozora S. Davis.

The Joy of Reading

BOOKS are delightful friends. With them you can travel to the far corners of the earth, you can climb mountains and sail the shoreless seas, you can thrill to great adventure without the danger of getting hurt. You can sit with Arthur at the Table Round, or ride through the Black Forest with Robin Hood. You can stow yourself away in a pirate ship, or run the blockade with a privateer. You can explore the wonders of Nature, or solve the mysteries of Science.

With books as your guide you can go as far as the mind of man may roam—and yet not leave your comfortable chair beneath your reading lamp.

The joy of reading is the stepping-stone to countless other pleasures. With this beginning the remainder of the journey will be a continual Adventure and leads at last to a liberal education. If this book has helped you to find the road, it has been a friend indeed.

WORDS TO LEARN

Key to Pronunciation

ā as in fāte	ē as in eve	ī as in Ice	ō as in ōld	ū as in ūse
ǎ as in făt	ě as in end	ĭ as in ĭll	ǒ as in ôdd	ŭ as in ŭp
â as in câre	ê as in ern	î as in ma-	ô as in ôrb	û as in ûrn
ǎ as in ǎsk	ê as in êight	chĭne	ō as in ōbey	û as in rûde
â as in ârm			ōō as in bōōt	û as in ûnite
â as in senâte				

abattis (ăb'ă-tīs): a rampart of felled trees.

abhorred (ăb-hôrd'): hated, loathed.

abreast (ă-brĕst'): side by side, even with.

acceded (ăk-sĕd'ĕd): agreed to.

accessible (ăk-sĕs'ĭ-bl): easy to approach.

accompaniment (ăk-kŭm'pă-nĭ-mĕnt): that which goes with something.

achievement (ă-chĕv'mĕnt): that which is accomplished.

Achilles (ă-kĭl'ĕz): a Trojan who avenged the death of his friend Patroclus.

acquisition (ăk-kwĭ-zĭsh'ŭn): gain, act of getting possession of.

acuteness (ăk-kŭt'nĕs): sharpness, quickness.

adamantine (ăd-ă-măn'tĭn): unbreakable, hard.

adapted (ă-dapt'ed): suited, fitted.

adherents (ăd-hĕr'ĕnts): followers.

adheres (ăd-hĕrz'): sticks fast, clings to.

adjudged (ăd-judgd'): decided, decreed.

adversary (ăd'vĕr-să-rĭ): an opponent.

adverse (ăd-vĕrs): contrary, opposed to.

affliction (ăf-flick'shŭn): pain, distress, suffering.

Agassiz (ăg'-ă-sĕ): a great naturalist and teacher.

aggression (ăg-grĕsh'ŭn): the first act leading to war.

agitated (ăj'ĭ-tăt-ed): stirred, excited.

aid-de-camp (ăd'dĕ-kămp): an officer attached to a general to assist him in his duties.

alabaster (ăl'ă-băs-tĕr): a white marble.

alders (ôl'dĕrz): a kind of trees or shrubs.

alert (ă-lĕrt): on the watch.

Alfred (ăl'frĕd): one of the early kings of England.

allay (ăl-lă): to calm or quiet.

allegiance (ăl-lĕ'jăns): loyalty or obligation to a government.

allies (ăl-līs): united by treaty or friendship, those bound together.

all-pervasive (ôl-pĕr-vă'sĭv): spreading through the whole extent.

allusion (ă-lŭ'zhŭn): a comparison.

aloft (ă-lôft'): on high.

amber (ăm'bĕr): yellowish or golden.

ambush (ăm'bôosh): lying in wait to attack by surprise.

amidships (ă-mĭd'shĭps): in the middle of a ship.

amphitheater (ăm-fĭ-thĕ'ă-ter): a building with rising tiers of seats about an open space.

ample (ăm'pl): large, full.

anarchist (ăn'ăr-kíst): one who does not believe in government or law.

ancestors (ăn'sēs-tērs): forefathers.

anecdote (ăn'ěk-dōt): a short, entertaining story.

anguish (ăn'gwiš): suffering, pain.

animus (ăn'ĩ-mūs): hostility, intention.

annihilated (ăn-nĩ'hi-lāt-ěd): reduced to nothing, destroyed.

anointest (ă-noint'ěst): anoints; to pour oil as a blessing.

Anse du Foulon (ăns dû Fũlông'): a little creek near Quebec.

antagonist (ăn-tăg'ō-nists): opponents or enemies.

antecedents (ăn-tē-sēd'ents): that which goes before in time.

anthrax (ăn'thrăks): an infectious disease of animals.

anvils (ăn'vĩls): iron or steel faced blocks on which metal is shaped by hammering or forging.

apocalyptic (ă-pők'ă-lĩp'tĩ-kăł): revealing.

apostasy (ă-pōs'tă-sĩ): renouncing or abandoning one's faith.

appalled (ăp-pōld): shocked, overcome with astonishment.

applicant (ăp'ĩl-kănt): one who makes a request.

appraising (ăp-prăs'ĩng): estimating the size of.

apprehend (ă'prē-hěnd'): anticipate, forestall; seize, check.

apprehension (ăp-rē-hěn'shũn): act of grasping; fear.

appropriate (ă-prō'prē-ăt): suitable or proper, set apart for particular use.

arbitrament (ăr-bĩt'ră-ment): right, power or act of deciding.

arcabucero (ăr-kă-bōō-thă'rō): a soldier of the fifteenth century, armed with firearms.

archer (ăr'chēr): one who is skilled in the use of the bow and arrow.

architect (ăr'kĩ-těkt): a person skilled in the art of building.

archly (ăreh'li): mischievously.

ardent (ăr'děnt): warm, affectionate.

ardor (ăr'dēr): eagerness, enthusiasm.

arduous (ăr'dũ-ūs): difficult, trying.

arena (ă-rē'nă): any place of public contest.

argent (ăr'jěnt): silvery, shining.

Argonne (ăr'gōn): a wooded plateau in France where one of the great battles of the World War took place.

aristocracy (ăr-ĩs-tők'ră-sĩ): nobility, royalty.

aroma (ă-rō'mă): agreeable odor, fragrance.

array (ă-ră'): dress; order of battle.

arteries (ăr'těr-ĩz): the tubular vessels which carry the blood from the heart to the various parts of the body.

artificer (ăr-tĩf'ĩ-sēr): a skilled worker.

artistic (ăr-tĩs'tĩk): showing taste or skill.

ascending (ă-sěnd'ĩng): rising, climbing.

ascribing (ăs-krib'ĩng): assigning as a cause.

askance (ă-skăns'): distrustfully, out of the corner of one's eye.

Aspinet (ăs'pĩ-nět): an Indian chief.

aspiration (ăs''pĩ-ră'shũn): a desire for something higher and better.

aspire (ăs-pĩr'): to desire with eagerness; to long for.

a-slumming (ă-slũm'ĩng): visiting slums.

assail (ă-săl'): to attack.

assailant (ă-săl'ănt): one who attacks.

assault (ă-sôlt'): a violent attack.

assemble (as-sem'bl): to gather together.

assiduity (ăs-ı-dũ'ı-tı): diligence, close application or attention.

assiduously (ăs-sıd'ũ-ăs-lı): diligently, continuously.

assuaged (ăs-swăjd'): softened, eased.

assumption (ăs-sũmp'shũn): supposing a thing without proof, taking for granted.

Astaroth (ăs'tă-rõth): the Phoenician goddess of love.

atheists (ă'thê-ısts): those not believing in God.

atone (ă-tõn'): to make amends for an offense.

attain (ă-tăn'): to reach; to arrive at.

aught (õt): anything.

augmented (õg-měnt'ěd): increased, enlarged.

auspicious (õs-pısh'ũs): favorable, giving promise of success.

austere (õs-têr'): harsh, severe.

Austerlitz (ous-têr-lıts): one of Napoleon's greatest battles.

authentic (õ-thěn'tık): true, genuine.

autocratic (õ'tõ-krăt'ık): absolute.

autumn (õ'tũm): the season between summer and winter.

avarice (ăv'a-rıs): greediness after wealth.

avenge (ă-věnj'): to take vengeance for an injury.

average (ăv'êr-ăg): the mean amount; the ordinary.

aversion (ă-vũr'shũn): disgust, dislike.

averting (ă-věrt'ıng): turning aside, preventing.

avowal (ă-vou'ăl): an open declaration.

awash (ă-wăsh'): floating in the water.

Azores (ă-zõrz'): islands in the Atlantic off the coast of north-west Africa.

Baal (bă'ăl): a Phoenician god whose worship was attended by wild revelry.

Bakalai (bak-ă-le'): a Bantu negro tribe living in the French Congo.

Baltic (bõl'tık): a sea in northern Europe.

banditti (băn'dıt'ı): a band of robbers.

bandy-legged (băn'dı-lěg'ěd): bow-legged.

barons (băr'ũns): noblemen of the lowest grade, large land owners.

barouche (bă-rõõsh): a roomy four-wheeled carriage with a folding or falling top.

barrage (bă'răzh'): a curtain of bursting shells fired in front of advancing troops to protect them from attack.

baseness (bas'něs): meanness, villainess.

Bashan (Bă'shăn): region east of the Jordan River in Palestine.

Bathsheba (băth-shê'bă): the wife of Uriah the Hittite.

battalions (bă-tal'yũnz): a body of soldiers usually forming about one-fourth of a regiment.

battailous (băt-ă-lũs): warlike, martial.

battery (băt'êr-ı): a number of guns with their accompanying officers.

beauteous (bũ'tě-ũs): beautiful.

Bechuands (běch-õõ-ă-náz): people who live between the Orange and Zamuzi Rivers in South Africa.

beget (bě-gět'): to cause to exist, produce.

begrimed (be-grımd'): soiled with dirt.

beleaguered (bě-lě'gěrd): surrounded, besieged.

belligerents (bě-lıj'êr-ěnts): warlike nations, states or people.

bellum (bě'lũm): war.

benediction (běn-ě-dík'shun): blessing.

benefactor (běn'ě-făk'-tēr): one who helps another.

beneficence (bě-něf'i-sěns): goodness, kindness.

benevolent (bě-něv'ō-lěnt): having a disposition to do good.

benign (bě-nīn): of a kind or gentle disposition.

benignant (bě-nīg'nănt): kindly, gracious.

besmeared (bě-směrd): soiled.

bewitched (bě-wīchd'): affected by witchcraft, charmed.

billion-wired: with a countless number of wires.

bivouac (bīv'-wăk): night camp of an army.

blanched (blănchd): turned pale, white.

blaze (blāz): to mark out a path.

blazon (blā'zn): coat of arms.

blundered (blŭn'děrd): made a mistake.

Bougainville (bōō'găn'vėl'): one of Montcalm's officers during the siege of Quebec.

boundless (bound'lěs): unlimited.

bounteously (boun'tě-ŭs-lī): liberally, plentifully, generously.

Brabant: a small dukedom in Germany.

brigade (brī-găd'): a subdivision of an army.

buckle (bŭk'l): to apply oneself.

bulwark (bŭl'wărk): that which defends from attack, protects.

buoyantly (boi'ănt-lī): cheerfully.

burly (bŭr'li): strong, boisterous, huge.

calculation (kăl'cŭ-lă'shŭn): act or process of estimating.

cam-paign (kăm-păn'): a series of battles in the field, warfare or struggle for a certain length of time.

campaigning (kăm-păn'ing): going on a campaign.

Campanulas (kăm-păn'ŭ-lăz): a large family of herbs with bell-shaped flowers.

cant (kănt): a form of words, talk, insincerity.

canteens (kăn-těnz'): vessels used by soldiers for carrying water when on the march.

capacity (kă-păs'ŭ-tī): power of receiving or containing.

caper (kă'pēr): a frolicsome leap, a skip.

capitulate (kă-pīt'ŭ-lăt): to make terms, surrender.

caprice (kă-prēs'): whim, change of mind.

capricious (kă-prīsh'ŭs): apt to change suddenly, influenced by caprices.

capsized (kăp-sīzd'): upset, overturned.

caravels (kăr'ă-vělz): a small sixteenth century Spanish vessel.

carbuncles (kăr'bŭn-k'lz): the reddened pupils of the eyes.

caribou (kăr'ŭ-bōō): a species of reindeer.

caribou moss (kăr'ŭ-bōō mōs): a plant eaten by reindeer.

caricatures (kăr'ŭ-kă-tŭr): a picture in which peculiarities of a person or thing are exaggerated.

carnage (kăr'năj): great destruction of life.

carnivora (kăr-nīv'ō-ră): animals that feed on flesh.

Carpathia (kăr-pă'thĭ-ă): the name of a ship.

carping (kărp'ing): finding fault, complaining.

Cassiar (kāsh'ār): name of the ship which took John Muir's party to Alaska.

cassiope (kā-sī'ō-pē): a kind of low shrub.

casualties (kāzh'ū-āl-tīz): losses of life caused by death and wounds.

catholic (kāth'ō-līk): universal, general.

cavalcade (kāv-āl-kād'): a group of horsemen.

cavity (kāv'ī-tī): a hollow place.

cerebral (sēr'e-brāl): pertaining to the brain.

chaffer (cháf'ēr): to bargain.

chagrin (shā-grīn'): feeling of shame, mortification.

challenge (chāl'ēnj): to dare; to invite to a contest, summon to fight.

chaparajos (chā-pā-rā'hōs): overalls of sheepskin or leather.

Chateau Villain (shatō' vīl-lān'): a French village.

Chauchats (sho'shāts): a light French machine gun.

chemistry (kēm'īs-trī): a science that treats of the composition of substance.

chivalry (shīv'āl-rī): the spirit of knighthood.

chloroform (klō'rō-fōrm): a liquid used for producing insensibility to pain.

cholera (kol'ēr-ā): a disease affecting both people and animals.

choleric (kōl'ēr-īk): hot-tempered, easy to anger.

chrysolite (krīs'ō-līt): a green colored gem.

Cipango (sī-pān'gō): a marvelous island east of Asia described in the voyages of Marco Polo.

circumstances (sūr'kūm-stāns'ēz): conditions.

civility (sī-vīl'ī-tī): civil conduct, politeness.

clamor (klām'ēr): a loud continued noise; to utter loud sounds.

cloven (klō'vn): split in two parts, divided.

clutch (klūch): to seize, snatch, grab hold of.

coalesce (kō-ā-lēs'): to grow together, combine, unite.

collapsible (kō-lāp-sī-b'l): capable of being reduced to a more compact form.

combatants (kōm'bāt-ānts): those engaged in a combat, fight or battle.

comely (kūm'li): handsome.

commiserating (kō-mīz'ēr-āt'īng): feeling or expressing sorrow.

commitment (kō-mīt'mēnt): act of binding one's self by a promise.

communion (kō-mūn'yūn): intercourse between persons, conversation.

compass (kūm'pās): go around.

compassion (kōm-pāsh'ūn): sympathy or pity for another.

compatible (kōm-pāt'ī-b'l): agreeable.

compliance (kōm-plī'āns): agreement.

comported (kōm-pōrt'ēd): agreed with, accorded.

comports (kōm-pōrts'): agrees with, accords.

composedly (kōm-pōz'ēd-lī): calmly, quietly.

composure (kōm-pō'zhūr): calmness.

comprehend (kōm-prē-hēnd'): to understand.

compulsion (kōm-pūl'shūn): force, obligation.

concede (kōn-sēd'): yield.

concentrate (kōn'sēn-trāt): to unite more closely; to condense.

conceptions (kōn-sep'shunz): ideas.

condescending (kōn-dē-sēnd'): stooping; accommodating oneself.

condolence (kõn-dõ'lěns): expression of sympathy for another.

confined (kõn-find'): shut up.

confirms (kõn-fúrms'): makes certain, settles.

conflagration (kõn-flá-grā'shũn): a large and destructive fire.

conjecture (kõn-jěk'tũr): guess, presume.

connubial (kõ-nũ'bĩ-ăl): pertaining to marriage.

conscience (kõn'shěns): inmost thought.

consecrated (kõn'sē-krāt'ěd): made or declared sacred, holy.

constellation (kõn-stěł-ā'shun): a group or cluster of fixed stars.

consternation (kõn'stēr-nā'shũn): amazement, horror.

consummation (kõn-sũ-mā'shũn): completion, end.

contagious (kõn-tā'jũs): catching; spreading from one to another.

contempt (kõn-těmpt'): act of despising, scorn.

contemptuous (kõn-těmpt'tũ-ũs): scornful.

contracts (kõn-trákts): acquires; binds one's self.

contrition (kõn-trish'ũn): sorrow for sins.

contrived (kõn-trĩvd'): made, planned, invented.

controverted (kon'trô-věr-těd): changed.

contumely (kõn-tũ'mě-lĩ): insult, humiliation, shame.

conventional (kõn-věn'shũn-ăl): according to custom.

converted (kõn-vũrt'ěd): changed into something else.

conviction (kõn-vĩk'shũn): strong belief, opinion.

convoy (kõn'voi): to escort; that which is transported by guard or escort.

cooperation (kõ-õp-ěr-ā'shũn): the act of working together.

Corbitant (kôr'bĩ-tant): an Indian chief.

cordial (kôr'jăl): hearty, sincere.

Cordovan (kôr'dõ-văn): horse-hide leather.

corporeal (kõr-põ'rě-ăl): pertaining to the human body.

corps (kõr): a subdivision of an army.

corral (kõ-răl'): a pen for confining cattle or horses.

Corregio (kor-rěd'jo): an Italian artist of the fifteenth century.

corroborate (kõ-rõb'õ-rāt): to make certain.

corselet (kõrs'lět): armor for the body.

Cossack (kõs'ăk): a warlike people, inhabiting part of Russia.

coulies (kõo'lěz): dry beds of streams.

covenants (kũv'ě-nănts): agreements between two or more persons or parties.

C.Q.D.: a former danger signal now replaced by S. O. S.

cranes (krānz): a machine for raising heavy weights; a derrick.

creditor (krěd'ĩ-těr): one to whom money is due.

credulous (krěd'ũ-lũs): inclined to believe things.

crevasses (krě-văs'ěz): a deep crack or fissure in a glacier.

crisis (krĩ'sĩs): turning point.

Croesus (krě'sũs): a king of Lydia famous for his vast wealth.

crooning (krõon'ĩng): humming or singing in a low tone.

crusade (krõo-săd'): a movement against some evil.

crypt (krĩpt): an underground cell or vault.

culminated (kũl'mĩ-năt'ěd): ended.

curmudgeon (kěr-mũd'jũn): a miser.

cutlass (küt'lás): a short curved sword.

cyclops (sí'klöps): a race of giants having one eye placed in the middle of their foreheads.

cynic (sín'ík): a sarcastic person, a scornor.

cynically (sín'í-käl-í): sneeringly, scornfully.

Damascus (dá-más'küs): a city in Palestine famous for making swords.

dandled (dän'd'ld): pampered, played with.

dauntless (dänt'lës): bold, fearless.

dearth (därth): want, lack.

debauchery (dê-bôch'ër-í): excessive indulgence of appetites.

debtor (dêt-ër): one who owes a debt.

decisive (dê-sí'sív): deciding, final, conclusive.

decorum (dê-kô'rüm): correct usage.

deference (dêf'ër-ëns): honor, esteem.

defiance (dê-fí'äns): challenge.

defiantly (dê-fí'änt-lí): with a challenge.

defilement (dê-fil'mënt): dirtiness, uncleanness.

defrauded (dê-frôd'ëd): cheated.

degradation (dêg-rá-dä'shün): lower state or condition.

delusions (dê-lū'zhün): false beliefs.

delusive (dê-lū-sív): deceiving.

demeanor (dê-m?n'ër): bearing or manner.

democracy (dê-môk'rá-sí): government by the people.

demolished (dê-môl'ísht): destroyed.

demonstrated (dêm'ôn-strät'ëd): showed, exhibited, proved.

denizens (dên'í-zënz): inhabitants, occupants.

depict (dê-píkt'): describe, portray.

deploying (dê-ploi'ng): spreading out.

deposed (dê-pôzd): subdued, reduced.

depression (dê-prësh'ün): sadness, gloom, melancholy.

derided (dê-ríd'ëd): ridiculed, made fun of.

desecrated (dês'ê-krät'ëd): put to an unworthy use.

designated (dês'íg-nät'ëd): appointed or chosen.

desperado (dês-për-ä'dô): a reckless criminal.

desperate (dês'për-ät): without hope; given up to despair.

despondency (dê-spôn'dën-sí): discouragement.

destination (dês-tí-nä-shün): place or point aimed at.

destitute (dês'tí-tüt): abandoned, left alone.

destroyers (dê-stroi'ërz): that which destroys.

detestable (dê-tëst'á-b'l): hated.

developed (de-vél'öpt): made or caused to grow larger and better.

deviation (dê-ví-ä'shün): departure from.

devised (dê-vízd'): planned or schemed.

devolved (dê-völvd'): overthrown; became a duty.

dexterous (dêks'tër-üs): skillful; clever.

dictator (dík-tä'tër): one who rules as a tyrant.

diffused (dí-fúzd'): spread abroad or through.

dilated (dí-lät'ëd): opened wide.

diligent (dí'l-jënt): steady, careful.

dint (dínt): power, force.

diphtheria (díf-thê'rí-ä): a contagious throat disease.

diplomacy (dí-plô'má-sí): tact, skill in the management of affairs.

disaster (dĭz-ăs'tēr): an unfortunate event, a calamity.

discern (dĭ-zŭrn'): to distinguish, saw.

discomfited (dĭs-kŭm'fĭt-ĕd): embarrassed, annoyed.

discountenance (dĭs-koun'tĕ-năns): to put to shame.

discreetly (dĭs-krĕt'li): wisely, cautiously.

discretion (dĭs-krĕsh'ŭn): judgment.

disengage (dĭs-ĕn-gāj'): to release, loosen.

dismayed (dĭs-măd'): frightened, alarmed.

disparage (dĭs-păr'āj): to undervalue, to speak slightly of.

dispatched (dĭs-păcht'): disposed of.

dispatching (dĭs-păch'ing): getting rid of.

disputatious (dĭs-pŭ-tă'shŭs): inclined to dispute.

dissension (dĭ-sĕn'shŭn): strife, quarrel.

dissipated (dĭs'sĭ-păt'ĕd): wasted.

disted (dĭs-tĕnd'ĕd): enlarged, swollen.

divers (dĭ-vĕrs): different, various, several.

diverted (dĭ-vĕr'tĕd): turned aside.

divested (dĭ-vĕs'tĕd): robbed or stripped.

document (dŏk'ŭ-mĕnt): an original or official paper.

dominant (dŏm'ĭ-nănt): exercising chief authority, ruling.

domination (dŏm'ĭ-nă'shŭn): exercise of power in ruling.

dotage (dŏt'āj): feebleness of understanding in old age.

doubloons (dŭb-lŏonz'): Spanish gold coins no longer used.

doublet (dŭb'lĕt): a kind of close-fitting man's garment.

dowdy (dou'dĭ): shabby.

dragoon (dră-gŏon'): a cavalryman.

dreadnaught (drĕd'nôt): a large battleship.

dreariness (drĕr'ĭ-nĕs): state of being sad or cheerless.

dromedary (drŭm'ĕ-dă-rĭ): a kind of camel.

drudge (drŭj): to perform menial work; a menial servant.

drudgery (drŭj'ĕr-ĭ): disagreeable labor.

duellum (dŭ-ĕl'ŭm): a duel, a combat between two persons.

dungeon (dŭn'jŭn): cell or prison.

dynamically (dĭ-năm'ĭ-kăl-ĭ): forcefully.

dynamo (dĭ'nă-mŏ): a machine for converting mechanical energy into electrical energy.

dynasties (dĭ'năs-tĭz): kings of the same family.

eddy (ĕd'dĭ-ĭng): whirling.

edifice (ĕd'ĭ-fĭs): a large or elegant building.

effulgence (ĕ-fŭl'jĕns): extreme brilliancy.

ego (ĕ'gŏ): self-centered, love of self.

elephantiasis (ĕl-ĕ-făn-tĭ'a-sĭs): a disease of the skin in which it becomes thickened, and is rough and hard.

elongated (ĕ-lon'găt-ĕd): lengthened, stretched out.

eloquence (ĕl'o-kwĕns): having the power to express one self forcefully.

eloquent (ĕl'ŏ-kwĕnt): expressing strong feeling.

eludes (ĕ-lŭdz): escapes.

embellish (ĕm-bĕl'ĭsh): to decorate.

embodiment (ĕm-bŏd'ĭ-mĕnt): concentrating into one body, representation.

emboldened (ĕm-bŏl'd'nd): made bold or courageous.

emerge (ē-mûrj): to come into view.
eminence (ēm'ī-nēns): influence or importance; position in life.
eminent (ēm'ī-nēnt): standing out clearly; conspicuous.
emits (ē-mīts'): gives forth.
enchanted (ēn-chānt'ēd): charmed.
enchanting (ēn-chānt'ing): charming.
endeavor (ēn-dēv'ēr): to try.
endured (ēn-dûrd): borne with patience, put up with.
energetic (ēn-ēr-jēt'ik): active.
engrossed (ēn-grōst'): to be written in fine form.
enmeshed (ēn-mēsht'): caught or entangled in meshes.
enmity (ēn'mī-tī): hatred or ill will.
ennobling (ēn-nō'bling): making beautiful.
enrich (ēn-rīch'): to make more valuable and beautiful.
ensign (ēn-sīn') a flag or banner.
entomology (ēn'tō-mōl'ō-jī): the department of zoology that treats of insects.
epaulets (ēp'ū-lēts): shoulder ornaments or badges.
espousal (ēs-pouz'āl): union.
equine (ē'kwīn): pertaining to or resembling a horse.
equipages (ek'wī-pāj-ēz): carriages, conveyances.
eradicate (ē-rād'ī-cāt): wipe out or destroy.
essence (ēs'ēns): concentrated spirit.
esteemed (es-tēmd'): valued highly.
estimates (ēs'tī-māts): determines the value of.
eternity (ē-ter'ni-tī): everlasting life.
ethereal (ē-thē'rē-āl): pertaining to the air, light or airy.
eulogy (ū'lō-jī): praise.
evacuation (ē-vāk'ū-ā-shūn): departure, withdrawal of troops.

exaltation (ēg'zōl-tā'shūn): a feeling of uplift.
exasperated (ēg-zās'pēr-āt-ēd): irritated, provoked.
execrations (ēk-sē-krā'shūnz): curses.
exemplarily (ēg'zēm-plā-rī-lī): worthy of imitation.
exertion (ēg-zēr'shūn): effort, attempt.
exhalation (ēks-ha-lā'shūn): breathing out.
expelling (ēks-pēl'ing): driving out.
experiment (ēks-pēr'ī-mēnt): a test to discover something previously unknown.
explicit (ēks-plīs'it): distinctly stated, plain in language, definite.
exponents (ēks-pō'nēnts): those who stand as representatives.
exquisite (ēks'kwī-zīt): finished, refined.
extenuate (ēks-tēn'ū-āt): to make excuses for.
extirpate (ēks'tēr-pāte): to root out, destroy.
exultation (ēk-sūl-tā'shūn): lively joy at success or victory.

facsimiles (fāk-sīm'ī-lēz): reproductions that are exact duplicates.
fare (fār): food and drink.
fatal (fā'tāl): deadly or final.
fealty (fē'āl-tī): loyalty.
feasible (fē-zī-b'l): practicable, possible.
fee (fē): title to property, deed.
feign (fān): pretend.
felicity (fē-līs'ī-tī): state of being well chosen, appropriateness.
fermentation (fūr'mēn-tā'shūn): a chemical change caused by germs.
ferocity (fē-rōs'ī-tī): fierceness.
fertilize (fūr'tī-līz): to make fruitful.
feverishly (fē'vēr-īsh-lī): excitedly.

fidelity (fī-dēl'ī-tī): loyalty to.
firebrand (fir'bränd): one who agitates.
firmament (fūr'mā-měnt): the heavens, sky.
fitful (fit'fōol): now and then, short lived.
flimsy (flīm'zī): weak, powerless.
flinched (flīnch'd): drew back.
forbearance (fōr-bār'āns): patience, self-control.
forceps (fōr'sēps): jaws.
forecastle (fōr-kās'l): a cabin in the forepart of the vessel.
forfeit (fōr'fīt): a penalty.
forlorn (fōr-lōrn'): sad, lonely.
formidable (fōr'mī-dā-b'l): powerful, feared.
forsooth (fōr-sōōth): in truth.
fostering (fōs'tēr-īng): supporting, sustaining.
foundering (foun'dēr-īng): sinking, disabled.
fowling-piece (fou'ling-pēs'): light gun for shooting birds or small animals.
Frankfurt (fränk'fōort): a name of a ship.
frankness (fränk'nēss): openness, truthfulness.
frenziedly (frēn'zīd-lī): madly, angrily.
fret (frēt): annoy, disturb.
frigate (frīg'āte): an old warship.
frowsy (frou'zī): slovenly.
fruited (frōot'ēd): fruitful.
fury (fūrī): madness.
fusillade (fū-zī-lād'): the discharge of a large number of fire arms at the same time.
futurity (fū-tūrī-tī): pertaining to the future.

gage (gāj): a challenge to fight.
galling (gōl'īng): annoying, vexing.

garish (gār'īsh): gaudy.
garrison (gār'ī-s'n): a body of troops stationed within a fortified place.
Gates of Hercules (hēr'kū-lēz): cliffs at the entrance to the Straits of Gibraltar.
gaudy (gōd'ī): showy.
gaunt (gōnt): lean, haggard.
gauntlet (gänt'lēt): a mailed glove used as a challenge to combat.
generating (jēn'ēr-āt-īng): producing.
generation (jēn-ēr-ā'shūn): the act or process of producing; all who are born within a period of twenty-five years.
genial (jē'nī-āl): cordial, cheerful.
genius (jēn-yūs): one who shows marked ability.
gesticulating (jēs-tīk'ū-lāt-īng): making motions or gestures.
ghastly (gast'lī): deathlike, pale.
gingerly (jīn'jēr-lī): cautiously, carefully.
girth (gūrth): the band by which the saddle is kept secure on a horse.
glebe (glēb): grassy surface, cultivated ground.
Gloria in Excelsis (glō'rī-ā-īn-ēk-sēl'sīs): Glory to God in the Highest.
glutinous (gloo'tī-nūs): gluey, sticky.
gnomes (nōmz): dwarfs.
goad (gōd): to urge on; a sharp stick or prod.
goal (gōl): object aimed at or desired.
Goliath (gō-lī'āth): the famous giant who fought with David.
gowd (gōd): Scotch for gold.
grafter (gräf'tēr): one who unlawfully accepts or handles public money.
grandeur (grăn'dūr): splendor.
grating (grāt'īng): net work.

gravitation (grāv-ī-tǎ'shŭn): a physical force attracting material bodies to each other.

gravity (grāv-ī-tǐ): seriousness.

grenades (grē-nādz): small hand bombs.

grenadier (grēn-ā-dērz): a foot soldier.

grim (grīm): stern, harsh, forbidding.

grotesque (grō-těsk'): unnatural, peculiar.

Guernsey (gŭrn'zī): an island in the English channel.

guise (gīze): apparel or uniform.

gules (gŭlz): red color.

gunwale (gŭn'ēl): the upper edge of the vessel or boat's side.

gutturals (gŭt'ŭr-ālz): sounds produced in the throat.

haemulon (hē'mŭ-lŏn): a kind of fish.

haggard (hǎg'ārd): pale and wan.

Hainault (hā'nō): a province of Belgium.

halter (hāl'tēr): a rope for leading or holding a horse.

halyards (hāl'yērdz): ropes for raising and lowering sails.

harbingers (hār'bīn-jērz): messengers, fore-runners.

hardy (hār'dī): vigorous, strong.

harpies (hār'pēz): mythological winged monsters.

harrass (hār-rās'): annoy, tease, bother.

harrowed (hār'ōd): torn, tormented.

haughty (hō'tī): proud, disdainful.

haunted (hânt'ēd): supposed to be occupied by ghosts or spirits.

Haverford (Hāv'ēr-fōrd): name of a place.

hazardous (hǎz'ār-dŭs): dangerous, full of peril.

heirship (ār'shīp): an inheritance.

hereditarily (hē-rēd'ī-tǎ'rī-lī): coming from an ancestor.

heritage (hēr'ī-tāj): an inheritance.

hermit (hŭr-mīt): one who lives alone, apart from the world.

hibernates (hī'bēr-nāts): sleeps through the winter.

hinder (hīn'dēr): prevent, obstruct.

hinds (hīnds): servants, toilers' workers.

hockey (hŏk'ī): an outdoor game played with a ball and clubs curved at one end.

homage (hŏm'āj): respect, honor, reverence.

horizon (hŏ-rī'zŭn): the limit of one's mental vision.

hostile (hŏs'tīl): unfriendly.

Hotel des Invalides: soldiers' home.

howitzer (hou'īt-sēr): a large cannon.

Huguenot (hŭ'gē-nŏt): a French protestant.

hulk (hŭlk): an old dismantled ship.

humane (hŭ-mān'): kind, benevolent.

humerus (hŭ'mēr-ŭs): the bone of the arm from the shoulder to the fore-arm.

humiliating (hŭ-mīl'ī-āt-īng): insulting, producing shame.

huzzas (hŭ-zāz): shouts, cries.

hydrophobia (hī-drŏ-fŏ'bī-ā): a disease caused by the bite of a mad dog.

Iberian (ī-bēr'ī-ān): a proper adjective from Iberia, a small country in Caesar's time.

ichthyology (īk-thī-ŏl'ŏ-jī): the study of fishes.

identity (ī-dēn'tī-tī): likeness, sameness; individuality.

ignoble (īg-nŏ'b'l): not noble, disgraceful.

ignominious (ĭg-nō-mĭn'ĭ-ŭs): disgraceful, shameful.

ignominy (ĭg'nō-mĭn-ĭ): disgrace, shame.

illuminating (ĭ-lū'mĭ-nāt-ĭng): making brilliant, lighting.

illusions (ĭ-lū'shŭns): false appearances.

imbecility (ĭm-bĕs-sĭl'ĭ-tĭ): mental weakness.

imbibed (ĭm-bĭbd'): drink in, absorb.

imminence (ĭm'ĭ-nĕns): nearness.

imminent (ĭm'ĭ-nĕnt): immediate, near.

immune (ĭ-mŭn'): protected against disease.

immunization (ĭ-mŭ'nĭ-zā'shŭn): state of being immune.

impassioned (ĭm-pāsh'ŭnd): moved to strong feeling.

impede (ĭm-pĕd'): to obstruct or hinder.

impenetrable (ĭm-pĕn'ĕ-trā-b'l): not to be pierced.

imperative (ĭm-pĕr'ā-tĭv): commanding.

impervious (ĭm-pĕr'vĭ-ŭs): not in sympathy with.

imperishable (ĭm-pĕr'ĭsh-ā-b'l): immortal, that which cannot perish.

impetuous (ĭm-pĕt'ŭ-ŭs): impatient, rash.

implement (ĭm'plĕ-mĕnt): tools; weapons.

importunate (ĭm-pōr'tū-nāt): insistent, demanding.

importunities (ĭm-pōr-tū'nĭ-tĭz): persistent beseeching, demands.

impoverish (ĭm-pōv'ēr-ish): to make poor.

impunity (ĭm-pŭ'nĭ-tĭ): without fear of result.

incapable (ĭn-kā'pā-b'l): unable.

incapacity (ĭn-kā-pās'ĭ-tĭ): lack of mental ability.

incendiary (ĭn-sĕn'dĭ-ā-rĭ): one who starts fires with evil intent.

incentive (ĭn-sĕn'tĭv): a motive.

incessantly (ĭn-sĕs'ānt-lĭ): continuously, unceasingly.

inclination (ĭn-klĭ-nā'shŭn): tendency.

incomparable (ĭn-kōm'pā-rā-b'l): beyond compare.

incompetency (ĭn-kōm'pĕ-tĕn-sĭ): lack of fitness or ability.

incompetent (ĭn-kōm-pĕ-tĕnt): lacking ability.

incumbent (ĭn-kŭm'bĕnt): imposed upon as an obligation, dependent upon.

incurred (ĭn-kŭrd'): brought upon one's self.

incursions (ĭn-kŭr'shŭnz): invasions.

indemnities (ĭn-dĕm'nĭ-tĭz): payment for a loss.

index (ĭn'dĕks): that which points out or indicates.

indispensable (ĭn-dĭs-pĕn'sā-b'l): necessary.

indisputable (ĭn-dĭs-pŭ'tā-b'l): beyond question.

indolence (ĭn'dō-lĕns): laziness.

indomitable (ĭn-dōm'ĭ-tā-b'l): unconquerable.

induce (ĭn-dūs'): to influence.

inestimable (ĭn-ĕs'tĭ-mā-b'l): beyond measure.

inevitable (ĭn-ĕv'ĭ-tā-b'l): unavoidable.

inevitably (ĭn-ĕv'ĭ-tā-blĭ): unavoidably.

inexhaustible (ĭn-ĕg-zōs'tĭ-b'l): unfailing.

infamy (ĭn'fā-mĭ): shame, disgrace.

infidels (ĭn'fĭ-dĕlz): those not believing in God.

infinite (ĭn'fĭ-nĭt): unlimited.

infirmities (ĭn-fŭr'mĭ-tĭz): weaknesses.

inflate (ĭn-flāt'): to expand.

infused (ĭn-fŭzd'): instilled into.

infusing (ĭn-fŭz'ĭng): instilling into.

inhabitable (ĭn-hăb'ĭt-ă-b'l): suitable for living.

inherits (ĭn-hĕr'ĭts): to get possession through the death of another.

initiative (ĭn-ĭsh'ĭ-ă-tĭv): individual ability to take the first step.

injunction (ĭn-jŭnk'shŭn): an order or command.

inmost (ĭn-mōst): deepest within.

inoculate (ĭn-ōk'ŭ-lăt): to infect with a disease.

insensibly (ĭn-sĕn'sĭ-blĭ): unconsciously.

insidious (ĭn-sĭd'ĭ-ŭs): deceitful, treacherous.

insignia (ĭn-sĭg'nĭ-ă): colors or emblems.

insolently (ĭn-sō-lĕnt-lĭ): rudely or disrespectfully.

inspiring (ĭn-spĭr'ĭng): urging on.

instantaneous (ĭn-stăn-tă'nĕ-ŭs): occurring in a moment.

instigation (ĭn-stĭ-gă'shŭn): urging.

insurgent (ĭn-sŭr'jĕnt): rebellious.

insurgents (ĭn-sŭr'jĕnts): a name applied to the Cuban soldiers.

integrity (ĭn-tĕg'rĭ-tĭ): dependibility.

intercepted (ĭn-tĕr-sĕpt'ĕd): came or got in the way of.

intercession (ĭn-tĕr-sĕsh'ŭn): plea in behalf of.

interdicted (ĭn-tĕr-dĭkt'ĕd): prohibited.

intergradation (ĭn-tĕr-gră-dă'shŭn): developing a new species by cross breeding.

international (ĭn-tĕr-năsh'ŭn-ăl): between nations.

internecine (ĭn-tĕr-nĕ'sĭn): deadly, destructive.

intersection (ĭn-tĕr-sĕk'shŭn): the crossing of two roads.

interval (ĭn'tĕr-văl): time or space between.

intrepid (ĭn-trĕp'ĭd): bold, fearless.

intrigue (ĭn-trĕg'): a secret plot.

intrudes (ĭn-trōōdz'): forces one's way in.

invariable (ĭn-vă'rĭ-ă-b'l): never changing, always the same.

invigorating (ĭn-vĭg-ōr-ăt'ĭng): strengthening.

invincible (ĭn-vĭn'sĭ-b'l): unconquerable.

invincibility (ĭn-vĭn'sĭ-bĭl-ĭ-tĭ): unconquerableness.

inviolate (ĭn-vĭ'ō-lăt): not to be besmirched or violated.

involuntarily (ĭn-vōl'ŭn-tă'rĭ-lĭ): not from choice.

irised (ĭ'rĭst): many colored.

irresistible (ĭr-ĕ-zĭs'tĭ-b'l): not to be prevented.

irreverently (ĭ-rĕv'ĕr-ĕnt-lĭ): without proper respect.

isolation (ĭ-sō-lă'shŭn): act of being detached, alone.

jolt (jōlt): sudden jerk.

jubilant (jōō'bĭ-lănt): rejoicing.

junto (jŭn'tō): a group of men meeting secretly.

jurisdiction (jōō-rĭs-dĭk'shŭn): legal control.

kinnikinnick (kĭn'ĭ-kĭ-nĭk'): the red bearberry.

knout (nōōt): a leather whip with leather throngs mingled with wires.

laboratory (lăb'ō-ră-tō-rĭ): a place where scientific experiments are carried on.

languishes (lăn'gwĭsh-ĕs): becomes weak.

lariat (lăr'ĭ-ăt): a rope or lasso usually with a running noose.

laudable (lôd'ă-b'l): worthy of praise.

laurels (lô'rêlz): honor, glory.
league (lēg): three geographical miles.
legislation (lēj'is-lā'shŭn): law passed.
legitimate (lē-jit'ī-măt): according to law, legal.
lethargic (lē-thär'jĭk): sluggish, unnatural.
lethargy (lēth'är-jĭ): sluggishness.
liaison (lē-ā-zôn'): a union, or contact.
lichens (lĭ'kēns): a family of air nourished plants.
lingo (lĭn'gō): a dialect.
list (lĭst): to tilt to one side.
loathsome (lōth'sŭm): hateful.
loitering (loi'tēr-ĭng): lingering.
loom (lōōm): appears large; a machine for weaving.
lower (lou'ēr): darken, grow gloomy.
lure (lūr): to draw in by promises.
lurking (lŭrk-ĭng): hidden, sneaking.
Lusitania (lōō'sĭ-tā'nĭ-ā): the name of a ship.
luster (lŭs-tēr): brightness, splendor.
luxation (lŭks-ā'shŭn): a dislocation.
luxuriance (lŭks-ŭ'rĭ-āns): heavy growth.

macadamized (măk-ăd'ăm-ĭzd): a road covered with a smooth hard surface.
magnanimous (măg-năn'ĭ-mŭs): generous.
magnify (măg'nĭ-fi): increase in size.
magnitude (măg'nĭ-tŭd): size.
mair (mār): Scotch for more.
majesty (maj'ēs-tĭ): grandeur.
majestic (mā-jēs'tĭk): having dignity of person or manner.
malignant (mā-lĭg'nănt): intending or effecting evil.

malignity (mā-lĭg'nĭ-tĭ): disposition to do evil, harmfulness.
malleable (măl'ē-ā-b'l): capable of being molded or shaped.
man-hives (măn'hĭvz): places where a great number of people live.
manifested (măn'ĭ-fĕst-ĕd): showed.
manifold (măn'ĭ-fôld): many.
mansions (măn'shŭnz): large handsome dwelling houses.
marred (mărd): disfigured, injured.
marauders (mā-rawd'ĕrs): rovers in quest of booty.
martial (măr'shal): military, warlike.
massive (măs'ĭv): weighty, heavy.
matchlock (măch'lŏk): an old style gun.
Matterhorn (mā-tôt-hôrn): a mountain in the Alps.
maudlin (mawd'lĭn): easily moved to tears.
meads (mĕdz): meadows.
meager (mĕ'gĕr): thin, scanty.
melancholy (mĕl'ăn-kŏl-ĭ): sad.
Melawbe (mĕl-ô'bĕ): one of Livingstone's native servants.
memorandum (mĕm-ô-răn'dŭm): a record of something to be remembered.
menaced (mĕn'ăst): endangered.
merit (mĕr'ĭt): worth.
meritorious (mĕr-ĭ-tŏr'ĭ-ŭs): deserving, worthy.
metamorphic (mĕt-ă-mô'r'fĭk): solid, crystalline, hard.
metamorphosed (mĕt-ă-mô'r'fôzd): changed into a different form.
meteor (mĕ'tĕ-or): a falling or shooting star.
methodic (mĕ-thŏd'ĭk): acting according to method.
metropolis (mĕ-trŏp'ô-lĭs): the chief or capital city.
mickle (mĭk'l): great, much.
microbe (mĭ'krŏb): a germ.

microscope (mī'krō-skōp): an optical instrument for making very tiny objects appear larger.

Midianites (mīd-i-ān-īts): people from northern Arabia.

militant (mīl'ī-tānt): warlike.

minor (mī'nēr): less important, smaller.

moderation (mōd-ēr-ā'shūn): that which is not extreme.

molestation (mōl'ēs-tā'shūn): interference, annoyance.

moment (mō'mēnt): importance, value.

mon (mon): Scotch for man.

Monongahela (mō-nōn'gā-hē'lā): one of the rivers that forms the Ohio River.

monstrous (mōn'strūs): horrible, dreadful.

moraine (mō-rān): a line of rocks and gravel at the edges and base of glaciers.

morasses (mō-rās'ez): swamps.

mortar (mōr'tēr): a short light cannon used to throw shells.

mortified (mōr'tī-fid): humbled.

mournful (mōrn'fōol): full of sorrow or grief, sad.

munitions (mū-nīsh'ūnz): military stores or material.

muster (mūs'tēr): the gathering of troops.

mutable (mū'tā-b'l'): changeable.

mutinous (mū'tī-nūs): unruly.

mutiny (mū'tī-nī): an uprising against authority.

mutual (mū'tū-āl): shared by two or more persons.

myriad (mīr'ī-ād): consisting of a great number.

Myrmidons (mūr'mī-dōnz): brutal followers.

Mystic (mīs'tīk): a river near Boston.

naturalist (nāt'ū-rāl-īst): a student of Nature.

negative (nēg'ā-tīv): opposite to.

niche (nīch): a recess or hollow in a rock wall.

Nina (nē'nā): one of Columbus' ships.

nobility (nō-bīl'ī-tī): state or quality of being noble.

nonce (nōns): time being, moment.

nonchalant (nōng-shā-lāng): cool, indifferent.

non-combatants (nōn-kōm'bāt-ānts): one not engaged in military pursuits in war time.

notorious (nō-tō'rī-ūs): well-known, famous.

numbed (nūmd): deadened, having no feeling.

nurtures (nūr'tūrs): nourishes, feeds.

nutriment (nū'trī-mēnt): nourishment, food.

objective (ōb-jēk'tīv): a goal, that which is aimed for, desired.

obliquely (ōb-lēk'ī): slantingly.

oblivion (ōb-līv'ī-ūn): forgetfulness.

obscure (ōb-scūr'): not easily understood or seen, hidden.

obsequious (ōb-sē'kwī-ūs): over-polite.

obstinate (ob'stī-nāt): stubborn.

obviously (ōb'vī-ūs-lī): evidently, clearly.

odious (ō'dī-ūs): unpopular, offensive.

offspring (ōf'sprīng): that which comes from or grows out of something.

Og (ōg): King of Bashan.

Olympic (ō-līm'pīc): the name of a ship.

ominously (ōm'ī-nūs-lī): foreshadowing evil.

orbit (ōr'bīt): the course followed by a heavenly body.

ordain (ôrdân'): to appoint, establish.

Oriental (ô-rî-ên'tâl): pertaining to the East.

ornaments (ôr'nâ-měnts): anything that adorns or beautifies.

orthodox (ôr'thō-dōks): adherents to a standard.

ostentatiously (ôs-těn-tā'shūs-lī): gaudily, making a great show.

outflanked (out-flānkt'): got the better of by extending troops around the extreme right and left positions of the enemy.

pallet (pāl'et): a bed of straw.

palpitated (pāl'pī-tāt'ed): throbbed, beat rapidly.

panics (pan'ix): times of sudden overpowering fear and terror; usually used in connection with financial and military affairs.

panorama (păn'ô-râ-mâ): a scene that passes continuously before one.

paralysis (pâ-rāl'ī-sīs): a disease which takes away the power to move or feel in certain parts of the body.

parental (pâ-rěn'tâl): like a father or a mother, parent-like.

paroxysms (păr'ôk-síz'mz): violent, uncontrollable convulsions or spasms, fits.

passion (pâsh'ün): a strong feeling, intense love, desire or hate.

patriarch (pâ'trî-ârk): a venerable old man, looked upon as a leader and father.

Patroclus (Pâ-trō'klūs): a great friend of Achilles who was slain by the Trojan Hector and avenged by Achilles when he slew Hector.

pawned (pawn'ed): given to or placed with someone as a security for a loan of money.

Pecksuot (pěk'sōō-ôt): an Indian.

pellets (pěl'ětz): little balls.

peltries (pěl'trīz): skins.

pennyroyal (pěn'ī-roi'ăl): a plant of the mint family.

perihelion (per'ī-hē'li-ôn): that point of the orbit or course of a planet or comet which is nearest the sun.

perilously (pěr'ī-lūs-lī): riskily, full of danger.

permeating (per'mē-āt'ing): spreading through, mingling with.

perpendicular (pûr'pěn-dīk'û-lâr): at right angles to a given surface, up and down.

pertinacity (pûr'tī-nās'ī-tī): obstinacy, determination, firmness.

pervades (pěr-vād'z): passes or spreads through the whole.

phalanx (fā'lānks): a compact growth or group.

phantom (făn'tûm): a ghost, or apparition, a spirit.

Philistines (fī-līs'tīnz): people dwelling southwest of Palestine, and frequently at war with the Hebrews.

pillage (pīl'āj): plunder, rob.

Pinta (Pīn'tă): one of Columbus' three vessels.

pioneer (pī'ô-nēr): an early settler.

pious (pī'ūs): showing reverence and respect.

piqued (pěk'ed): offended, hurt in pride or feelings, irritated.

pirouetting (pīr'ōō-ět'ting): whirling and turning rapidly in one spot.

placable (plā'ká-b'l): willing to forgive.

plague (plāg): a disease which sweeps over a city or country.

plateau (plā-tō'): a high level plain, a table-land.

pliable (plī'á-b'l): easy to bend.

polity (pol'ī-tī): a community living under an organized system of government.

polysyllable (pōl'ī-sīl'á-b'l): a word having more than one syllable.

pomegranates (põm'grăn-âts): fruit like an orange in color and size.

ponderous (põn'dēr-ūs): heavy, weighty.

popularity (põp'û-lăr'î-tî): the state or quality of being pleasing to people; favor, esteem.

portcullis (põrt-kûl'îs): an iron door hung in or over the gateway of a castle.

portico (põr'tî-kõ): a walk or entrance covered by a roof supported by columns.

posted (põst'êd): rode or travelled in haste, hurried.

posterity (põs-tēr'î-tî): descendants.

posture (põs'tûr): attitude or position.

potent (põ'tênt): powerful, strong.

pow wow (pou'pou'): medicine man.

precarious (prê-kā'rî-ūs): uncertain, not secure, risky, doubtful.

precaution (prê-kõ'shûn): taking care beforehand to prevent evil and assure success.

precincts (prê'sînkts): bounds.

precision (prê-sîzh'ăn): exactness, accuracy.

preconcerted (pre'cõn-sûrt'êd): arranged or planned beforehand.

preeminent (pre-êm'î-nênt): outstandingly, superior to others.

premature (pre'mâ-tûr'): untimely.

preposterous (prê-põs'têr-ūs): absurd, contrary to reason, or common sense.

presumably (prê-zûm'â-b'li): supposedly, to be expected.

presumptuous (prê-sûmp'tû-ūs): bold, rash, over confident.

pretensions (prê-tên'shûns): claims whether false or true, assumed rights.

prey (prâ): victim.

privateer (prî'vâ-têr): a vessel owned by private citizens but permitted by the government to attack the ships of the enemy.

processes (prõs'ê-sêz): a series of acts or operations leading to some result.

procured (prõ-kûrd'): secured, gained.

projected (prõ-jêkt'êd): extended or hung out over, jutting, stuck out.

prolific (prõ-lîf'îk): producing young or fruit abundantly.

prone (prõn): disposed, inclined, lying flat or face down.

propagandists (prõp'â-găn'dîsts): those who spread any principles, doctrines or opinions.

prophecy (prõf'ê-sî): a foretelling of future events under divine influence; prediction.

proscribed (prõ-skrîbd'): outlawed, the protection of law.

prostrate (prõs'trât): powerless, lying stretched out.

protesting (prõ-têst'îng): holding back.

provocation (prõv'ô-kâ'shûn): that which excites to anger or resentment.

prowess (prou'ês): brave act or deed, daring bravery.

prudent (prõo'dênt): careful, wise, sensible.

prying (prî'îng): looking or inspecting closely, curious, inquisitive.

puck (pûk): a flat rubber disk used as a ball in playing ice-hockey.

pulpit (põol'pît): a place in a church usually elevated, where the preacher stands to deliver his sermon.

puppets (pûp'êts): dolls or tools moved at some one's will or desire and unable to move by themselves.

pursuits (pûr-sûts'): that which one does as an occupation.

quaking (kwāk'ing): shaking, shuddering or trembling violently.

quarry (kwōr'ī): prey or game, that which is hunted or chased.

que vive (kê vêv): a French military phrase meaning "Who goes there?"

railed (rāld): insulted, reproached.

raiment (rā'měnt): garments, clothing.

rapacious (rá-pā'shūs): greedy, grasping.

rations (rā'shūns): a fixed allowance of food and drink.

ravages (rāv'ā-jěz): attacks.

ravenous (rāv'nūs): very hungry, greedy, almost starving.

ravine (rá-vēn'): a small valley dug out by running water.

realities (rê-āl'ī-tīz): that which is real, facts, truths.

reassurance (rê-ā-shōor'āns): the act of restoring or giving back confidence.

recall (rê-kôl'): to call to mind again, remember, recollect.

recedes (rê-sēdz'): retreats, moves back, withdraws.

receding (rê-sēd'ing): the act of withdrawing or retreating.

recoil (rê-koil'): draw or fall back, shrink, spring back.

reconciled (rêk'ōn-sīld): renewed friendship with.

reconciliation (rêk'ōn-sīl'ī-ā'shūn): the state of being reconciled.

redoubt (rê-dout'): a barricade or trench used to fortify a position.

redoubtable (rê-dout'ā-b'l): dread, formidable.

refilter (rê-fīl'tēr): to pass into again.

refractory (rê-frāk'tō-rī): obstinate, unruly, hard to manage.

regimentals (rêj'ī-měnt'tālz): the uniform worn by the officers and soldiers of a regiment.

regulation (rêg'ū-lā'shūn): a rule or order, a direction.

relentless (rê-lěnt'lēs): unyielding, without sympathy or pity.

reliance (rê-lī'āns): confidence, trust.

religious (rê-līj'ūs): pious, devout.

relinquish (rê-līn'kwīsh): abandon, surrender.

reluctance (rê-lūk'tāns): the state of being unwilling or opposed to something.

reluctant (rê-lūk'tānt): unwilling, opposing, resisting.

remembrance (rēm'ī-nīs'ēns): remembrance, recollection, that which is called to the mind again.

remorse (rê-mōrs'): the act of regretting or repenting something.

repulse (rê-pūls'): driving back.

repulsed (rê-pūlsd'): driven or beaten back.

reputed (rê-pūt'ēd): said to be, known as.

resentment (rê-zěnt'měnt): an indignant feeling, anger, ill will.

resolve (rê-zôlv'): to determine, decide.

resonant (rêz'ō-nānt): re-echoing.

resources (rê-sōrs'ēz): property, food, land.

resplendent (rê-splēn'děnt): vividly bright, gorgeous.

restoreth (rê-stōr'ēth): heals, rebuilds, cures.

resuscitate (rê-sūs'ī-tāt): to revive, restore to life.

retaliation (rê-tāl'ī-ā'shūn): revenge, the act of returning evil for evil.

retribution (rět'rí-bū'shŭn): payment exacted for injury.

reveal (rě-věl'): make known.

revelations (rěv'ě-lā'shŭns): the act of making known.

revelling (rěv'ěl-lŭng): making merry, taking delight in amusement.

revenge (rě-věnj'): the act of getting even with someone, repaying evil with evil.

reverberating (rě-vŭr'běr-āt'ŭng): echoing, resounding.

revere (rě-vēr'): to reverence, respect or honor.

reverence (rěv'ēr-ěns): honor respect.

reverentially (rěv'ēr-ěn'shăl-lŭ): with reverence and respect.

revolt (rě-völt'): uprising against authority.

righteousness (rŭ-chŭs'něs): honesty, justice, uprightness, goodness.

roan (rōn): a color usually describing a horse, bay, sorrel or chestnut interspersed with white.

rod (rōd): staff or sceptre.

roisterers (rōis'tēr-ěrs): bullies, blusterers, clowns.

romantic (rō-măn'tik): fanciful, unreal.

rotunda (rō-tŭn'dă): a round building covered with a dome or cupola.

roundhouse (round'hous'): the cabin on the after part of the quarter-deck of a vessel.

routine (rō-tēn'): the regular order, a round of duties.

rowels (rou'ěls): the little wheels with sharp points as on spurs.

rubicund (rō-bŭ-kŭnd): ruddy, inclined to redness.

rudiments (rōō'dŭ-měnts): unfinished beginnings, fundamental principles.

Ruisseau St. Denis (rōō-sô'săn děn-ŭ'): a little brook.

ruminate (rōō'mŭ-năt): to meditate or reflect upon.

ruminating (rōō'mŭ-năt'ŭng): meditating, reflecting.

runneth (rŭn'ěth): poetic form of "runs".

ruthlessly (rōōth'lěs-lŭ): cruelly, pitilessly.

saber (să'běr): a sword with a curved blade.

sachem (să'chěm): chief.

sacrificed (săk'rŭ-fist): gave up his personal chance of scoring to bring another man in.

sacristan (săk'rŭs-tăn): a sexton, one who cares for the vessels in a church.

sagacious (să-gă'shŭs): wise, clever.

sagacity (să-găs'ŭ-tŭ): intelligence; understanding.

sagamore (săg'ă-mōr): a name for an Indian chief.

salutation (săl-ŭ-tă'shŭn): greeting.

Salve regina (săl'vă rě-gě'nă): the vesper hymn to the Virgin.

Samoset (săm'ō-sět): an Indian chief.

sanguine (săn'gwŭn): hopeful, confident.

San Salvador (săn săl'vă-dōr): an island on which Columbus landed.

Santa Maria (săn'tă mă-rŭ'ă): one of Columbus' three boats.

sapphire (săf'ŭr): bluish color.

sated (săt'ěd): satisfied.

satellites (săt'ě-līts): weak followers of a great man.

savagery (săv'ăj-rī): cruelty, brutality.

scapula (skăp'û-lă): the shoulder blade.

scientific (sī'ën-tīf'īk): systematic or exact.

scores (skōrz): plural for score meaning twenty.

scorner (skōr'nēr): one who ignores, looks down upon.

scrutiny (skrōō'tī-nī): close observation.

scythe (sīth): an instrument for cutting grass or grain by hand.

secretary (sěk'rē-tă-rī): an assistant.

seductive (sě-dŭk'tīv): tempting, leading astray.

seer (sē'ēr): dry, withered.

self-abandon (sělf â-băn'dŭn): forgetfulness of self.

self-content (sělf kōn-těnt'): satisfied with one's self.

semblance (sēm'blăns): having a similar appearance, likeness.

senor (sěn-yōr'): Spanish for Mister.

sensual (sěn'shōō-ăl): material, worldly.

sentinel (sěn'tī-něl): a guard, watcher.

sequence (sē'kwěns): order.

serene (sě-rēn'): calm, quiet.

serenity (sě-rěn'ī-tī): the state of being calm or serene.

serried (sěr'īd): irregular, broken.

severed (sěv'ěrđ): cut apart.

Seville (sěv'īl): A city in Spain.

shillings (shīl'īngz): coins used at the time of the Revolution.

shaft (shăft): arrow.

shrewdness (shrōōd'nēs): cleverness.

shrieking (shrēk'īng): making a sharp, shrill sound.

shrouds (shroudz): large ropes supporting the masts.

sicht (sīkt): Scotch for sight.

significance (sīg-nīf'ī-kăns): meaning and importance.

significant (sīg-nīf'ī-kănt): expressive, suggestive.

silhouetting (sīl-ōō-ět'īng): standing out in black and white.

simulation (sīm-û-lă'shŭn): the act of pretending.

sinewy (sīn'û-ī): muscular, vigorous.

singular (sīn'gŭ-lăr): unusual, strange.

sinister (sīn'īs-tēr): evil.

sinuous (sīn'û-ŭs): winding.

siren (sī'rěn): one who lures one on to destruction.

skulked (skŭlkt): withdrew into concealment.

slake (slāk): satisfy one's thirst.

slogan (slō'găn): originally the war cry of a Highland clan.

slums (slŭnz): a district of a city inhabited by the poorer classes.

slumped (slŭmpt): sunken, fallen.

sniping (snī'pīng): shooting at individual enemies from a safe position.

snob (snōb): one who respects position and wealth more than true character.

snub (snŭb): to tie.

sod (sōđ): ground.

solace (sōl'ăs): comfort, consolation, to console.

solitude (söl'î-tūd): loneliness.

Solon (sō'lōn): an Athenian law-giver.

sombre (sōm'bēr): gloomy.

sordid (sôr'dîd): disagreeable, coarse.

S. O. S.: a danger signal "Send out Succor".

sovereign (sōv'ēr-în): supreme in power.

spacious (spā'shūs): extending far and wide.

specific (spê-sîf'îk): definite, particular.

specimens (spēs'î-měnz): objects to be studied.

spectral (spêk'trāl): ghost-like.

speculated (spêk'û-lāt'ēd): considered.

spiral (spî'rāl): winding.

splendor (splēn'dēr): beauty, nobility.

sputter (splūt'tēr): to spit noises or sparks, as in wireless.

spontaneous (spōn-tā'nē-ūs): produced without effort, without being planted.

Squanto (skwān'tō): an Indian chief.

stability (stā-bîl'î-tî): fixedness, firmness.

staff (stáf): a shepherd's crook.

stalwart (stól'wērt): sturdy, stray.

stamina (stām'î-nā): firmness, strength.

staring (stâr'îng): looking fixedly.

stately (stāt'îl): dignified.

statutes (stāt'ûts): laws.

stentorian (stēn-tō'î-ăn): extremely loud, powerful.

stifle (stî-f'l): choke, smother.

stimulate (stîm'û-lāt): arouse.

stimulation (stîm'û-lā'shŭn): encouragement.

stoker (stōk'ēr): one who shovels coal into a ship's furnaces.

stress (strēs): emphasis, strain.

stripling (strîp'îng): a youth, young man.

structure (strŭk'tŭr): framework, building.

stupor (stŭ'pōr): a deep sleep.

subaltern (sŭb-ōl'tēr): an officer of subordinate rank.

subdued (sŭb-dŭd'): conquered, overcome.

subjugation (sŭb-jōō-gā'shŭn): state of being conquered, subject.

sublime (sŭb-lîm'): noble, lofty.

subsequent (sŭb-sê-kwěnt): following, succeeding.

subterranean (sŭb-tēr-ā'nē-ăn): underground.

subtle (sŭt'îl): difficult to detect.

succor (sŭk'ēr): aid, assistance.

suction (sŭk'shŭn): the pull of rushing water following the sinking of a ship.

Suffern (sŭf'ēr): a town in southern New York.

sufficed (sŭf-fîst'): enough, plenty.

suffrage (sŭf'rāj): the right to vote.

sulkily (sŭlk'î-lî): sullenly.

sullenly (sŭl'ēn-lî): gloomily.

summit (sŭm'ît): height, top.

summons (sŭm'ŭnz): commands, orders.

sundered (sŭn'dērd): to cut to pieces.

superb (sŭ-pŭrb'): first rate, above the average.

su'perman (sûpēr-măn): a man who is greater than the ordinary man.

superseded (sû'pēr-sēd'ēd): took the place of.

supinely (sû-pīn'īl): listlessly, indifferently.

survival (sūr-vīv'ăl): continuance.

suspicion (sūs-pīsh'ŭn): distrust.

sustenance (sŭs'tē-năns): food, nourishment.

swarthy (swôr'thī): dark-skinned.

swelter (swêl'tēr): excessive heat.

swerved (swûrvd): turned aside.

symmetrical (sī-mēt'ri-kăl): alike on both sides, balanced.

sycophant (sīk'ô-fănt): a hanger-on, a flatterer.

taciturn (tăs'ī-tŭrn): silent.

tantalizingly (tăn'tă-līz-īng): teasingly.

tapestry (tăp'ēs-trī): a beautifully woven piece of cloth.

temperateness (tēm'pēr-ăt-nĕss): moderate, not extreme.

temporal (tēm'pô-răl): pertaining to the present life.

tenacious (tĕ-nă'shŭs): holding fast or firm.

tenacity (tĕ-năs'ī-tī): the quality of holding fast or firm.

tendrils (tĕn'drīls): small shoots by which plants and vines attach themselves to other objects.

tenement (tĕn'ĕ-mĕnt): buildings occupied as dwellings by the poorer classes.

tenor (tĕn'ēr): general tendency.

termagant (tŭr'mă-gănt): scolding, nagging.

terminated (tŭr'mī-năt-ĕd): ended.

Teutonic (tŭ'tŏn-īk): German.

thwarted (thwôrt'd): prevented; opposed.

tinge (tīnj): flush.

tinker (tīn'kēr): to mend, patch, repair; to accomplish nothing.

Titan (tī'tăn): one of the early Greek gods of great size and strength.

Titanic (tī'tăn'īk): name of a vessel; huge, strong.

Tokamahamon (tŏk'ă-mă-hă'mŏn): an Indian chief.

tonic (tŏn'īk): that which builds up, strengthens.

torpid (tôr'pīd): inactive, sluggish.

tractable (trăk'tă-b'l): teachable, easily influenced.

tragedies (trăj'ĕ-dīz): a situation in which the result is fatal.

tragic (trăj'īk): sad.

traitor (tră'tēr): one who betrays, one guilty of treason.

tranquil (trăn'kwīl): calm and smooth.

tranquility (trăn'kwīl'ī-tī): the state of calmness.

tranquilly (trăn'kwīl-lī): calmly.

transgression (trăns'grĕsh'ŭn): violation of some right or law.

transmute (trăns'mŭt'): translate.

transparent (trăns-pâr'ĕnt): clear, easily seen through.

transports (trăns-pŏrt'): thrill.

transversely (trăns-vŭrs'īl): crosswise.

treason (trĕ'z'n): the crime of betraying one's country.

trenchant (trĕn'chănt): cutting, sharp, forceful.

tribulation (trib'û-lă'shŭn): trouble.

tribute (trib'ût): respect, honor.

Triton (tri'tŏn): one of the sea gods supposed to blow on a conch shell.

triumphantly (tri-ŭm'fănt-lĭ): victoriously, successfully.

trussed (trŭs'd): bound closely, or tied.

trysting-place (trĭst'ĭng-plăs): an agreed meeting place.

tuition (tŭ-ĭsh'ŭn): instruction or education.

tumult (tŭ'mŭlt): confusion.

turbulent (tŭr'bŭ-lĕnt): disorderly, uncontrollable.

turrets (tŭr'ĕt): towers.

tweed (twĕd): a soft wooly cloth.

tyranny (tĭr'ă-nĭ): cruel or oppressive government.

tyrant (tĭ'rănt): a cruel oppressor.

ulster (ŭl'stĕr): a long, loose overcoat of coarse cloth.

ultimate (ŭl'tĭ-măt): being the last, final.

unanimous (ŭ-năn'ĭ-mŭs): agreeing in opinion.

uncanny (ŭn-kăn'ĭ): mysterious, unnatural.

undisciplined (ŭn-dĭs'ĭ-plĭnd): untrained.

undismayed (ŭn-dĭs-măd'): not frightened, not discouraged.

undulating (ŭn'dŭ-lăt-ĭng): moving like waves.

unencumbered (ŭn-ĕn-kŭm'bĕrd): not obstructed, not hindered.

unerring (ŭn-ĕr'ĭng): not committing an error, correct.

unfurl (ŭn-fĕrl'): to open, spread.

ungainly (ŭn-găn'lĭ): clumsy, awkward.

ungovernable ŭn-gŭv'ĕrn-a-b'l): that which cannot be controlled.

unheralded (ŭn-hĕr'ald-ĕd): unannounced, not foretold.

uniform (ŭ'nĭ-fŏrm): the same, alike.

unmeet (ŭn-mĕt'): unbecoming, unfit.

unmolested (ŭn-mŏl-lĕst'ĕd): not annoyed, not hindered.

unpretentious (ŭn-prĕ-tĕn'shŭs): modest, unassuming.

unquenchable (ŭn-kwĕn'sha-b'l): that which cannot be extinguished.

unremitting (ŭn-rĕ-mĭtt'ĭng): continued, unceasing.

unsullied (ŭn-sŭl'ĭd): unstained, unsoiled.

untarnished (ŭn-tăr'nĭsht): not tarnished or soiled.

unvanquished (ŭn-văn'quĭsht): not defeated.

usurped (ŭ-sĕrpt'): to take possession of without right.

usurper (ŭ-sĕrp'ĕr): one who takes possession without right.

vaccine (văk'sĭn): any substance injected to prevent disease.

validity (vă-lĭd'ĭ-tĭ): based on fact, truth.

valor (văl'ĕr): personal bravery.

vanquished (văn'quĭsht): defeated.

variegated (vă'rĭ-ĕ-găt-ĕd): having marks or patches of different colors.

vaulted (vôld'ěd): arched, curved.

venerable (věn'ěr-â-b'l): worthy of honor and respect.

veneration (věn-ěr-â'shŭn): highest degree of respect.

vengeance (věn'jěns): punishment inflicted in return for an injury.

venturous (věn'tūr-ŭs): daring, fearless.

verities (věř'ĭ-tĭz): things which are true, realities.

vermilion (věr-mĭl'yŭn): bright red, crimson.

vertebrae (věr'tē-brā): the bones of the spinal column.

vestal (věs'tăl): pertaining to a virgin, pure, sacred.

vesture (věs'tūr): that which covers, clothing.

veto (vē'tō): refusal, prohibition.

vexation (věk-sā'shŭn): trouble, displeasure.

viceroi (vīs'roi): one who acts with royal authority in the place of a king.

viciously (vĭsh'ŭs-lĭ): wickedly, spitefully.

Viergette-Binarville (věr-jět be-nâr-vĕl): the name of a French road.

vigilance (vĭj'ĭ-lăns): watchfulness.

vigilant (vĭj'ĭ-lănt): attentive, watchful.

vilified (vĭl'ĭ-fĭd): degraded, slandered.

vindication (vĭn'dĭ-kā'shŭn): justification, defense.

virago (vĭ-rā'gō): a woman of great strength.

virulent (vĭr'ōō-lĕnt): extremely poisonous or deadly.

virus (vĭ'rŭs): poison.

visage (vĭz'āj): the face.

vista (vĭs'tā): view.

vitality (vĭ-tăl'ĭ-tĭ): vital force or animation.

vitals (vĭ'tălz): organs necessary to life.

vividness (vĭv'ĭd-nĕs): clearness.

visualized (vĭzh'ŭ-ăl-ĭzd): mentally imaged, pictured.

volleyed (vōl'ĭd): sounded loudly, discharged together.

voluntarily (vōl-ŭn-tā'rĭ-lĭ): willingly; done by choice.

volunteer (vōl-ŭn-tēr'): to offer one's self; one who offers himself for any service of his own free will.

vortex (vōr'tĕks): a whirlpool.

wafted (wāft'ĕd): blown by the breeze.

waives (wāvz): sets aside, gives up.

waning (wān'ĭng): sinking, decreasing.

wapiti (wōp'ĭ-tĭ): brown colored bears.

wariness (wā'rĭ-nĕs): carefulness, cautiousness.

warp (wōrp): the threads which are extended lengthwise in a web.

Wattawamat (wāt-tā-wā'māt): an Indian chief.

wattled (wōt'l'd): having wattles or fleshy growths like a turkey.

welkin (wĕl'kĭn): the sky.

wily (wĭl'ĭ): cunning, sly.

withal (wĭth-ôl'): likewise, as well as.

woof (wōof): the threads that cross the warp in a woven fabric.

wrenched (rĕnchd): twisted.

wring (rĭng): to squeeze out, extract.

wrought (rôt): made.

yeomanry (yo'măn-rĭ): a class in England during the middle ages possessing small landed estates.

yoke (yōk): servitude, bondage.



1892

